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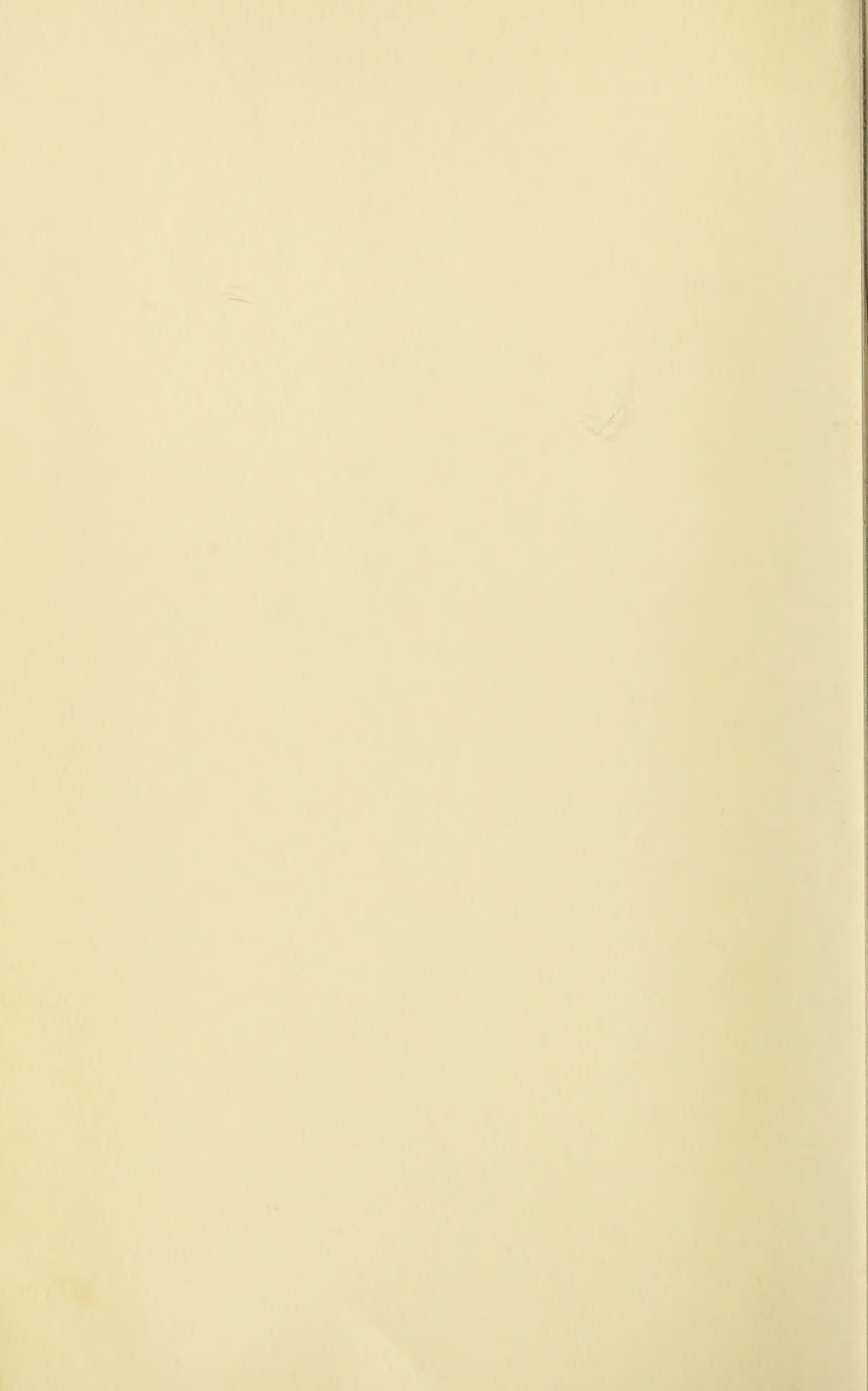








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A BOOK  
OF  
GREEK VERSE



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A  
BOOK OF GREEK VERSE

BY

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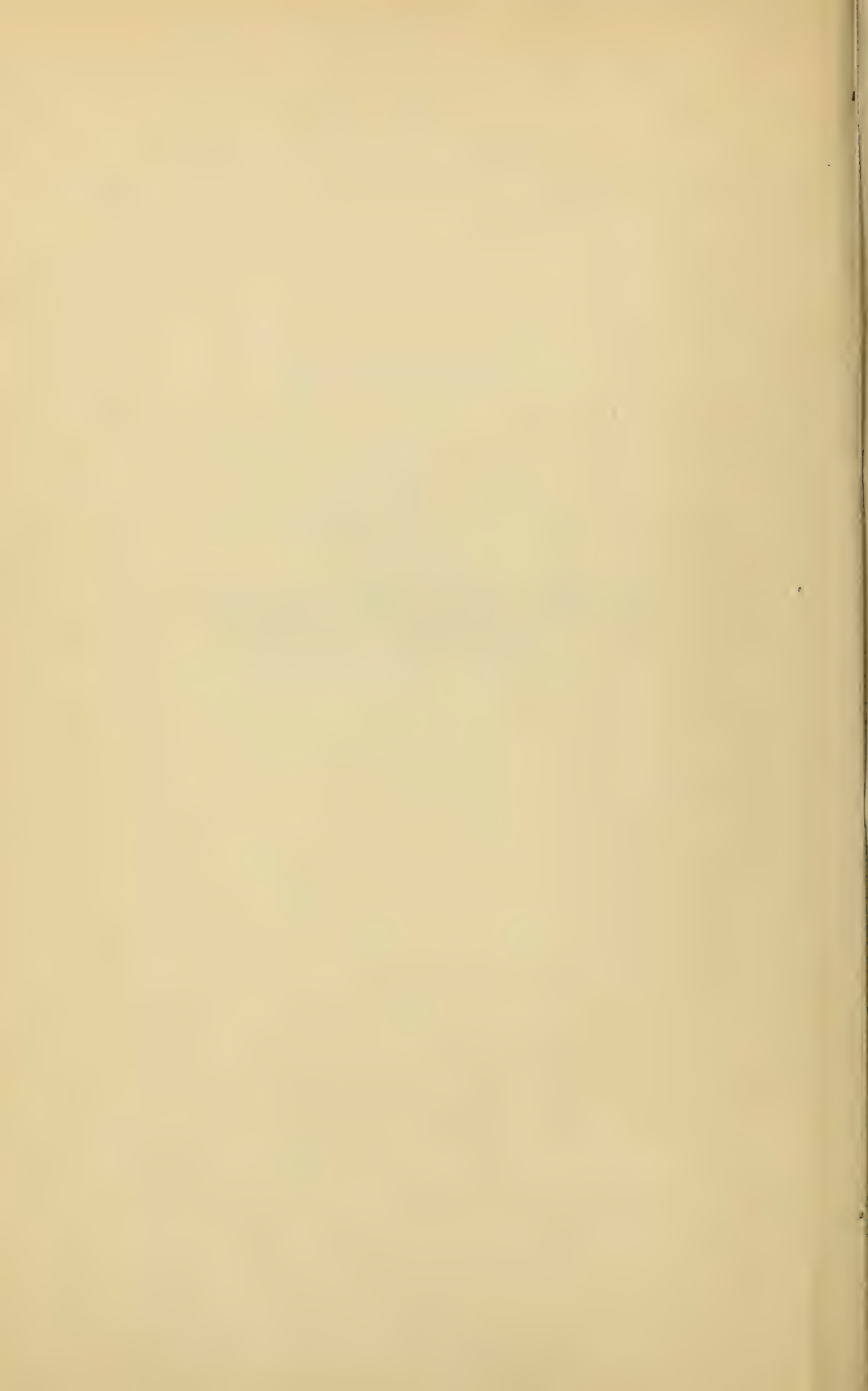
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TO  
HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER  
IN AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE



## PREFACE

THIS volume may I hope please those who care for poetry, whether they know Greek or not, and at the same time help to give a truer notion of what Greek poetry was like. The specimens translated range from the 7th century B.C. (its earliest surviving lyric) to its latest utterance in the 6th century A.D., and with only one or two exceptions have been chosen solely for their merit, in some kind, as poetry. For the most part they are nearly in the order of their date; except that the three Latin pieces (pp. 229—239) are placed next to the Alexandrians, because it is to them that they belong in true relationship.

Interspersed among these are translations into Greek verse of various forms and dialects. It is enough that there are many people who find pleasure in such things. As connoisseurs, they taste and estimate the *Greekness* of them, exercising faculties which are partly artistic, partly critical, and enjoying their trained consciousness. And none enjoy such things more keenly than young students,—to whom old experience may have something new to show.



But they may venture, I believe, to claim a further literary value :—they can illustrate, as nothing else can do so vividly, affinities in thought and manner between writers in two different languages. Many of Heine's lyrics, for example, seem to me precisely like Greek 'Epigrams': their tendency, no doubt, is rather to be like those written in the Roman period, but some, too, are strikingly Callimachean. Heine was in fact steeped in the Greek Anthology and in Catullus; and I fancy that some of these translations, written for a Cambridge collection in 1904, have served to make this literary kinship recognised, for before that I had not seen any of his lyrics turned into Greek epigrams, while several have appeared from more than one hand since.—Another poet who owed much to Greek is Wordsworth, and a glance at pp. 217 and 219 will show how like Callimachus in manner are two lyrics which might fairly be considered most 'Wordsworthian.' I should like it to be felt that Signor Ferrari's *ballatina* on p. 12, of which Carducci said that Petrarch, were he living, would not be ashamed of it, is just such a little piece as Sappho might have written; and that Victor Hugo's *Guitare*, that fine and moving poem in *Les Rayons et les Ombres*, is one to which Theocritus would have been glad to put his name.—On other pieces I have said something in the Notes.

And thus, if made discreetly, they should be able to reflect some counter-light on Greek itself.

Only, we must use discrimination, and take care that what we choose for rendering into Greek shall really bear the stamp of Greek in style and sentiment. Not seldom one may see Greek made to say what certainly it never would have said, and to compose in metres which no Greek would ever have adopted for the purpose; for the Greeks were peculiarly sensitive to propriety of metre. However great their skill of execution, such performances are valueless, because they are artistically wrong; indeed they may be worse than valueless, because misleading.

Now I will take occasion to make some remarks upon translating from the Greek in general. Not a few of these originals have been described as 'untranslatable.' It is a term that piques one:—but I think it is applied too readily; and once applied, a term like that is apt to be repeated lightly and become a superstition. There is a sense, of course, in which everything is untranslatable. A man may write what is as good, or even better than the original, but from the nature of the case it cannot ever be precisely the same thing; and there are even moments when one feels it something of a desecration to translate at all. But that is surely overscrupulous, a weakness which, if all had yielded to it, would certainly have left the world—imagine how much poorer!

*Hard to translate* may be conceded, to the last degree of difficulty; but *untranslatable* ought not to be said unless the conditions in some special case

preclude translation. I believe there are such cases ; but I believe also that the conditions can be more or less defined, and that the definition will be found both true and useful.

Translation with success is always possible when in the translator's language there exists a native form and manner corresponding: when there exists no such model, then, but only then, translation may perhaps be sometimes called impossible. Why is it that we have no really satisfactory translation of Homer? Simply because there is no native Homer in our tongue, no corresponding model which embraces all the necessary qualities.

Homer wrote, as we know, in a perfectly developed form of Verse, and any rendering which omits that element of beauty and emotion can but give us at the best a somewhat shadowy Homer. Still, in spite of this, the version which in our day has been most generally accepted is undoubtedly the prose of Messrs Butcher and Lang and Leaf and Myers ; and that is not because it is more accurate in detail, though it is that also, but because the nearest congeners of Homer in our language are the Bible and the *Morte d'Arthur* and, what have now become familiar to us, the prose Sagas of the Norse. An English reader recognises a prose Homer, and is ready to adopt him in the family.

The other most conspicuous absence, when we think of our translated verse, is Pindar ; and the



reason is the same—in English there is nothing native corresponding to that form of composition. But when there does exist a native model fully corresponding, a translation in that manner has a place prepared for it; success or failure will depend upon the execution. There is surely no more close affinity, historical and spiritual and artistic, than between the great dramatic speech of Aeschylus and Sophocles and the heroic language and blank verse of our Elizabethan Dramatists and Milton: there we have the instrument, and only want the player's touch.

But sometimes the original may have to wait until there is a vessel to transfer it into. Thus it would not have been possible, perhaps, to translate Plato adequately until recent times, until, thanks largely to Ruskin—whose own style, as I suspect, owed more to Plato than he was himself conscious of—our prose had mastered all that flexible variety of tones and powers, as ease, lucidity, precision, humour, grace, urbanity and eloquence, together with what may be called, perhaps, modernity of tone, which Jowett in our time has used upon the whole so admirably. The translations here from Ibycus (p. 27) and from the second chorus of the *Antigone* (p. 113) may or may not be done in the right manner, but they could not have been written as they are until the metres used had been developed and perfected by Mr Swinburne, and made at once as native and familiar in every ear as though they had been from the beginning. There

are marvellous wonders many ; but when I consider this achievement in our language at so late a stage of it, there is no greater marvel that I know than this.

A novel form may sometimes be acclimatized by a translation—FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, for example—but it must be based on what is genuine and native, or it will inevitably come as something of a foreigner. And we must remember that the Greek original was not a foreigner. The forms and metres were of native growth, and the utmost elaborations of Greek lyric were evolved out of the simple rhythms which it naturally sang in. Thus the mind was not preoccupied, engrossed, distracted with the curious oddity of strange exotic forms, but so far disengaged that it was open to emotional impressions. It would be an easy thing to imitate the forms of metre that Greek used ; it only needs mechanical dexterity. But art is one thing, and mechanical dexterity another : art considers the effect, and though there may be superficial accuracy in the imitation, the effect will often be entirely different. To give one instance only, a great number of the Choral songs in Tragedy are based upon this formula :

That killed the Cat,  
Worried the Rat,  
Lay in the House that Jack built.

Tragic songs like that in English would be ludicrous ; but not in Greek—for one thing, because the length

and accent of the words is different. This is what makes English hexameters so different from Greek, —and so distressing.

We are to write, then, in native English metre; now the question is, What metre shall it be? And that is a most important matter, for the choice of metre by itself may be enough to make or mar a thing decisively. A metre sets at once the tone and mood of a whole piece. (The same metre may of course be used with various movements; and a style of diction will differentiate it further; when I say 'a metre,' I include such modifications.) It will strike a key, and tune the reader's mind to it. This is owing partly to the metre's own inherent nature, and partly to the purposes for which it has been used. The subjects, and the spirit of them, will be stored up somewhere in the reader's memory, and however little he may be conscious of it, the metre and its themes will be associated in his mind together. I can well believe it may be otherwise in languages which have no great body of indigenous literature in the background, but in such a language as our own, with long-inherited traditions, a metre will come charged with memories of what has been conveyed in it,—the scent still hanging round the vase.

I could not doubt, for instance, that the *Harvest Home* of Theocritus should be done into rhymed couplets. These, if used in the right way, are the appropriate metre for romantic narrative and dialogue



the metre used in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, in Milton's *Comus* and *Vacation Exercise* and *Arcades*,—among which are some of the most lovely verses in the language,—afterwards, for like purposes, adopted by Leigh Hunt and Keats and Shelley, and since then by William Morris. Any reader not illiterate will have at least some parts of this tradition in his memory, and the metre will transport him to those regions; it will seem to set the whole scene in the distance and invest it with a golden haze and glow.

Leigh Hunt, though so ardent a champion of the couplet, chose to do this poem in blank verse, and so did Calverley; but blank verse, even of consummate excellence, would not, I think, be capable of uniting just the virtues that are wanted here; whereas rhymed couplets can assume a rich luxuriousness, and at the same time move, as blank verse cannot, with a light and continuous rapidity.

Rhymed couplets, however, would not suit that other poem of Theocritus, *The Magic Wheel*. They are well fitted to convey a mood of wistful retrospect and longing, plaintive regret, or dreamy pensiveness; but for this fine semi-lyric monologue their wing, it seemed to me, has hardly sweep and vehemence enough. The metre chosen for it has become, through Tennyson, the established vehicle for poems of this class. It admits a great variety of movement, and

its tone can be direct and passionate, lyrical or narrative, and if need be, colloquial.

Horace's *Dialogue* has to my mind all the flavour of the 18th century—that Gallicising age whose modes were set by French and Latin, and in which Augustan literature was at many points so faithfully reflected: and I thought the spirit and movement of these verses would be well conveyed in the graceful metre used with so much charm by Matthew Prior. Two of his pieces are the perfection of *vers de société*,—the *Ode*:

Fair Chloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:  
 I sung, and gazed: I play'd and trembled:  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled:—

and the delightful tribute *To a Child of Quality aged Five*:

For, as our different ages move,  
 'Tis so ordain'd—would Fate but mend it!—  
 That I shall be past making love  
 When she begins to comprehend it.

The parallel is close, for Horace is adopting a Greek metre, while Prior's, with its double rhymes, is French.—The remaining pieces may be left to plead their own cause for themselves, with the assistance of their neighbours in the other language.

The first thing, then, is to select the metre wisely, or it may attune the reader's mind to the wrong key; to hit on the right form is half the battle. Then we



must remember that Greek poets, besides writing native metre, also wrote it well; and therefore we shall not be fair to them unless we can succeed in writing what is really verse. The critics are too lenient in this respect; but now, with Aristophanes from Mr Rogers and Euripides from Mr Murray, the quality expected should be higher.—I admit that I owe something to this leniency, for some early crude attempts of mine at Meleager were received more favourably than they deserved; their shallowness of rhythm and general immaturity was such that long ago, if possible, I would have had them blotted out entirely.—Estimate as English verse on its own merits that which passes commonly for good translation, and too often you will find that the blank verse is in the very style of Ancient Pistol—

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

—and that the lyric fails to sing, or is not even capable of being read aloud. Greek verse was written for the voice and for the ear, and what we represent it by should be at least organic verse and, in the lyric, suitable for singing. By *organic* I mean *live throughout*, not halt and palsied or disjointed, but a thing with nerves and pulse, which 'feels its life in every limb,' that moves with elasticity, and gains from being read aloud.

Campbell had a fine sense for a song—too rare in

English—and I could not refrain from printing here his rendering of Hybrias the Cretan, because it is among the very few translations from the Greek which wholly satisfy my own ideal; it is faithful both to letter and to spirit, and it is a real organic song.

The more elaborate forms of lyric stanza were composed on the same plan as modern music—out of *figures* or *phrases*; only that instead of being rhythmic and melodic both, the figures in the *verse*, of course, were only rhythmic. But these rhythmic elements alone, without the music, carried in themselves traditionary and conventional significances; and they were used as *motives* are in operatic music now, developing and lapsing into one another. If you analyse these compositions, they reveal effects of most surprising subtlety and beauty. But alas, in later times the secret of this fascinating art was wholly lost. Seneca supposed these woven phrases to be merely a chance jumble, strung together at haphazard; and—what is truly a distress to think of—Milton, with his love for music, took no other view than Seneca. Had Milton only known the true construction of Greek Choral Song, we may be sure that instead of the mistaken imitations in the *Samson Agonistes* he would at least have given us inventions no less beautiful than the stanza of the *Hymn on the Nativity*.

That still remains our way of writing music, but

it is not our way of writing lyric verse, and if we were to imitate it at all closely, the result before an English audience would be blank and meaningless. However, we possess in compensation a device which Greek did not, and which is far from being inefficient for the purpose. The device of Rhyme can give us not a little of the same effect. If rightly used, it serves to mark the periods of a stanza—what in music we should call the *phrasing*—and delineate the shape; and thus provides us with a very fair equivalent.

Valuable, however, as rhyme is, it makes translation very much more difficult. Indeed with Choral lyrics, such as these of Aeschylus and Sophocles, when what you are to say is limited by the original, and how you may express it limited by rhyme; when what is said has so much meaning and significance, and there is a pair of *strophes* to be matched with periods corresponding and both shaped with rhyme into organic stanzas capable of being sung—I do not know another task which makes so heavy a demand on all resources.

There is a considerable element of chance in rhymes, mere luck—unless indeed (and I incline to this opinion) they are living sprites, with some strange freakishness about them. One may feel exactly how a sentence ought to run, and rhyme will either grant it or deny it merely on some unaccountable caprice. The epigram of Callimachus on p. 219 was permitted, for some reason, to go straight into the narrowest



limits, proper names and all ; whereas a couplet on p. 203 should properly have run :

And I will have two shepherds pipe to me,  
Acharnian one, and one from —;

and rhyme, which might so harmlessly have granted it, refused. It is not always a translator's fault if his translation will not quite come off successfully ; he may be baffled merely by the accident that rhyme is lacking. Here, indeed, is another reason why the thing may be 'impossible' ; but this is only true of single sentences or pieces not much longer.

As for the other element of poetic form, the style of Diction, there is less that need be said. One thing—it is a pity—we must be content to sacrifice ; we cannot write in local Dialect. The associations it will bring with it are too specific. We might be tempted to represent the broad Sicilian Doric of Theocritus by Lincolnshire or Somerset or Scottish, but if we do, we shall find that we have turned Menalcas into Hob or Sandy. A slight cast of unspecific raciness will serve the purpose better.

To feel all the subtle delicacies and fine shades, and to distinguish what was individual and striking from what was general and unremarked, requires, of course, an intimate experience ; and to express them perfectly in every style a man would need to have a perfect mastery and command of both the languages, with all the chords. But the main thing



is to seize on the essential, and to feel what tells, to judge what must be said and what can be omitted. For example, on p. 216 the point is in the 'untrodden ways,' and would be given sufficiently without the 'springs of Dove'; on p. 224 'Wie'n Zöfchen' is not wanted, and the '*white hand*' can be spared on p. 226. In Greek, two things which are essential are to make the right connexions logically, and to place the words in the right order of their emphasis—and that is not the same order as in English, but just the contrary.

No fault, perhaps, is commoner, and none, probably, is harder to avoid, than *over-translating*. The translator's love for the original is fond and jealous, and he is inclined, I fancy, to regard the details with a somewhat feverish and exaggerating eye, which fixes too intently upon single words and tends to magnify them out of due proportion: every metaphor will meet him at its freshest value, and in every word he will perceive its origin and etymology; no epithet, but he must give it the most vivid colour; he will heighten every tone, and so disturb the balance of the picture. Double epithets, for one thing, were the normal use in Greek—*εὔδενδρος* *wooded*, *πολυστεφής* *garlanded*; but they are exceptional in English, and to say *well-wooded*, *many-garlanded* will raise them to a higher power than they usually carried.

If English ought not to be overdone, still less ought Greek. But it is no uncommon thing to see quatrains like those of Wordsworth and Heine done,

even by good scholars, into as many lines as the original. That is to be just twice too long. The Greek elegiac couplet, with its four *caesurae*, corresponds exactly, both in length and movement, to a simple stanza of that kind; and to expand it into double is to be verbose with the exuberance of Byzantine volubility. One should study rather to compress: *Ich grolle nicht* on p. 246 loses nothing by being done into six lines, and to do it into eight would spoil its character. It is the appearance on a printed page which is deceptive; the arrangement of the verses and the accident of type makes English *look* much longer in comparison: it is about the same length really, only it uses a greater number of short words.

Greek, in my experience, is easier to write than English; you have only to speak simply, with the words in the right places and due care for logic and for rhythm, and the language then seems somehow to put on a charm and beauty of its own. It is more than any quality of neatness merely—what is terse and definite and lucid and concise; it is complete harmonious grace and unsuperfluous adequacy, the knit strength and quiet beauty of an athlete. But translate it literally, and the charm is apt to vanish like a perfume that escapes,—to English taste especially, because the tendency of English is to be redundant and diffuse, to load with ornament and colour, and to overcloud with varied and obscuring

imagery. A translator, therefore, has a strong temptation to embellish what he fears may seem too flat and bald. But that should be resisted. As in sculpture, so in poetry, the characteristic of Greek Art was its melodious outline, and it is a grave artistic sin to falsify so cardinal a feature.

Not indeed that Greek was utterly without its ornate style; the Choral Lyric was ornate, and in the Bacchanalian Dithyramb the florid and flamboyant was cultivated to extravagance; and Tragedy, deriving from the Lyric Choir, inherited to some extent its heightened style of diction: but for the most part no one needs to be reminded that Hellenic Graces were not clad in gorgeous draperies, but rather as the lily of the field; and it is an infirm taste that dare not offer a lily without painting it. No doubt it will be hard for the translator to make sure of offering a lily, but it should be possible by means of melody and well-chosen words.—I cannot tell how far my own attempts may seem to have succeeded, but these are principles and standards that I should wish both mine and others' to be judged by.

A few of them have seen the light before—Catullus' *Hymn to Diana* in the *Academy* of 1885, Horace's *Dialogue*, the two Odes of Sappho, Simonides' *Danae*, three epigrams of Callimachus and two of Meleager in the *Saturday Review*.

The first 48 pages, which were the most trying, have gained much from being read by Mr Gilbert



Murray, for whose kind and delicate criticisms I am very grateful. In almost every case I felt that he had laid his finger on a blemish, and I have done my best to act upon suggestions which I value highly.

εἶρειν στεφάνους ἐλαφρόν· ἀναβάλεο· Μοῖσά τοι  
κολλᾷ χρυσὸν ἐν τε λευκὸν ἐλέφανθ' ἁμᾷ  
καὶ λείριον ἄνθεμον ποντίας ὑφελοῖς' ἐέρσας.

May this Garland be acceptable to readers who already know that perfect language, and perhaps tempt some to make their first essay at learning it.

W. H.

*August, 1907*





Ἄγε δὴ, χέλυ διὰ μοι,  
φωνάεσσα γένοιο.

Οὐ μ' ἔτι, παρθενικαὶ μελιγάρυες ἱμερόφωνοι,  
γυῖα φέρην δύναται· βάλε δὴ βάλε κηρύλος εἶην,  
ὅστ' ἐπὶ κύματος ἄνθος ἅμ' ἀλκύνεσσι ποτῆται  
νηλεγὲς ἦτορ ἔχων, ἀλιπόρφυρος εἶαρος ὄρνις.

---

Εὐδουσιν δ' ὀρέων κορυφαί τε καὶ φάραγγες,  
πρώφονές τε καὶ χαράδραι,  
φύλά θ' ἔρπετὰ τόσσα τρέφει μέλαινα γαῖα,  
θῆρές τ' ὀρεσκῶι καὶ γένος μελισσᾶν  
καὶ κνώδαλ' ἐν βένθεσσι πορφυρίας ἀλός·  
εὐδουσιν δ' ὀϊωνῶν  
φύλα ταυνοπτερύγων.

No more, O musical maidens with voices ravishing-  
sweet!

My limbs fail:—Ah that I were but a ceryl borne  
on the wing

Over the bloom of the wave amid fair young halcyons  
fleet,

With a careless heart untroubled, the sea-blue  
bird of the Spring!

---

The mountain-tops are asleep, and the mountain-  
gorges,

Ravine and promontory:

Green leaves, every kind of creeping things

On the breast of the dark earth, sleep:

Creatures wild in the forest, wandering bees,

Great sea-monsters under the purple sea's

Dark bosom, birds of the air with all their wings

Folded, all sleep.



Φαίνεται μοι κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν  
 ἔμμεν' ὦνηρ, ὅστις ἐνάντιός τοι  
 ἰζάνει καὶ πλάσιον ἄδῃ φωνεί-  
 σας ὑπακούει

καὶ γελαίσας ἱμέροεν· τό μοι μὰν  
 καρδίαν ἐν στήθεσιν ἐπτόασεν·  
 ὥς σε γὰρ φίδω βρόχε', ὥς με φώνας  
 οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει·

ἀλλὰ καμ μὲν γλῶσσα φέαγε, λέπτον δ'  
 αὐτिका χρῶ πῦρ ὑπαδεδρόμακεν,  
 ὀππάτεσσι δ' οὐδὲν ὄρημ', ἐπιρρόμ-  
 βεισι δ' ἄκουαι·

ἀ δέ μ' ἵδρως κακχέεται, τρόμος δὲ  
 παῖσαν ἄγρει, χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας  
 ἔμμι, τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω ἵπιδεύην  
 φαίνομαι . . . . .

Blest beyond earth's bliss, with heaven I deem him  
Blest, the man that in thy presence near thee  
Face to face may sit, and while thou speakest,  
Listening may hear thee,

And thy sweet-voiced laughter:—In my bosom  
The rapt heart so troubleth, wildly stirred:  
Let me see thee, but a glimpse—and straightway  
Utterance of word

Fails me; no voice comes; my tongue is palsied;  
Thrilling fire through all my flesh hath run;  
Mine eyes cannot see, mine ears make dinning  
Noises that stun;

The sweat streameth down,—my whole frame seized  
with

Shivering,—and wan paleness o'er me spread,  
Greener than the grass; I seem with faintness  
Almost as dead.

Ποικιλόθρον', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα,  
 παῖ Δίος, δολόπλοκε, λίσσομαί σε,  
 μή μ' ἄσαιοι μηδ' ὀνίαιοι δάμνα,  
 πότνια, θῦμον·

ἀλλὰ τυῖδ' ἔλθ', αἶ ποτα κατέρωτα  
 τᾶς ἔμας αὖδως αἰοῖσα πῆλυι  
 ἔκλυες, πάτρος δὲ δόμον λίποισα  
 χρύσιον ἦλθες

ἄρμ' ὑπαζεύξαισα· κάλοι δέ σ' ἄγον  
 ὤκεες στρουῦθοι περὶ γᾶς μελαίνας  
 πύκνα δύνεντες πτέρ' ἀπ' ὠράνῳ αἴθε-  
 ρος διὰ μέσσω.

## HYMN TO APHRODITE

O divine enthronèd Aphrodite,

Child of God, O queen of guileful art,

I beseech thee, with despair and anguish

Break not my heart!

Come to me, come now, if e'er aforetime

At the voice of my complaint afar

Thou didst hearken and with speed make harness

Thy golden car,

From the Father's mansion hastening hither

As the lovely feathered creatures drew

O'er the dark earth fluttering down from Heaven

Through the azure blue.



αἶψα δ' ἐξίκοντο· τὺ δ', ὦ μάκαιρα,  
 μειδιάσαις' ἀθανάτῳ προσώπῳ,  
 ἥρε', ὅττι δηῦτε πέπονθα κῶττι  
 δηῦτε κάλημι·

κῶττι ἔμῳ μάλιστα θέλω γένεσθαι  
 μαινόλῃ θύμῳ· “τίνα δηῦτε Πείθω  
 μαῖς ἄγην ἐς σὰν φιλότατα, τίς σ', ὦ  
 Ψάπφ', ἀδικήει;

καὶ γὰρ αἰ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει,  
 αἰ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει,  
 αἰ δὲ μὴ φίλει, ταχέως φιλήσει  
 κωνὴ ἐθέλοισα.”

ἔλθε μοι καὶ νῦν, χαλεπᾶν δὲ λῦσον  
 ἐκ μεριμνᾶν, ὅσσα δέ μοι τέλεσσαι  
 θῦμος ἰμμέρρει, τέλεσον· σὺ δ' αὐτά  
 σύμμαχος ἔσσο.

Soon arrived they swift ; and O most blessed,  
Gentling with a smile thy heavenly face,  
Thou wast asking, *What did ail me ? Wherefore*  
*I sought thy grace ?*

*What desire within my frenzied spirit ?*  
*“For whose love do thine affections long ?*  
*Whom shall Peitho win ? Who is it doeth*  
*My Sappho wrong ?*

*“The pursued shall soon be the pursuer !*  
*Gifts, though now refusing, yet shall bring,*  
*Love the lover yet, and woo the wooer,*  
*Though heart it wring !”*

Even so come now, descend and free me  
From my sore distress ; the thing my soul  
Craveth, O make done ; thy forces with me,  
Blest queen, enrol !

Ἄστερες μὲν ἀμφὶ κάλαν σελάνναν  
 ἅψ ἀπυκρύπτοισι φάεννον εἶδος,  
 ὅπποτα πλήθοισα μάλιστα λάμπη  
 γᾶν . . . . .

---

ἔλθε, Κύπρι,  
 χρυσίαισιν ἐν κυλίκεσσιν ἄβρωσ  
 συμμεμείγμενον θαλίαισι νέκταρ  
 οἶνοχόεισα.

---

ἀμφὶ δ' ὕδωρ  
 . . . . ψῦχρον κελάδει δι' ὕσδων  
 μαλίνων, αἰθυσομένων δὲ φύλλων  
 κῶμα καταρρεῖ.

## FRAGMENTS

Stars around the lovely Moon that glitter  
Hide again their one-time shining light,  
When in fulness o'er the whole earth breaketh  
Her silver bright.

---

Hither, Cypris,  
In thy golden goblets delicately  
Pouring out the wine of nectar mingled  
With the banquet's glee.

---

A cool water  
Rippling sings among the orchard boughs,  
And with shimmering of the leaves descendeth  
Stream of deep drowse.



Ἐγὼ δὲ φίλημ' ἀβροσύναν, καί μοι ἔρος τὸ λάμπρον  
φάος προσίδην ἀελίῳ καὶ τὸ καλὸν λέλογχεν.

---

Un bel raggio di sole

mi s' è confitto in mente e uscir non vuole.

Mentre china al lavoro

guidavi colla man l' opra dell' ago

che in sulla tela rapido scorrea ;

il sole un raggio d' oro

t' intrecciò fra le chiome, e destò un vago

incendio a torno: il cuore mi dicea :

—Questa verace dea

or torna in cielo, e qui più star le duole.

SEVERINO FERRARI

I love delicate ease and softness;  
 Born desire is mine  
 To behold things fair and lovely  
 And the bright sun-shine.

---

Ἀλίω θεία φαέθοντος ἄκτις  
 εἰς ἕμας σκῆψεν φρένας, οὐδὲ φοῖδεν  
 ἐκλίπην· ἧ γὰρ, φίλα, ἀμφὶ φέργα  
 χέρρι τ' ἐνώμας

τὰν δι' εὐπάνω ζαθέοισαν ἴστω  
 κέρκιδ', ἐν τέαις τ' ἐφάνη κόμαισι,  
 χρῦσον ὥς, αἰθυσσομέναν ὑφάναις  
 ἄλιος αὖγαν.

αὐτικ' ἐκ μὲν πῦρ περὶ πάντ' ἔλαμψε,  
 καρδίαν δ' ἔτακεν ἕμαν· θεὸν δέ σ'  
 ἔμμεν, “ἐς θεοὺς τ'” ἐφάμαν “ἀνάγκα σ'  
 αὖθις ἀνάπτην.”

Ὡς δὲ στεφάνοις, ὦ Δίκα, πέρθεσθ' ἐράταις φόβαισιν,  
ὄρπακας ἀνήτοιο συνέρραις' ἀπάλαισι χέρσιν·  
εὐανθέα γὰρ πέλεται καὶ Χάριτες μάκαιρα†  
μᾶλλον προτερην· ἀστεφανώτοισι δ' ἀπυστρέφονται.

---

Καθάνοισα δὲ κείσεται οὐδέ ποτα μναμοσύνα σέθεν  
ἔσσετ' οὐδέποτ' εἰς ὕστερον· οὐ γὰρ πεδέχεις βρόδων  
τῶν ἐκ Πιερίας· ἀλλ' ἀφάνης κῆν Ἀίδα δόμοις  
φοιτάσεις πεδ' ἀμαύρων νεκύων ἐκπεποταμένα.

## FRAGMENTS

But weave thou garlands, Maiden,  
With delicate fingers fair  
Of the scented sprays, and wind them  
About thy lovely hair.

For the flower-garlanded sooner  
Shall win the Blest Ones' grace,  
And the unwreathed brow shall find them  
Withhold and hide their face.

---

And where thou diest, thou shalt lie ; no memory  
of thy name  
Thenceforth for ever shall be heard ; because thou  
hast no part  
In roses from Pierian springs ; with no more note  
or fame  
Where the dim ghosts are, thou shalt flit, obscure  
as here thou art.



The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own  
repose,

For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is  
in the deep ;

Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows ;  
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its  
appointed sleep.

Thou in the grave shalt rest—yet till the phantoms  
flee

Which that house and heath and garden made  
dear to thee erewhile,

Thy remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings  
are not free

From the music of two voices and the light of  
one sweet smile.

SHELLEY

Δέδυκε μὲν ἂ σελάννα  
καὶ Πληΐαδες, μέσαι δὲ  
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,  
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.

"Ἔστιν καὶ νυχίαισιν ποτ' ἐρώα νεφελᾶν σκίαις,  
 εὐδόντων ὀνέμων σῖγα, σελάννας τ' ὅποτ' ἦ δύσις·  
 πόνον δ' οὐδ' ἀκάμας πόντος ἔχει συνέχε', ἀλλ' ὅμως  
 πάντων καὶ μέρος ὕπνω κάματός τ' ἔλλαχε κώνια.

κείσεται καὶ σὺ θάνοις' ἄσυχά· νῦν δ' αἶς κ' ἔτι φέσπερος  
 φοίτη σοι γνόφοεν τῶνδε φέρων φίλτρον ἔμων δόμων,  
 ὀμμιμνασκομένα πίκρος ὑμάρτει μελέαις φρεσὶν  
 συμφώνων φιλίας αἶδου γελαίσας ὀάρων πόθος.

## SAPPHO

The moon hath sunk, and the Pleiads,  
 And midnight is gone,  
 And the hour is passing, passing,  
 And I lie alone.

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire ;  
The blue deep thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Χαῖρέ μοι, δαῖμον μάκαρ· οὐ γὰρ ὄρνιν  
 ἔστ' ὅπως σ' ἔγω ποτὰ φῶ πεφύκην,  
 ἄτις ὠράνω πέλας ἐν νόμοισιν  
 αὐτοδάεσσιν

ἐκ φρένος μέλπεις, ἀπὸ γᾶς δὲ πῆδαις  
 ἵψος ἐξ ἵψευς, νεφέλα φλέγοισ' ὥς,  
 αἰὲν ὀντέλλων ἅμα καὶ αἶδων  
 αἶθερ' ἐς ὕγρον·

ἀλίω γὰρ ὃν νέφε' ἄρτι δύντος  
 χρυσίαισιν αἰθόμεν' ἀστράπαισιν  
 ἐν δρόμοις ἔμψυχος ὅπως χάρα πρώτ-  
 οῖσι ποτᾶσαι.



The pale purple even  
    Melts around thy flight ;  
Like a star of heaven  
    In the broad daylight  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :  
  
All the earth and air  
    With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
    From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is  
    overflow'd.  
  
What thou art we know not ;  
    What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
    Drops so bright to see  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.  
  
Like a poet hidden  
    In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
    Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄχλυσ πεπτερυγώμένω τευ  
 σκίδνατ' ὄρφνας ἀερία, πεδ' ἄμαρ δ'  
 ὥς ὅτ' ἄστερ' οὐκέτ' ὄρημ', ἰέντος δ'  
 ὄρθι' ἀκούω.

γαῖ τ' ὑπ' αὐδῶς σᾶς φιάχῃσι καὺηρ,  
 ὥς ὅτ' οἷω παῖς διὰ νύκτ' ἐρήμαν  
 πίμπλατ' ἐκ νέφους χυμενᾶν σελεύνας  
 ὦρανος αὐγᾶν.

ἦ τίω δὴ φῶ σε μάλιστ' εἰοίκην;  
 τίς γὰρ ἦσθ' ἀφραστα· χέεις δὲ φῶνα  
 λάμπρα μᾶλλον ἢ ψέκαδας ῥεοίσαις  
 Ἴριδος ἄντα·

φροντίδων φέγγος περιφέμμενός τις  
 οἷα μοισίκτας ἀκέλευστ' αἰείδων,  
 τῷ συνελπίσδοισί τε συμφοβεῦνταί τ'  
 ἄνδρες ἀέλπτως·

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering un beholden  
Its aerial hue  
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from  
the view :

Like a rose embower'd  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflower'd  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged  
thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

ἢ δόμοις λάθρα τις ἐν ἱψιπύργοις  
θῦμον ἱμέρταις δυσέρωτα μοίσαις  
πάρθενος θέλγοισα· τὸ δ' ἐκ μύχων ἄχ-  
ημ' ἐποτάθη·

χρυσόλαμπις δ' ὥς δρόσοεν κατ' ἄγκος  
ἐν λόχῳ μὲν κευθομένα ποᾶντι  
κάνθέμοισιν, αἰθερίαν δὲ περσπέρρ-  
οισά τιν' αἶγλαν·

ἢ βρόδον φύλλοις πεπυκαδμένον φῶ  
φοῖσιν, ὄδμα τῷ φέρετ' ἄδυ φώρων  
σύλον αὐρᾶν, τὰς δὲ βαρυπτέροις τι-  
θεῖσα μεθύσκει;

ἡρίνοις νίκη πιτύλοις γελαίσας  
καπ πόας τὸ σὸν μέλος, ὀμβρέγερτά τ'  
ἄνθεμ', ὅσσα τ' ὦν ἴλαρ' ἢ φάενν' ἢ  
λάμπρα τέτυκται.



Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine :  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine :

Chorus hymeneal  
Or triumphal chaunt  
Match'd with thine, would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain ?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
With shapes of sky or plain ?  
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

SHELLEY

ἔσπε δ', ὅττι κέν σε τύχῳ κικλήσκων,  
ποῖ ἔχεις νοήματ' ; ἔγω γὰρ οὔτε  
Κύπριν ὦδε περχαρέως τίοντος  
ἔκλυον, οὔτε

Βάκχον, ἀλλὰ παῖς προτὶ σὰν αἰοίδαν  
καλλίνικός τ' ὕμνος ὑμῆναός τε  
κόμπος εἴη κ', ἔστιν ὅτευ μάταν ἄλλ-  
ως ἐπιδεύης.

τίς σε πειθὼ δηῦτ' ἔλαβεν; τί κάλλος  
τῶν κατ' αἴθερ' ἢ πέδον ἢ θάλασσαν;  
ἢ τίς οἰώνοις φιλότας, ἅπενθες  
ἦτορ ἔχοντα;

ταῖς τέαις γὰρ οὔτ' ὄνία ῥέχριμψε  
χαρμόναις, οὔτ' ὦν κόρος ἦν πάροικος·  
ἀλλὰ κηράσθης μέν, ἄσαν δ' ἔρωτος  
οὔποτ' ἐπέγνως.

Ἦρι μὲν αἶ τε Κυδώνιαι  
μαλίδες ἀρδόμεναι ῥοᾶν  
ἐκ ποταμῶν, ἵνα παρθένων  
κᾶπος ἀκήρατος, αἶ τ' οἶνανθίδες  
αὐξόμεναι σκιεροῖσιν ὑφ' ἔρνεσιν  
οἶναρέοις θαλέθοισιν· ἐμοὶ δ' ἔρος  
οὐδεμίαν κατάκοιτος ὥραν, ἅθ' ὑπὸ στεροπᾶς φλέγων  
Θρηϊκίος βορέας, αἴσσων παρὰ Κύπριδος ἀζαλέαις  
μανίαισιν ἐρεμνὸς ἀθαμβῆς  
ἐγκρατέως πεδόθεν τινάσσει  
ἀμετέρας φρένας.

In the season of Spring is the season of growing ;  
    Where lies the inviolate orchard-meadow,  
        The apple-garden where Maidens dwell,  
There, watered freshly with runnels flowing,  
    The quince-trees blossom, and safe in shadow  
        The vine-buds under the vine-leaf swell  
In the season of Spring. But in my heart passion  
    At no tide ever asleep is laid :  
From the Lady of Love as a blast of the North,  
When a blaze of lightning flashes it forth,  
    With a rush, with a burst,  
In a dark storm parching and maddening with thirst,  
    Unabashed, unafraid,  
It shoots to my bosom, gripping it still  
    In the same rude fashion,  
And shakes and shatters at will.



Ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος μέγας δόρυ καὶ ξίφος  
καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισήϊον, πρόβλημα χρωτός·  
τούτῳ γὰρ ἄρῳ, τούτῳ θερίζω,  
τούτῳ πᾶτέω τὸν ἄδυν οἶνον ἀπ' ἀμπέλῳ·  
τούτῳ δεσπότης μνοῖας κέκλημαι.

τοὶ δὲ μὴ τολμῶντ' ἔχειν δόρυ καὶ ξίφος  
καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισήϊον, πρόβλημα χρωτός,  
πάντες γόνυ πεπτηῶτες ἄμὸν  
. . . . . προσ>κυνέοντί με δεσπότην  
καὶ μέγαν βασιλῆα φωνέοντες.

---

My dear and only Love, I pray  
That little world of thee  
Be govern'd by no other sway  
Than purest Monarchy;  
For if Confusion have a part  
(Which virtuous souls abhor),  
And hold a Synod in thine heart,  
I'll never love thee more.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,  
 And a right good shield of hides untanned,  
     Which on my arm I buckle :  
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,  
 With these I make the sweet vintage flow,  
     And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield  
 A massy spear and well-made shield,  
     Nor joy to draw the sword ;  
 Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones  
 Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,  
     To call me king and lord.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

ᾠ μὸνα πασᾶν ἐμοὶ μεμελημένα,  
 σᾶς φιλίας εἰς κοίρανος πάνταρχος ἔστω·  
 ὡς τὰν ἀγαθοῖς ἐχθρὰν ἄπασιν  
 ἀρχὰν πολυάνορ' εἰ σὺ κοινόδικον σέβοις,  
 ἦ μὰν οὐκέτ' ἐμοὶ φίλα κεκλήσεται.

Like Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone ;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne.  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,  
And constant of thy word,  
I'll make thee glorious by my pen  
And famous by my sword ;  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before ;  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE

ἐν μονοσκάπτροις μέγας βασιλεὺς θρόνοις  
ἀντιδίκων ἄλλων θέλω νόσφιν κρατύνειν·  
ἦ γὰρ κακὸς, ἦ λῖαν δέδοικεν  
τὸν δαίμονα, τοῦδε πείραν ᾧτινι μὴ θράσος  
τῶν πάντων ὕπερ ἐν κύβοισι ῥίπτειν.

εἰ δ' ἐμὲ στέρξεις φίλον θεμένα νόον,  
φαμί σ' ἐγὼ Μοίσαις θ' ὁμῶς ἔργοις τ' Ἄρηος,  
οἷόν τις ἀνὴρ οὐπω, κλείζειν·  
καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπ' ἄμαρ αἰὲν εὖ πεφιλημέναν  
ἄμ μίτραις κεφαλὰν κλυταῖσι δήσω.

Πῶλε Θρηκίη, τί δὴ με λοξὸν ὄμμασιν βλέπουσα  
νηλεῶς φεύγεις, δοκεῖς δέ μ' οὐδὲν εἰδέναι σοφόν;

ἴσθι τοι, καλῶς μὲν ἄν τοι τὸν χαλινὸν ἐμβάλοιμι,  
ἡνίας δ' ἔχων στρέφοιμί σ' ἄμφι τέρματα δρόμου.

νῦν δὲ λειμῶνάς τε βόσκειαι κοῦφά τε σκιρτῶσα παίζεις·  
δεξιὸν γὰρ ἵπποσείρην οὐκ ἔχεις ἐπεμβάτην.

### ΠΡΑΞΙΛΛΑΣ

ᾧ διὰ τῶν θυρίδων καλὸν ἐμβλέποισα,  
πάρθενε τὰν κεφαλάν, τὰ δ' ἔνερθε νύμφα.



Ah tell me why you turn and fly,  
My little Thracian filly shy?

Why turn askance  
That cruel glance,  
And think that such a dunce am I?

O I am blest with ample wit  
To fix the bridle and the bit,  
And make thee bend  
Each turning-end  
In harness all the course of it.

But now 'tis yet the meadow free  
And frisking it with merry glee;  
The master yet  
Has not been met  
To mount the car and manage thee.

## PRAXILLA

Face at the latticed window  
Looking down so sweetly,  
Maiden head, maiden head,  
Maidenhead no more!

34 MY LOVE, SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET

My love, she's but a lassie yet,  
A lightsome lovely lassie yet;  
    It scarce wad do  
    To sit and woo  
Down by the stream sae glassy yet.  
But there's a braw time coming yet  
When we may gang a roaming yet,  
    An' hint wi' glee  
    O' joys to be  
When fa's the modest gloaming yet.  
She's neither proud nor saucy yet,  
She's neither plump nor gaucy yet,  
    But just a jinking,  
    Bonny blinking,  
Hilty-skilty lassie yet.  
But O her artless smile's mair sweet  
Than hinny or than marmalete;  
    An', right or wrang,  
    Ere it be lang  
I'll bring her to a parley yet.

JAMES HOGG

Παῖς ἔθ' ἢ φίλη τέρεινα φαιδρόνους τε παρθνεύει,  
κοῦτι συμπαίζειν παρ' ὄχθης ἡμένοις πρέποντά κω.

ἔσσεταί γε μὴν ὅτ' ἄμφω σύμπλανοι σεμνὴν κατ' ὄρφνην  
εἰς τὰ τέρπν' αἰνιζόμεσθα Κύπριδος δι' ἐλπίδων.

νῦν μὲν οὖν ὄμφαξ ἔτ' ἐστίν, οὐδέ κω σφριγῶσα μαζούς,  
κοῦφα δὲ σκιρτῶσα παίζει λοξά τ' ὄμμασιν βλέπει.

ἀλλ', ἀθρύπτοισιν γελᾷ γὰρ μέλιτος ἴδιον προσώποις,  
ἐς λόγους, ναὶ Κύπριν αὐτήν, ἵξετ' οὐ μάλ' ἐς μακρήν.

O ruddier than the cherry!  
 O brighter than the berry!  
     O nymph more bright  
     Than moonshine night,  
 Like kidlings, blithe and merry!  
  
 Ripe as the melting cluster,  
 No lily has such lustre;  
     Yet hard to tame  
     As raging flame,  
 And fierce as storms that bluster.

JOHN GAY

---

Ὁ καρκίνος ὦδ' ἔφα  
 χαλᾷ τὸν ὄφιν λαβών·  
 “εὐθὺν χρὴ τὸν ἑταῖρον ἔμμεν  
 καὶ μὴ σκολιὰ φρονεῖν.”

Ῥοίης ὦ φιαρωτέρη  
 μήλων δὲ γλυκίων ἰδεῖν,  
 σελήναιον ὑπὲρ φάος  
 νηπενθέας τε χιμαίρας·

ὦρην ὦ σταφύλης ἔχουσ'  
 ἄνθος τ' εἰαρινοῦ κρίνου,  
 πῦρ δὲ πνέουσ' ἄμαχόν τε καὶ  
 πρημαίνουσα θυέλλας.

---

Said the Crab unto the Serpent,  
 As he held him, fairly caught:  
*Straightforward, sir, a mate should go,*  
*And have no crooked thought.*



Εἴθ' ἐξῆν, ὁποῖός τις ἦν ἕκαστος,  
 τὸ στῆθος διελόντ', ἔπειτα τὸν νοῦν  
 ἐσιδόντα, κλήσαντα πάλιν,  
 ἄνδρα φίλον νομίζειν ἀδόλῳ φρενί.

---

Εἴθ' ἄπυρον καλὸν γενοίμην μέγα χρυσίον,  
 καί με καλὴ γυνὴ φοροίη καθαρὸν θεμένῃ νόον.

---

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou  
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
 O, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

FITZGERALD from OMAR KHAYYÁM

Could we but see men as they are!

But rive their breast asunder,  
Hold it apart and view the heart,  
And read what lies thereunder;  
Then close it fast again, and call  
A friend a friend for all in all!

---

I would I were a jewel

Of costly gold and fine,  
And a lovely woman wearing me  
With heart as true as mine!

---

Εἰ μοι μοῦσ' ὑπὸ δενδρέῳ παρείη  
καὶ πίνειν ἄμα, παρ δὲ καὶ σὺ μέλπων  
κατ' ἐρημίαν, ἧ μακάρων  
ἴσον ἔμοιγε λειμῶσιν ἐρημία.

O talk not to me of a name great in story ;  
The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;  
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty  
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is  
wrinkled ?

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :  
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—  
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,  
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases  
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover  
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

BYRON

Μή μοι δόξαν αἰὲ μενοῦσαν αἶνει,  
ἤβη γὰρ τάδε φήμ' ἰσήλικ' ἀνθεῖν·  
στεφάνων δὲ κρείσσων ἀριθμοῦ  
κισσὸς ἔμοιγε μύρτος τε νεανιῶν.

αὔοις ὥς δρόσος ἡρινὴ ρόδοισιν  
ῥυσαῖς ταινίαι ἐμπρέπουσι κόρσαις·  
πολιοῖς δ' ἀπαυδῶ κροτάφοις·  
τίς γὰρ ἐμοὶ κεναυχῶν στεφάνων χάρις;

ὦ Δόξ', εἴ ποτε δ' οὖν ἔχων σ' ἔχαιρον,  
ἀλλ' οὐ τῶν μεγάλων ἕκατι κόμπων,  
συνιδὼν δὲ παιδροῖσι κόρην  
ὄμμασιν ἀξιοῦσάν μ' ὀάρων φίλων.

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl

Until it doth run over !

For to-night we'll merry be,

To-morrow we'll be sober.

He that drinketh strong beer

And goes to bed mellow

Lives as he ought to live,

And dies a jolly good fellow.

He that drinketh small beer

And goes to bed sober

Falls as the leaves fall

That drop off in October.

Ποῦ μοι τὰ ῥόδα, ποῦ μοι τὰ ἴα, ποῦ μοι τὰ καλὰ  
σέλινα;

ταδὶ τὰ ῥόδα, ταδὶ τὰ ἴα, ταδὶ τὰ καλὰ σέλινα.

Quoted by Athenaeus 629 E



Δεῦρ' ἡμῖν ἐπίμεστα, παῖ,  
 κρατῆρα στέφε τόνδ' ὕπερθε χείλους·  
 ὥς εἰς τὸ μὲν αὖριον δέδοκται  
 νήφειν, τὸ παρὸν δ' αὖ μεθύειν τε καὶ παίζειιν.

ὃς μὲν ζωρότερον πιὼν  
 θωρηχθεὶς ἱλαρῶς ἔη 'πὶ κοίτην,  
 οὗτος βίοντον μὲν οἶδεν εὖ ζῆν  
 ὥς δεῖ, κατέλυσεν δὲ ποθητὸς, εὐδαίμων.

ὅστις δ' αὖθ' ὕδαρῇ πιὼν  
 νήφουσιν φρονίμως ἔη 'πὶ κοίτην,  
 οὗτος φθινοπωριναῖσιν ὥραις  
 φύλλον κατακαρφθεὶς ἐπὶ γῇ πεσὼν κεῖται.

### CHILDREN'S PLAY

Where are my roses, where are my pansies, where  
 is my lovely parsley?

Here are your roses, here are your pansies, here is  
 your lovely parsley.

## GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our Lord the King,  
Long live our noble King,

God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall:  
Confound their Politicks,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix;  
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour;  
Long may he reign.  
May he defend our laws  
And ever give us cause  
To cry with loud applause  
God save the King!

## ΤΡΙΤΟΝ ΔΙΟΣ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ ΕΥΚΤΑΙΑΝ ΛΙΒΑ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τῇσδ' ἐπίδοις ἄνακτα χώρας  
 εὐαίωνα τέ καὶ μεγιστόνικον,  
 θεότιμον ἴσχοντα κράτος  
 τῶνδε φίλων πολιτῶν πολὺν ἐς χρόνον.

ἐχθρῶν μὲν κατάβαλλε φύλ' ἀναστὰς  
 αὐταῖς ταῖς κακομηχάνοισι πείραις,  
 ἐπὶ τοῦδε δ' ὁρμούσαν ὁρῶν  
 ἡμετέραν ἔτ' ὀρθὴν ἐφέποις πόλιν.

ἐσθλῶν τῶν παρὰ σοῦ τὰ λῶστα δοίης  
 πρόφρων τῷδ', ἵν' ἔχοι νιν ἅδ' ἐσαιεὶ  
 πατρίους φυλάσσοντα νόμους  
 εὐλογία δικαίως ἀπὸ καρδίας.

Εἰ τὸ καλῶς θνήσκειν ἀρετῆς μέρος ἐστὶ μέγιστον  
 ἡμῖν ἐκ πάντων τοῦτ' ἀπένειμε Τύχη·  
 Ἑλλάδι γὰρ σπεύδοντες ἐλευθερίαν περιθεῖναι  
 κείμεθ' ἀγηράντῳ χρώμενοι εὐλογίῃ.

---

Ἄσβεστον κλέος οἶδε φίλῃ περὶ πατρίδι θέντες  
 κυάνεον θανάτου ἀμφεβάλοντο νέφος·  
 Οὐ δὲ τεθνᾶσι θανόντες, ἐπεὶ σφ' ἀρετὴ καθύπερθευ  
 κυδαίνουσ' ἀνάγει δώματος ἐξ Ἀΐδεω.

#### ON GENERAL GORDON.

Soldier of God, man's friend, not here below,  
 But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,  
 Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know  
 This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

TENNYSON

EPITAPH ON THE ATHENIAN DEAD  
AT PLATAEA

If the best merit be to lose life well,  
To us beyond all else that fortune came :  
In war, to give Greece liberty, we fell,  
Heirs of all time's imperishable fame.

EPITAPH ON THE LACEDAEMONIAN  
DEAD AT PLATAEA

Splendour unfading for their land they won,  
And then the shadowy robe of death put on.  
Yet died and are not dead ; for their brave might  
Fames, and uplifts them from the realms of night.

ON GENERAL GORDON

ὦ φιλόφρων θνητοῖσι, θεοῦ δ' ἔνεκεν πολεμήσας,  
τῇλέ περ ἐν Λιβυκαῖς κείμενέ που ψαμάθοις  
ζῶεις τοι πᾶσιν μεμελημένος, εἰδόσιν ἄνδρα  
φύντ' ἀγαθόν σ' ἄδολόν τ' εἴ τιν' ἐπιχθονίων.



Ὅτε λάρνακι δαιδαλέα ἄνεμός τε μιν  
κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα  
δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς  
ἀμφί τε Περσέϊ βάλλε φίλαν χέρ' εἶπέν τ'.

ὦ τέκος, οἶον ἔχω πόνον, σὺ δ' ἄωτεῖς·  
γαλαθήνῳ δ' ἤθεῖ κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ  
δούρατι χαλκεογόμφῳ,  
νυκτιλαμπεῖ κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ ταθείς.

ἄλμαν δ' ὑπερθε τεῶν κομᾶν βαθεῖαν  
παριόντος κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις, οὐδ' ἀνέμων  
φθόγγον, πορφυρέαισιν  
κείμενος ἐν χλανίσιν, πρόσωπον καλόν.

## DANAE

Adrift in the carven ark,—by the winds  
And the rising waves dismayed,  
Her limbs all quivering with alarm,  
Her pale cheek wet with tears,—her arm  
Round Perseus then she laid ;

Saying, “O my child, how sore my trouble,  
And thou still slumbering deep !  
Here in the dismal rivetted ark,  
In the rayless night, in the pitchy dark,  
Thine infant spirit—asleep !

“Wash of the racing wave goes past  
Above thy silken hair ;  
Yet whether of wave or bellowing blast  
Not a thought is thine, or care,—  
In mantle of crimson warm and fast,  
Little face, how sweet and fair !

εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὔας·  
 κέλομαι, εὖδε βρέφος, εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,  
 εὐδέτω δ' ἄμετρον κακόν·  
 μεταιβολία δέ τις φανείη, Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο·  
 ὅττι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος εὔχομαί  
 τε καὶ νόσφι δίκας, σύγγνωθί μοι.

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Ἡ σεῦ καὶ φθιμένας λεύκ' ὀστέα τῷδ' ἐνὶ τύμβῳ  
 ἴσκω ἔτι τρομέειν θήρας, ἀγρῶστι Λυκάς·  
 τὰν δ' ἀρετὰν οἶδεν μέγα Πήλιον, ἅ τ' ἀρίδηνος  
 Ὅσσα, Κιθαιρῶνός τ' οἰονόμοι σκοπιαί.

"Yet if this fear were fear indeed,  
If fear were fear of thine,  
Surely thy small ear then had listened  
To hear these words of mine.....

"Sleep on then, O my baby, sleep,  
And sleep, thou Sea ;  
Rested in sleep, I pray, at length  
Our infinite sorrows be.  
O Father in Heaven, vouchsafe ere long  
Sign of some change in thee :  
And if these hopes I breathe be wrong  
Or too bold,—pardon me!"

#### EPITAPH ON A THESSALIAN HOUND

Lycas, my faithful huntress, well I trow  
The beasts yet tremble at thy bones with fright!  
Thy worth all Pelion and vast Ossa know,  
And lone Cithaeron's desolatest height.

τοῖσι λάμπει μὲν μένος ἀελίου

τὰν ἐνθάδε νύκτα κάτω·

φοινικορόδοις δ' ἐνὶ λειμώνεσσι προάστιον αὐτῶν

<ἐκ Διὸς κάπων ἀναπεπταμένον>

καὶ λιβάνῳ σκιαρὸν καὶ χρυσοκάρποισιν βέβριθε

. . . . .

καὶ τοὶ μὲν ἵπποις γυμνασίῳς τε,

τοὶ δὲ πεσσοῖς,

τοὶ δὲ φορμίγγεσσι τέρπονται, παρὰ δέ

σφισιν εὐανθῆς ἅπας

τέθαλεν ὄλβος·

ὁδμὰ δ' ἐρατὸν κατὰ χῶρον κίδναται

αἰεὶ θύα μινγύντων πυρὶ τηλεφανεῖ

παντοῖα θεῶν ἐπὶ βωμοῖς.



## PARADISE

For them the sun shines ever in full might  
Throughout our earthly night ;  
There, reddening with the rose, their paradise,  
A fair green pleasance, lies,  
Cool beneath shade of incense-bearing trees,  
And rich with golden fruit :  
And there they take their pleasure as they will,  
In chariot-race, or young-limbed exercise  
In wrestling, at the game of tables these,  
And those with harp or lute :  
And blissful where they dwell, beside them still  
Dwells at full bloom perfect felicity :  
And spreading delicately  
Over the lovely region everywhere  
Fragrance in the air  
Floats from high altars where the fire is dense  
With perfumed frankincense  
Burned for the glory of Heaven continually.

## CHAPTER 17

For great are thy judgements, and hard to interpret; therefore souls undisciplined went astray.

For when lawless men had supposed that they held a holy nation in their power, they themselves, prisoners of darkness, and bound in the fetters of a long night, close kept beneath their roofs, lay exiled from the eternal providence.

For neither did the dark recesses that held them guard them from fears, but sounds rushing down rang around them, and phantoms appeared, cheerless with unsmiling faces.

And no force of fire prevailed to give them light, neither were the brightest flames of the stars strong enough to illumine that gloomy night: but only there appeared to them the glimmering of a fire self-kindled, full of fear.

As for the illusions of art magic, they were put down, and a shameful rebuke of their vaunts of understanding.

For they that had promised to drive away terrors and troublings from a sick soul, these were themselves sick with a ludicrous fearfulness.

For even if no troublous thing affrighted them, yet, scared with the creepings of vermin and hissings of serpents, they perished for very trembling, refusing even to look on the air, which could on no side be escaped.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἡ μεγάλαι βουλαὶ σέθεν, οὐδὲ νοηταὶ  
 πᾶσιν· τῷ τοι πολλὰ παρεπλάγχθησαν ἄπειροι.

καὶ τότ' ἀναγκαίης Δῖον γένος ἄνδρες ἀλιτροὶ  
 φάντο καταζεύξειν, αὐτοὶ δ' ἄρα θυμοπεδῆται  
 κείντο μῆς ἐκ νυκτός, ἐελμένοι ἔνδοθι οἴκων,  
 θείης κηδοσύνης φυγάδες, σκοτοδέσμῳ ἀνάγκη.  
 οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν κρυφίοισι μυχοῖς ἡῦχοντο λαθόντες  
 θαρσεῖν, ἀλλ' ἡχοί τε περισμαράγευν, ἐφάνη τε  
 φάσματ' ἀμειδῆτοισιν αἰὲ φοιτεῦντα προσώποις.  
 ἔνθ' οὐτ' αἰθομένοιο πυρὸς μένος οὔτε φαεινῶν  
 ἄστρον ἐξελάσαι κνέφας ἤρκεεν, ἀλλὰ μέλαινα  
 λιγνὺς ὥς τις ἔλαμπε φόβος μόνον αὐτοπύρωτος.

ποῦ δὲ γοητείας τὰ σοφῶν κομπάσματα φωτῶν,  
 ἡ φρένας ἐξαπατᾶν ἐπεποίθεσαν; ἐξ ἅρ' ἀγῶνος  
 φροῦδα, μέγ' αὐχήσασι κατηφείη καὶ ἔλεγχος.  
 οἱ γὰρ ἐπηγγείλαντο κακὰς ἀπὸ κήρας ἐρύξειν  
 δείματά τε ψυχῆς νοσεούσης, δείμασιν αὐτοὶ  
 ἄψυχοι συνέχοντο, γέλως ἄλλοισι κάκιστος.  
 κεῖ γὰρ μή τις ἔην ἔτυμος φόβος, ἀλλὰ ματαίοις  
 οἷμασιν ἐρπυσμοῖς τ' ἰδὲ καὶ συρίγμασι θηρῶν  
 ἐκ πτοίῃ τις ἔθνησκεν, ἀναινόμενος περὶ τάρβει  
 ὅσοις καὶ τὸν ἄφυκτον ἐς ἡέρα προσδέρκεσθαι.

For wickedness, condemned by a witness within, is a coward thing, and, being pressed hard by conscience, always forecasteth the worst lot: for fear is nothing else but a surrender of the succours which reason offereth.

But they, all through the night which was powerless indeed, and which came upon them out of the recesses of powerless Hades, all sleeping the same sleep, now were haunted by monstrous apparitions, and now were paralysed by their soul's surrendering; for fear sudden and unlooked for came upon them. So then every man, whosoever it might be, sinking down in his place, was kept in ward shut up in that prison which was barred not with iron.

For whether he were a husbandman, or a shepherd, or a labourer whose toils were in the wilderness, he was overtaken, and endured that inevitable necessity, for with one chain of darkness were they all bound.

Whether there were a whistling wind, or a melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, or a measured fall of water running violently, or a harsh crashing of rocks hurled down, or the swift course of animals bounding along unseen, or the voice of wild beasts harshly roaring, or an echo rebounding from the hollows of the mountains, all these things paralysed them with terror.



δειλὸν γὰρ κακίῃ, καθ' ἑαυτοῦ μάρτυρ' ἔχουσα  
 ἔνδοθεν· ἐννεσίῃς δὲ σέθεν, κακόμαντι Κυνειδοῖ,  
 τᾶσχατά πως αἰεὶ πάθε' ὅσομένη δεδόνηται·  
 ῥίψις γάρ τοι δεῖμα λόγου εὐαλκέος ὄπλων.

ὥς κείνοι κακὸν ὕπνον ἰαύοντες μάλα πάντες  
 ἄπρηκτον κατὰ νύκτα, παναπρήκτου Ἀΐδαο  
 παῖδα μάλ' ἀτρεκέως, τεράτων κακὰ φάσματ' ἰδόντες  
 ἢ ἔτυμ' ἢ σφετέρης αὐτόσσυτοι ἀλογίῃσιν,  
 ἀπροφάτως ὥχοντο καὶ αὐτόθι· κείτο δ' ἕκαστος  
 δέσμιος ἐν φυλακῇσιν ἀχαλκεύτοισι πεδηθείς.

καί τις ὀρείφοιτος βούτης, ἢ οἰοπολεύων  
 ποιμήν, ἢ ἐπάρουρος ἐρημαίοισιν ἐπ' ἀγροῖς,  
 μαρφθείς τὴν δαμάτειραν ἔτλη πανάφυκτον ἀνάγκην,  
 πάντες δ' ἐν σκοτίῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι δέδεντο.

εἴτ' ἀνέμων γάρ τις ῥοῖζος πέλοι, ἢ βαθυφύλλων  
 ἐκ δένδρων θρόος αἶψα παρ' οἰωνῶν κελαδεινός,  
 ἢ καταρησσομένου ποταμοῦ κτύπος οὐαθ' ἵκοιτο  
 εὐρυθμος, ἢ πέτρων πάταγος δουπήδ' ἐριπέντων,  
 εἴτ' ἐλαφρὸν σκίρτημα ποδῶν αἰδήλα θεόντων  
 θηρῶν, εἴτ' ὠρυτὸς ἐρίβρομος, ἢ τίς ἡχὼ  
 τηλόθεν ἀντιτύπων ὀρέων ἄπο, τοὶ δ' ἐφ' ἐκάστω,  
 ὥς ἄϊον, ὥς αὐτίκ' ἀπέψυχον τρομέοντες.



For the whole world beside was enlightened with clear light, and was occupied with unhindered works ; while over them alone was spread a heavy night, an image of the darkness that should afterward receive them ; but yet heavier than darkness were they unto themselves.

## THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

After they had taken counsel to slay the babes of  
the holy ones,  
And when a single child had been cast forth and  
saved to convict them of their sins,  
Thou tookest away from them their multitude of  
children,  
And destroyedst all their host together in a mighty  
flood.  
Of that night were our fathers made aware beforehand,  
That, having sure knowledge they might be cheered  
by the oaths which they had trusted :  
So by thy people was expected salvation of the  
righteous  
and destruction of the enemies ;

ἄλλοι μὲν δὴ πάντ' ἐριφεγγέος ἔβλεπον αὐγῆς  
 ἔμπλεα, καὶ νόον εἶχον ἀκωλύτοισιν ἐπ' ἔργοις·  
 τῶν δ' ὕπερ ἀλλαμπῆς μούνων τέτατ' ἀργαλήη νύξ,  
 οἷη πέρ τοι ἔμελλε καὶ εἰσοπίσω σφε δέχεσθαι,  
 αὐτοὶ δέ σφισιν ἦσαν ἔτ' ἀργαλεώτεροι αὐτοῖς.

## THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

## CHAPTER 18

τῶν δ', ὅτε κτείνειν γόνον εὐσεβέων      στροφή α'  
 πάντ' ἐμητίσαντο, βρέφος δ' ἄρα μούνον  
     ρίφθ' οἰοσπάργανον  
 σώθη πρὸς ἔλεγχον ὅμως,  
 Ζεῦ, κατὰ πᾶν γένος ἔκλυσας, εὐτεκνίαν  
     τὰν παιδοπληθῇ  
     νοσφίσας ἐν νυκτὶ μιᾷ·  
 τὰν μὲν ἔρπειν ἀμέτεροι πρόγονοι πρόσθεν μάθον,  
 φέγγος ὀπιζομένοις  
     εὐφρόνας εὐάγγελον, σωτηρίας  
 ἐλπίδ' ἄγον σφετέρας, ἐχθρῶν δ' ὀλέθρου.

60      THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

For as thou didst take vengeance on the adversaries,  
By the same means, calling us unto thyself,  
    thou didst glorify us.

For holy children of good men offered sacrifice in  
    secret,

And with one consent they took upon themselves  
    the covenant of the divine law,

That they would partake alike in the same good  
    things

    and the same perils ;

The fathers already leading  
    the sacred songs of praise.

But there sounded back in discord the cry of the  
    enemies,

And a piteous voice of lamentation for children  
    was borne abroad.

And servant along with master punished with a like  
    just doom,

And commoner suffering the same as king,

Yea, all the people together under one form of death,  
Had with them corpses without number ;

For the living were not sufficient even to bury them,  
Since at a single stroke their nobler offspring was  
    consumed.

χειρὶ δὴ ταυτᾷ παρά τ' ἀντιπάλων ἀντιστροφή α'

λυγρὸν ἔπραξας χρέος ἀμέτερόν τ' ἐξ-

αίρετον τιμῶν γένος

νικαφόρον εὐλογίαν

ὥπασας· ἐν κρυφαῖαις ἱερῶν θυσίαις

τὸν Ζηνόκραντον

συγκαταίνησαν πρόγονοι

τεθμὸν, ἧ μὰν ξυνὸν ὁμῶς ἐθέλειν ἐσθλῶν μέρος

τῶν θ' ἐτέρων μετέχειν·

ἐν δ' ὑπ' εὐφάμου λύρας ἀγούμενοι

πρεσβύτεροι γεραρᾶν ἄρξαντ' αἰοιδᾶν,

ἀντίμολπος δ' αὖ παρὰ δυσμενέων

ἐπωδὸς α'

κίδνατ' οἰμωγᾶς ἀπαίωνος βοᾷ

μακροπενθῆς τεκνολέτωρ, θεραπόντων σὺν δίκῃ

δεσπότηισιν οὐκ ἀνόμοια παθόντων

οὐδ' ὑπάτοις βασιλεῦσιν δαμοτᾶν, ἀλλ' ἐν μιᾷ

πᾶς ἰδέα θανάτου νεκρῶν ἐρειφθέντων στρατὸς

εἶχε μίασμ' ἀνάριθμον· ζῶσα γὰρ οὐκ ἔτι χεῖρ

πρὸς ταφὰν ἐξάρκειε καδεμόνων, ξυνᾷ δὲ πλαγαῖ

ἅμα πᾶσιν ἄωτος πᾶς ἐλωτίσθη γόνου.



62 THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON

For while they were disbelieving all things  
by reason of the enchantments,  
Upon the destruction of the first-born  
they confessed the people to be God's son.  
For while peaceful silence enwrapped all things,  
And night in her own swiftness  
was in mid-course,  
Thine all-powerful word leaped from heaven out of  
the royal throne,  
A stern warrior, into the midst of the doomed land,  
Bearing as a sharp sword thine unfeigned com-  
mandment ;  
  
And standing it filled all things with death ;  
And while it touched the heaven  
it trode upon the earth.  
Then forthwith apparitions in dreams terribly troubled  
them,  
And fears came upon them unlooked for :  
And each, one thrown here half-dead, another there,  
Made manifest wherefore he was dying :  
For the dreams, perturbing them, did foreshew this,  
That they might not perish  
without knowing why they were afflicted.  
But it befell the righteous also to make trial of death,



πρὶν δ' ἀπιστήσας τις ὑπ' οὐλομέναις στροφή β'

φαρμακείαις πρωτογόνων τότε ἀμερθεῖς

μαρτύρησ' ἔμμεν τόδε

Ζηνὸς γένος ὡς ἐτύμως·

πάντα γὰρ ἀσυχία κάτεχ' ἃ φιλόφρων,

δίφρευε δ' ἵπποις

νύξ θοὰ σὺν μεσσοπόροις,

αἶψα δ' ἐκ σεμνῶν ἔπος ἄλτο θρόνων ὧ Ζεῦ τεδὸν

παγκρατὲς οὐρανόθεν,

δεινὸς αἰχματάς, ἀχάλκευτον ξίφος

τεθμὸν ἔχων σέθεν, ἐν μέσση δὲ χώρα

πάντα κεῖνα στὰς ἐνέπλησε μόρου, ἀντιστροφή β'

οὐρανῷ μὲν σὺν κεφαλὰν κορυφώσας

γαῖ' δ' ἐπισκῆπτων πόδας·

τοὺς δ' αὐτίκα φάσματ' ἔβαν

δείμασιν ἐννυχίοις ἀδόκητα ταραάσσ-

οντ'· ἄλλος ἄλλα δ'

ἐκφορηθεῖς ἀρτιθανῆς

φαῖνεν ἄταν, οἷ' ἐπίφαισκε μαθεῖν μάντις φόβος,

ὄφρα τις εὖ προδαεῖς

μὴ 'ξ ἀτεκμάρτων ὅλοιτ'· οὐ μὰν μόρου

μέλλον ἄρ' οὐδ' ὅσιον ζώσκειν ἄπειροι,

And a multitude were stricken in the wilderness:  
Howbeit the wrath endured not for long,  
For a blameless man hasted to be their champion:  
Bringing the weapon of his own ministry,  
Even prayer and the propitiation of incense,  
He withstood the indignation, and set an end to  
the calamity,  
Shewing that he was thy servant.  
And he overcame the anger,  
Not by strength of body, not by efficacy of weapons,  
But by word did he subdue the minister of punishment,  
By bringing to remembrance oaths and covenants  
made with the fathers.  
For when the dead were already fallen in heaps  
one upon another,

Standing between he stopped the advancing wrath,  
And cut off the way to the living.  
For upon his long high-priestly robe  
was the whole world,  
And the glories of the fathers  
were upon the graving  
of the four rows of precious stones,  
And thy majesty was upon the diadem of his head.  
To these the destroyer gave place,  
and these the people feared,  
For it was enough only to make trial of the wrath.

ἀλλὰ παμπολλοὶ κατ' ἐρήμα πίτνου· ἐπὶ δὲ β'  
 οὐχὶ δαρὸν μάν, ἀμεμφῆς γὰρ Διὸς  
 προσπόλῳ τιμάορος ἀνὴρ ἐφάνη σὺν μαχανᾷ·  
 κεῖνος ἀντιστὰς λιτὰ θύματα φαίνων  
 καὶ τέλος ἀγνὸν ἄοπλος παῦσεν ἄταν καὶ κότον,  
 οὐ κατὰ σώματος ἰσχὺν οὐδὲ χαλκαίχμῳ κράτει,  
 ἀλλ' ἐπέων σθένος ἄτας ἱερέ' ἔχων δάμασεν,  
 ὀρκίων τεθμὸν προγόνοισιν ἀναμνάσας δοθέντα·  
 φθιμένων γὰρ ἐπ' ἀλλάλοισι θῖνες δὴ πέσον,

ἐν μέσῳ δὲ στὰς ἐπιούσαν ἔριν στροφὴ γ'  
 ἔσχεν, ἐς ζῶντας δ' ἀνέκοψε κέλευθον·  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐν στολμοῖς μὲν ἦν  
 γαίας τε καὶ οὐρανίων  
 πᾶσα φυά, πατέρων δ' ἐπιχώρια τετρ-  
 ἀστοιχος εἶχεν  
 τεθμὸς ἐγγλυφθέντα λίθων,  
 στέμμα δὲ κρατὸς τεὸν εἶχε σέβας· τοῖσιν πέπων  
 εἶξεν ὁ λοιγοφόρος,  
 πτᾶξε δ' αἰδεσθεῖς ὄπιν λαὸς κότον  
 Ζηνὸς ἄλις γε μαθὼν καὶ πρωτόπειρος.

Τίκτει δέ τε θνατοῖσιν εἰρήνην μέγαν  
πλούτον μελιγλώσσων τ' αἰοιδᾶν ἄνθεα,  
δαιδαλέων τ' ἐπὶ βωμῶν θεοῖσιν αἶθεσθαι βοῶν  
ξανθᾶ φλογὶ μῆρα τανυτρίχων τε μήλων,  
γυμνασίων τε νέοις αὐλῶν τε καὶ κώμων μέλιν·  
ἐν δὲ σιδαροδέτοις πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν  
ἀραχνᾶν ἴστοι πέλονται·  
ἔγχεά τε λογχωτὰ ξίφεά τ' ἀμφάκεα  
δάμναται εὐρώς·  
χαλκεᾶν δ' οὐκ ἔστι σαλπίγγων κτύπος·  
οὐδὲ συλᾶται μελίφρων  
ὑπνος ἀπὸ βλεφάρων,  
ἄῶς δὲ θάλλει κέαρ·  
συμποσίων δ' ἐρατῶν βρίθοντ' ἀγυιαί,  
παιδικοί θ' ὕμνοι φλέγονται.

Peace upon earth  
Brings Wealth and blossom of dulcet Song to birth ;  
To the Gods on carven altars makes thighs of oxen  
burn,  
And sheep in the yellow flame,  
And bids the young men's thoughts to the wrestling-  
game  
And revel and hautboy turn.

Webs of the spider brown in the iron shield are made,  
And rust grows over the edge of the sword and  
the lance's blade ;  
The sound of the brazen trumpet is not heard,  
Nor the still air stirred  
And the sweet of slumber torn  
From the eyelid heavy at morn :  
Banquet and blithe carousal throng the ways,  
And the amorous hymn like fire in the air breaks  
forth in praise.



## ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΚΕΤΙΔΩΝ

Εἰ δὲ κυρεῖ τις πέλας οἰωνοπόλων  
 ἔγγαιος οἶκτον αἴων,  
 δοξάσει τις ἀκούειν  
 ὅπα τᾶς Τηρείας  
 μητίδος οἰκτρᾶς ἀλόχου ,  
 κερκηλάτου τ' ἀηδόνης·

ἅτ' ἀπὸ χώρων ποτάμων τ' εἰργομένα  
 πενθεῖ μὲν οἶκτον ἡθέων,  
 συντίθησι δὲ παιδὸς  
 μόρον, ὥς αὐτοφόνως  
 ὤλετο πρὸς χειρὸς ἔθεν,  
 δυσμάτορος κότου τυχών.

FROM THE FIRST CHORUS IN THE  
*SUPPLIANTS*

## II 1

While we grieve, were any near  
Listening with an augur's ear,  
'Tis the sad voice,' he should guess,  
'Of that rueful wife's distress  
'Tereus wedded,—'tis the wail  
'Of the hawk-chased nightingale!'

## II 2

She too, reft of home and river,  
Her lost haunts bewaileth ever,  
And in her sad story's loom  
Weaves that other piteous doom,—  
Her own son beloved, that she  
Murdered so unmotherly!

τὼς καὶ ἐγὼ φιλόδυντος Ἰαονίοισι νόμοισι  
 δάπτω τὰν ἀπαλὰν  
 εἰλοθερῇ παρειὰν  
 ἀπειρόδακρύν τε καρδίαν·  
 γοεδνὰ δ' ἀνθεμίζομαι,  
 δειμαίνουσα φίλους,  
 τᾶσδε φυγᾶς  
 ἀερίας ἀπὸ γᾶς  
 εἴ τις ἐστὶ κηδεμών.

ἀλλὰ, θεοὶ γενέται, κλύετ' εὖ τὸ δίκαιον ἰδόντες·  
 ἦβᾶ μὴ τέλεον  
 δόντες ἔχειν παρ' αἴσαν,  
 ὕβριν δ' ἐτύμως στυγόντες,  
 πέλοιτ' ἂν ἔνδικοι γάμοις.  
 ἔστι δὲ κακὸν πολέμου  
 τειρομένοις  
 βωμὸς ἀρῆς φυγάσιν  
 ῥῦμα, δαιμόνων σέβας.

## III 1

I, like her, lament and plain  
Softly in sad Ionian strain:  
Tender sunburnt cheek is bruised,  
And, to tears erewhile unused,  
Heart from sorrow's inmost springs  
Now their bitterest essence wrings:—  
Here, my heavy mind misgives,  
No friend careth, no help lives  
For the Dim Land's fugitives.

## III 2

Nay but, O Gods, our Sires divine,  
Hear us, and let your eyes incline  
To Justice! If ye would be just,  
O grant not the desire of lust!  
Let violent sin be right abhorred:  
Even to them that fly the sword,  
Even to men from battle driven  
Altars are for refuge given,  
Sacred in the sight of Heaven.

## ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α΄

εἴθ' εἴη Διὸς εὖ παναληθῶς—

## ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β΄

Διὸς ἕμερος οὐκ  
 εὐθήρατος ἐτύχθη·  
 παντᾶ τοι φλεγέθει  
 κἂν σκότῳ μελαίνα ξὺν τύχῃ  
 μερόπεσσι λαοῖς.

## ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α΄

πίπτει δ' ἀσφαλὲς οὐδ' ἐπὶ νώτῳ  
 κορυφᾷ Διὸς εἰ  
 κρανθῇ πρᾶγμα τέλειον.

## ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β΄

δαῦλοι γὰρ πραπίδων  
 δάσκιόι τε τείνουσιν πόροι  
 κατιδεῖν ἄφραστοι.



## IV 1

## FIRST VOICE

O might we know beyond all doubt  
What Zeus would—

## SECOND VOICE

Nay, past searching out!  
God's will before our human sight  
Shines against blackest foil of night  
Only with dull and smouldering light.

## IV 2

## FIRST VOICE

But all effects his will intends  
Fall to safe undefeated ends.

## SECOND VOICE

Tangled in gloomy thickets blind  
And close beyond discerning wind  
The dark ways of his secret mind.

ιάπτει δ' ἐλπίδων  
ἀφ' ὑψιπύργων πανώλεις  
βροτούς, βίαν δ' οὐ  
τιν' ἐξοπλίζει.  
τὰν ἄπονον δ' ἀρμονίαν  
ἤμενος ἀμ φρόνημά πως  
αὐτόθεν ἐξέπραξεν ἔμπας  
ἐδράνων ἀφ' ἀγνῶν.

ἰδέσθω δ' εἰς ὕβριν  
βρότειον οἷα νεάζει  
πυθμὴν δι' ἀμὸν  
γάμον τεθαλῶς  
δυσπαραβούλοισι φρεσίν,  
καὶ διάνοιαν μαινόλιν  
κέντρον ἔχων ἄφυκτον, ἄτας  
ἀπάταν μεταλγούς.

## THE WHOLE CHORUS

## V 1

From towering Hope's ambitious height  
Down to Perdition's blackest pit  
He hurls the aspiring thoughts of Man,  
Yet stirs not, yet exerts no force:  
Calm in his will's enabled might  
His throned imaginations sit,  
And see the World's harmonious Plan  
Move onward in its ordered course.

## V 2

So let his eyes behold and see  
On earth now what intemperate sin,  
What violent heats of froward youth  
The old evil stock buds forth again!  
Thus amorous and athirst for me,  
With heart's own folly spurred within  
To madness,—and the mocked heart's ruth  
Repentant in its ruinous train!

## ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΚΕΤΙΔΩΝ

Ἄναξ ἀνάκτων, μακάρων  
 μακάρτατε, καὶ τελέων τελει-  
 ότατον κράτος, ὄλβιε Ζεῦ,  
 πιθοῦ τε καὶ γενέσθω·  
 ἄλυσον ἀνδρῶν ὕβριν εὖ στυγήσας,  
 λίμνα τ' ἔμβαλε πορφυροειδεῖ  
 τὰν μελανόζυγ' ἄταν.

τὸ πρὸς γυναικῶν δ' ἐπιδὼν  
 παλαίφατον ἀμέτερον γένος,  
 φιλίας προγόνου γυναικὸς  
 νέωσον εὐφρον' αἶνον·  
 γενοῦ πολυμνᾶστορ, ἔφαπτορ Ἴους·  
 Δίαι τοι γένος εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι  
 γᾶς ἀπὸ τᾶσδ' ἐνοίκου.

THE FOURTH CHORUS IN THE  
*SUPPLIANTS*

## I 1

O King of Kings, among the blest  
Most blessed, with dominion clothed  
Among the perfect perfectest,  
Zeus in thy heaven, give ear and save:  
Defend us from this manhood's loathed  
And violent outrage! Whelm and quench  
Their engine of the dusky bench,  
And plunge them in the glooming wave!

## I 2

Regard us women, take our part;  
Let once again that Woman stir  
Fond memory in thy mindful heart,  
The foundress of our ancient line:  
Remember, O forget not her  
On whom thy mystic hand was laid;  
Io, that in this region strayed,  
Hers are we born, O Lord, and thine!



παλαιὸν δ' εἰς ἔχρος μετέσταν  
 ματέρος ἀνθονόμους ἐπωπῆς,  
 λειμῶνα βούχιλον, ἔνθεν ἰὼ  
 οἷστρω ἐρεθομένα  
 φεύγει ἀμαρτίνοος,  
 πολλὰ βροτῶν διαμειβομένα  
 φύλα, διχῇ δ' ἀντίπορον  
 γαῖαν ἐν αἴσῃ διατέμ-  
 νουσα πόρον  
 κυματίαν ὀρίζει.

ἰάπτει δ' Ἀσίδος δι' αἶας  
 μηλοβότου Φρυγίας διαμπάξ,  
 περᾷ δὲ Τεύθραντος ἄστνυ Μυσῶν  
 Λύδιά τε γύαλα,  
 καὶ δι' ὀρῶν Κιλικῶν  
 Παμφύλων τε διορνυμένα  
 γᾶν ποταμούς τ' ἀενάους  
 καὶ βαθύπλουτον χθόνα καὶ  
 τᾶς Ἀφροδί-  
 τας πολύπυρον αἶαν.

## II 1

Our steps again are homed  
Where once our Mother roamed  
The guarded meadow of her flowery feeding ;  
Hence, from the soil we tread,  
The sore-teased Io fled,  
Through many a tribe of men so madly speeding ;  
Then, to fulfil her destined fate,  
Held for the far shore, sundering the opposed strait.

## II 2

Through Asia then she flew,  
The Phrygian pastures through,  
By Teuthras' town among the Mysians lying,  
O'er Lydian lowlands wide  
And many a mountain-side  
Alike Pamphylian and Cilician flying,  
Perennial river, golden plain,  
And corn-abounding region, Aphrodite's reign.

ἰκνεῖται δ', εἰσικνουμένου βέλει  
 βουκόλου πτερόεντος,  
 Δῖον πάμβοτον ἄλσος,  
 λειμῶνα χιονοβόσκον ὄντ' ἐπέρχεται  
 Τυφῶ μένος  
 ὕδωρ τε Νείλου νόσοις ἄθικτον,  
 μαινομένα πόνοις ἀτίμοις  
 ὀδύναις τε κεντροδα-  
 λήτισι θυιὰς Ἥρας.

βροτοὶ δ' οὐ γὰρ τότε ἦσαν ἔννομοι  
 χλωρῷ δείματι θυμὸν  
 πάλλουντ' ὄψιν ἀήθη,  
 βοτὸν ἐσορῶντες δυσχερὲς μιξόμβροτον,  
 τὰ μὲν βοός,  
 τὰ δ' αὖ γυναικός· τέρας δ' ἐθάμβουν.  
 καὶ τότε δὴ τίς ἦν ὁ θέλξας  
 πολύπλαγκτον ἀθλίαν  
 οἰστροδόνητον ἰώ;

## III 1

Still by the wingèd herd  
With sharp goad's pricking spurred,  
She won at last that fair divine green Isle,  
God's pasture fed with snows,  
Where meet the eternal foes,  
Harsh Typho and the pure diseaseless Nile;  
There, maddening with spiteful shame  
And stings of Hera's malice, all distraught she came.

## III 2

The folk then dwelling near  
Paled with sickly fear,  
Trembling amazed before the uncouth sight,—  
A creature twinned, half-human,  
Part heifer and part woman,—  
Monstrous, a thing for marvelling and affright:—  
Then who was he that gave her peace  
And made the long-tormented Io's pain to cease?

Ζεὺς αἰῶνος κρέων ἀπαύστου

. . . . .

βία δ' ἀπημαντοσθενεῖ

καὶ θείαις ἐπιπνοίαις

παύεται, δακρύων δ' ἀπο-

στάζει πένθιμον αἰδῶ·

λαβοῦσα δ' ἔρμα Δῖον ἀψευδεῖ λόγῳ

γείνατο παῖδ' ἀμεμφή,

δι' αἰῶνος μακροῦ πάνολβον·

ἔνθεν πᾶσα βοᾷ χθών·

“φυσιζόου γένος τόδε

Ζηνός ἐστιν ἀληθῶς·

τίς γὰρ ἂν κατέπαυσεν Ἥ-

ρας νόσους ἐπιβούλους;

Διὸς τόδ' ἔργον, καὶ τόδ' ἂν γένος λέγων

ἐξ Ἑπάφου κυρήσαις.”



## IV 1

Lord through all time's unending length,  
O Zeus, the act was thine!  
By force of thine unhurtful strength  
And by thy breath divine  
Her pain was healed, the spring unsealed  
Of sorrowing tears and shameful ruth:  
Zeus-laden then in very sooth,  
A perfect Son she bare to thee.

## IV 2

A Son throughout all ages blest;  
Whence every land doth cry:  
"Here is the seed of Zeus confessed,  
Life-giving Lord on high:  
Those plagues that Hera's wrath designed  
Whose power but His had strength to cure?  
This was His doing; these, for sure,  
The ancient race of Epaphus."

τίν' ἂν θεῶν ἐνδικωτέροισιν  
κεκλοίμαν εὐλόγως ἐπ' ἔργοις;  
πατὴρ φυτουργὸς αὐτός, αὐτοχεὶρ ἄναξ,  
γένους παλαιόφρων μέγας  
τέκτων, τὸ πᾶν  
μῆχαρ οὐρίος Ζεύς.

ὑπ' ἀρχᾶς δ' οὔτινος θοάζων  
τὸ μείον κρεισσόνων κρατύνει;  
οὔτινος ἄνωθεν ἡμένου σέβει κάτω,  
πάρεστι δ' ἔργον ὡς ἔπος  
σπεῦσαί τι τῶν  
βούλιος φέρει φρήν.

## V 1

Where have I cause in equal deed  
To call on such another's name?  
He with his hand hath sown our seed,  
In wisdom hath designed our frame;  
Lord Zeus, before whose favouring air  
Move all things to an issue fair.

## V 2

And is there none with prouder might  
He waits on in the lower place?  
None is there underneath whose right  
He bows, abiding soveran grace:  
Whate'er his counsel, it may run;  
He speaks it,—and the act is done.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΚΕΤΙΔΩΝ

νῦν ὅτε καὶ θεοὶ  
 Διογενεῖς κλύοιτ' εὐ-  
 κταῖα γένει χεούσας·  
 μήποτε πυρίφατον  
 τάνδε Πελασγίαν  
 τὸν ἄχορον βοὰν  
 κτίσαι μάχλον Ἄρη,  
 τὸν ἀρότοις  
 θερίζοντα βροτούς ἐν ἄλλοις,

οὔνεκ' ὥκτισαν ἡμᾶς,  
 ψῆφον δ' εὐφρον' ἔθεντο·  
 αἰδοῦνται δ' ἰκέτας Διός,  
 ποίμναν τάνδ' ἀμέγαρτον·

THE FIFTH CHORUS IN THE  
*SUPPLIANTS*

## I I

Now to our voice lend ear indeed,  
Ye Powers in heaven above, and speed

These blessings vowed!

His harsh cry Ares never raise  
To set this happy land ablaze,—  
Lewd Reaper, whose red sickle mows  
Harvest in other fields than those

With iron ploughed.

Compassion moved their heart;  
Choosing the righteous part,  
They chose with high uplifted hand  
This wretched pilgrim band.



οὐδὲ μετ' ἀρσένων  
 ψῆφον ἔθεντ' ἀτιμώ-  
 σαντες ἔριν γυναικῶν,  
 Δίον ἐπιδόμενοι  
 πράκτορ' ἅτ' ἐς κότον  
 δυσπολέμητον, ὃν  
 τίς ἂν δόμος ἔχοι  
 ἐπ' ὀρόφων  
 μαιίνοντα; βαρὺς δ' ἐφίξει.

ἄζονται γὰρ ὁμαίμους  
 Ζηνὸς ἵκτορας ἀγνοῦ·  
 τοιγάρτοι καθαροῖσι βω-  
 μοῖς θεοὺς ἀρέσονται.

τοιγὰρ ὑποσκίων ἐκ  
 στομάτων ποτάσθω  
 φιλότιμος εὐχά·  
 μήποτε λοιμὸς ἀνδρῶν  
 τάνδε πόλιν κενώσαι·  
 μηδ' ἐπιχωρίοις στάσις  
 πτώμασιν αἱματίσαι πέδον γᾶς.

## I 2

They would not take with wrongful choice  
The man's part, and despise the voice

Of woman's prayer:

Above stood ever in their sight

Anger of God's offended Right:—

Unwelcomed on the roof would perch

Those black feet with defiling smirch,

So hard they bear!

Their souls revered their race,

Kin suppliants under grace

Of Pure Zeus; therefore altars pure

Shall find God's favour sure.

## II 1

From this green covert then take wing

Our voices, and for honour sing

With eager strife:—

May Pestilence these places fair

Never leave of manhood bare;

Never here may civic broil

Stain with corpses red the soil

That reared their life!

ἦβας δ' ἄνθος ἄδρεπτον  
 ἔστω· μηδ' Ἀφροδίτας  
 εὐνάτωρ βροτολοιγὸς Ἄ-  
 ρης κέρσειεν ἄωτον.

καὶ γεραροῖσι πρεσβυ-  
 τοδόκοι θυηλαῖς  
 θυμέλαι φλεγόντων.  
 τὼς πόλις εὖ νέμοιτο  
 Ζῆνα μέγαν σεβόντων,  
 τὸν ξένιον δ' ὑπέρτατον,  
 ὃς πολιῷ νόμῳ αἶσαν ὀρθοῖ.

τίκτεσθαι δὲ φόρους γᾶς  
 ἄλλους εὐχόμεθ' αἰεί,  
 Ἄρτεμιν δ' ἐκάταν γυναι-  
 κῶν λόχους ἐφορεύειν.

The young bloom live unshorn ;  
Let Ares in the morn  
Stir not from Aphrodite's bower  
To crop this human flower !

## II 2

With old men bringing gifts and prayers  
In reverent age the altar-stairs  
    Be alway thronged ;  
So the land still rest ordered well,  
If Zeus within their conscience dwell,  
Zeus of the Stranger, who by Law's  
Old usage high upholds the cause  
    Of Right unwronged.

The earth bring forth her due  
Of tribute ever new,  
And Artemis, fair Archeress,  
Their labouring women bless !

μηδέ τις ἀνδροκμῆς  
 λοιγὸς ἐπελθέτω  
 τάνδε πόλιν δαΐζων,  
 ἄχορον ἀκίθαριν  
 δακρυγόνον Ἄρη  
 βοάν τ' ἔνδημον ἐξοπλίζων.

νούσων δ' ἐσμὸς ἀπ' ἀστῶν  
 ἵζοι κρατὸς ἀτερπής·  
 εὐμενῆς δ' ὁ Λύκειος ἔ-  
 στω πάσα νεολαία.

καρποτελῇ δέ τοι  
 Ζεὺς ἐπικραινέτω  
 φέρματι γᾶν πανώρῳ·  
 πρόνομα δὲ βοτὰ τῶς  
 πολύγονα τελέθου·  
 τὸ πᾶν τ' ἐκ δαιμόνων λάβοιεν.

εὐφήμοις δ' ἐπὶ βωμοῖς  
 μοῦσαν θείατ' αἰδοί·  
 ἄγνων τ' ἐκ στομάτων φερέ-  
 σθω φήμα φιλοφόρμυγξ.



## III 1

Murderous hate come never near,  
Put not arms in Ares' hand,  
That hush the lute and wake the tear;  
Their war be with the foeman's land,  
But not cry havoc here!

Swarms of diseases dread  
Light far from these folks' head!  
O heavenly Slayer, let thy mind  
To all their youth be kind!

## III 2

Zeus in heaven above fulfil  
Yield of the earth at every tide,  
And teem the grazing cattle still  
With increase; and in all beside  
God grant them all their will!

Then by the altar-blaze  
Arise glad songs of praise;  
Quiring in air from holy throat  
Harp-wedded anthems float!

φυλάσσοι δ' εὖ τὰ τίμι' ἀστοῖς  
 τὸ δῆμιον, τὸ πτόλιν κρατύνει,  
 προμαθὺς εὐκοινόμητις ἀρχά,  
 ξένοισί τ' εὐξυμβόλους,  
 πρὶν ἐξοπλίζειν Ἄρη,  
 δίκας ἄτερ πημάτων διδοῖεν.

θεοὺς δ', οἳ γὰρ ἔχουσιν, αἰεὶ  
 τίοιεν ἐγχωρίους πατρώαις  
 δαφνηφόροις βουθύτοισι τιμαῖς·  
 τὸ γὰρ τεκόντων σέβας,  
 τρίτον τόδ' ἐν θεσμίοις  
 Δίκας γέγραπται μεγιστοτίμου.

## IV 1

For Burghers may the People keep  
Rights and endowments unimpaired,  
Nor let their prudent counsel sleep  
For common weal in common shared:—  
To Strangers, ere they draw the sword  
And difference painfully dispute,  
To Justice of the laws afford  
Peaceful appeal in civil suit.

## IV 2

For Gods, their native land who hold,  
The country's worship still maintain  
After their fathers' use of old  
With laurel borne, with oxen slain:—  
Their fathers' use; that solemn word  
*Honour thy Parents, child, with awe*  
Stands the commandment written third  
In holiest Right's most honoured Law.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ ΕΥΜΕΝΙΔΩΝ

δέξομαι Παλλάδος ξυνοικίαν,  
οὐδ' ἀτιμάσω πόλιν,  
τὰν καὶ Ζεὺς ὁ παγκρατὴς Ἄρης τε  
φρούριον θεῶν νέμει,  
ῥυσίβωμον Ἑλλά-  
νων ἄγαλμα δαιμόνων·  
ἄτ' ἐγὼ κατεύχομαι  
θεσπίσασα πρευμαενῶς  
ἐπισύτους βίου τύχας ὀνησίμους  
γαίας ἐξαμβρῦσαι  
φαιδρὸν ἀλίου σέλας.

THE LAST SCENE OF THE *EUMENIDES*

## CHORUS OF EUMENIDES

## I I

Home with Pallas I will share,  
Nor despise a land so fair,  
Wherein Zeus and Ares dwell,  
Heaven's bright earthly citadel!  
Shield of every native shrine,  
Spirits divine  
Count thee gem of purest shine  
And their dear delight:  
Now shall my lips make for thee  
Prayer with heartfelt charity  
And foretelling bright:  
Life with all life's joys belonging  
Gendered from the Earth come thronging  
By the Sun's bright heavenly might!



## ΑΘΗΝΑ

τάδ' ἐγὼ προφρόνως τοῖσδε πολίταις  
 πράσσω, μεγάλας καὶ δυσαρέστους  
 δαίμονας αὐτοῦ κατανασσαμένη·  
 πάντα γὰρ αὖται τὰ κατ' ἀνθρώπους  
 ἔλαχον διέπειν·  
 ὃ γε μὴν κύρσας βαρέων τούτων  
 οὐκ οἶδεν ὅθεν πληγαὶ βιότου.  
 τὰ γὰρ ἐκ προτέρων ἀπλακήματά νιν  
 πρὸς τάσδ' ἀπάγει· σιγῶν δ' ὄλεθρος  
 καὶ μέγα φωνοῦντ'  
 ἐχθραῖς ὀργαῖς ἀμαθύνει.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

δενδροπήμων δὲ μὴ πνέοι βλάβα,  
 τὰν ἐμὰν χάριν λέγω,  
 φλογμός τ' ὀμματοστερῆς φυτῶν τὸ  
 μὴ περᾶν ὄρον τόπων·

## ATHENA

It is in kindness unto these  
My Burghers that I stablsh here  
Within my region Deities  
Of powerful might and mood severe.  
Dispose of all things touching Man  
Lies in their lawful competence ;  
But whoso comes beneath their ban,  
Feels a blow fall, he knows not whence.  
His fathers' ancient sins arrest  
And hale him where these Dread Ones are ;  
And wrath, for all his loud protest,  
In silence damns him at their bar.

## CHORUS

## I 2

On the fruit-trees never blow—  
By my grace I will it so—  
Withering blast or singeing air,  
But keep their regions, and forbear  
The young green budded eyes to sear ;

μηδ' ἄκαρπος αἶα-  
 νῆς ἐφερπέτω νόσος·  
 μῆλά τ' εὐθenoῦντα Πᾶν  
 ξὺν διπλοῖσιν ἐμβρύοις  
 τρέφοι χρόνῳ τεταγμένῳ· γόνος δὲ γᾶς  
 πλουτόχθων ἐρμαίαν  
 δαιμόνων δόσιν τίει.

## ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἦ τάδ' ἀκούετε, πόλεως φρούριον,  
 οἷ' ἐπικραίνει; μέγα γὰρ δύναται  
 πόντι' Ἑρινὺς παρά τ' ἀθανάτοις  
 τοῖς θ' ὑπὸ γαῖαν, περὶ τ' ἀνθρώπων  
 φανερώς τελέως διαπράσσουσιν,  
 τοῖς μὲν αἰοιδάς, τοῖς δ' αὖ δακρύων  
 βίον ἀμβλωπὸν παρέχουσαι.

Come not here  
Mildew, bringing blight's drear  
Waste and sterile dearth :  
Pan make their flocks thrive  
And in season bear alive  
Twin-increasèd birth ;  
Whence the God of Trover's treasure  
Win reward in ample measure  
From the store of teeming Earth !

## ATHENA

My warders, hear what they bestow !  
What bounties, and how surely sealed ;  
For both in Heaven and Earth below  
Great power the Queen Avengers wield :  
And in the lives of Men confessed  
Most absolute their power appears,  
Either with songs to make them blest,  
Or blind them in a mist of tears.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνδροκμήτας δ' ἰώ-  
 ρους ἀπεννέπω τύχας,  
 νεανίδων τ' ἐπηράτων  
 ἀνδροτυχεῖς βιότους  
 δότε, κύρι' ἔχοντες,  
 θεαί τ' ὦ Μοῖραι,  
 ματροκασιγνήται,  
 daίμονες ὀρθονόμοι,  
 παντὶ δόμῳ μετάκοινοι,  
 παντὶ χρόνῳ δ' ἐπιβριθεῖς  
 ἐνδίκους ὀμιλίαις,  
 πάντα  
 τιμιώταται θεῶν.

## ΑΘΗΝΑ

τάδε τοι χώρα τῇμῃ προφρόνως  
 ἐπικραινομένων  
 γάνυμαι· στέργω δ' ὄμματα Πειθοῦς,  
 ὅτι μοι γλῶσσαν καὶ στόμ' ἐπωπᾶ  
 πρὸς τάσδ' ἀγρίως ἀπανηναμένας·  
 ἀλλ' ἐκράτησε Ζεὺς ἀγοραῖος,  
 νικᾷ δ' ἀγαθῶν  
 ἔρις ἡμετέρα διὰ παντός.



## CHORUS

## II I

All untimely deaths, avaunt !  
Afar be unripe manhood's doom !  
And O ye Powers of Marriage, grant  
Wedlock to her maiden bloom ;  
With you, from one dark Mother's womb  
The Fates our Sisters, who dispense  
Dues to the world, whose influence  
Every home feels, every hour  
Owns your present ruling power  
Grave with just and righteous reason, .  
Every season  
Yields the crown of Heaven to you !

## ATHENA

It fills my heart with happiness  
To hear this benediction sung :—  
Dear Suasion, thy sweet eyes I bless  
That looked with favour on my tongue !  
So wrathful and averse they stood ;  
But Zeus of Parley won the day,  
And crowned our rivalry for good  
Victorious every way !

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

τὰν δ' ἄπληστον κακῶν  
 μήποτ' ἐν πόλει στάσιν  
 τᾷδ' ἐπεύχομαι βρέμειν·  
 μηδὲ πιούσα κόνις  
 μέλαν αἷμα πολιτᾶν  
 δι' ὀργὰν ποινὰς  
 ἀντιφόνους ἄτας  
 ἀρπαλίσαι πόλεως·  
 χάρματα δ' ἀντιδιδοῖεν  
 κοινοφιλεῖ διανοία,  
 καὶ στυγεῖν μιᾷ φρενί·  
 πολλῶν  
 γὰρ τόδ' ἐν βροτοῖς ἄκος.

## ΑΘΗΝΑ

ἄρα φρονούσιν γλώσσης ἀγαθῆς  
 ὁδὸν εὐρίσκειν;  
 ἐκ τῶν φοβερῶν τῶνδε προσέρπον  
 μέγα κέρδος ὁρῶ τοῖσδε πολίταις·  
 τάσδε γὰρ εὐφρονας εὐφρονες αἰὲν  
 μέγα τιμῶντες, καὶ γῆν καὶ πόλιν  
 ὀρθοδίκαιον  
 πρέψετε πάντως διάγοντες.

## CHORUS

## II 2

The unsated storm of civic broil  
    Within these borders never burst;  
Never here their mother-soil  
    Drink the dear blood of them she nursed,  
    Then, ravening with awakened thirst,  
Arm with sudden murderous knife  
Vengeance crying '*Life for Life!*'  
Joy for joy their giving be;  
Let them in their loves agree  
    And their hates with heart's one feeling;  
    There lies healing  
Many an earthly ill may cure.

## ATHENA

How apt their wisdom is to learn  
    Good language! In these Shapes of fear  
Much gain and vantage I discern  
    In store for all my burghers here:—  
Yield them great honour, keep good will  
    Between you, and your land shall be  
A star among the nations still  
    For just and righteous polity.

## ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρετε χαίρετ' ἐν αἰσιμίαισι πλούτου,  
χαίρετ' ἀστικὸς λεώς,  
ἔκταρ ἡμένας Διὸς  
παρθένου φίλας φίλοι,  
σωφρονοῦντες ἐν χρόνῳ.  
Παλλάδος δ' ὑπὸ πτεροῖς  
ὄντας ἄζεται πατήρ.

## ΑΘΗΝΑ

χαίρετε χῦμεις· προτέραν δ' ἐμὲ χρῆ  
στείχειν θαλάμους ἀποδείξουσιν  
πρὸς φῶς ἱερὸν τῶνδε προπομπῶν.  
ἴτε καὶ σφαγίων τῶνδ' ὑπὸ σεμνῶν  
κατὰ γῆς σύμεναι τὸ μὲν ἀτηρὸν  
χωρὶς κατέχειν, τὸ δὲ κερδαλέον  
πέμπειν πόλεως ἐπὶ νίκη.  
ὑμεῖς δ' ἡγείσθε, πολισσοῦχοι  
παῖδες Κραναοῦ, ταῖσδε μετοίκους,  
εἴη δ' ἀγαθῶν  
ἀγαθὴ διάνοια πολίταις.

## CHORUS

## III 1

Fare ye well, rejoiced with riches' righteous portion,  
fare ye well,  
Folk that in this city nigh to God's own Virgin  
Daughter dwell;  
Dear to her as she to Zeus, beloved and loving,  
timely-wise,  
And, beneath her wings abiding, sacred in the  
Father's eyes.

## ATHENA

And fare ye well! But I must go  
Before you to the place below  
And point you to your chambers right  
By the sacred torches' light  
Which this troop in escort bear.  
Then, being stately ushered there  
With solemn sacrifice of slain,  
All evil from this land refrain:  
Keep all harm in durance penned,  
And all gainful blessing send  
To give her victory!  
Come then, Cranaus' ancient seed,  
My Citizens, my Burghers, lead  
And bring these Dwellers on their way,  
Still keeping in your hearts, I pray,  
Good will and charity!



## ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρετε, χαίρετε δ' αὖθις, ἔπη διπλοίζω,  
 πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν,  
 δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί,  
 Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμον-  
 τες· μετοικίαν δ' ἐμὴν  
 εὖ σέβοντες οὔτι μέμ-  
 ψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.

## ΑΘΗΝΑ

αἰνῶ τε μύθους τῶνδε τῶν κατευγμάτων,  
 πέμψω τε φέγγει λαμπάδων σελασφόρων  
 εἰς τοὺς ἔνερθε καὶ κάτω χθονὸς τόπους  
 ξὺν προσπόλοισιν, αἵτε φρουροῦσιν βρέτας  
 τοῦμόν, δικαίως· ὄμμα γὰρ πάσης χθονὸς  
 Θησῆδος ἐξίκοιτ' ἄν, εὐκλεὲς λόχος  
 παίδων γυναικῶν καὶ στόλος πρεσβυτίδων.  
 φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδυτοῖς ἐσθήμασι  
 τιμᾶτε, καὶ τὸ φέγγος ὀρμάσθω πάρος,  
 ὅπως ἂν εὐφρων ἦδ' ὀμιλία χθονὸς  
 τὸ λοιπὸν εὐάνδροισι συμφοραῖς πρέπη.

## CHORUS

## III 2

Fare ye well, yet once again I speak my blessing,  
fare ye well,  
Mortals all and Spirits immortal in this happy land  
who dwell;  
Keep the home I share with Pallas holy, ye shall  
surely find  
Life to full contentment ever prove in all her fortunes  
kind.

## ATHENA

I do commend the terms  
Of these your blessings, and will bring you now,  
With fiery flame of torches giving shine,  
To those profound and cavernous abodes,  
With noblest escort led, the ministers  
That guard my sacred image: and with right;  
For it shall issue forth the fairest fair  
Of all the land of Theseus,—women, maids,  
And aged matrons.—Come then, do them honour;  
Deck them with crimson robes of festival,  
And let the bright light move; that so the land  
May find this company's good will henceforth  
Marked in her manhood's excellence and worth.

## ΠΡΟΠΟΜΠΟΙ

Βᾶθ' ὁδόν, ὦ μεγάλοι φιλότιμοι  
 Νυκτὸς παῖδες, ὑπ' εὐφροني πομπᾷ—

εὐφαιμεῖτε δὲ, χωρῖται.

γᾶς ὑπὸ κεύθεσιν ὠγυγίοισιν  
 τιμαῖς καὶ θυσίαις περισέπται—

εὐφαιμεῖτε δὲ πανδαμί.

ἴλαοι δὲ καὶ εὐθύφρονες γᾶ  
 δεῦρ' ἴτε, σεμναί, τᾶ πυριδάπτω  
 λαμπάδι τερπόμεναι καθ' ὁδόν—

ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

σπονδᾶ τ', εἰς τόπον ἔνδαϊδ' οἴκων·  
 Παλλάδος ἀστοῖς Ζεὺς ὁ πανόπτας  
 οὔτω Μοῖρά τε συγκατέβα·

ὀλολύξατε νῦν ἐπὶ μολπαῖς.

CHORUS OF THE ESCORT

IV

Come away then and pass where good will shall  
estate you,

Dread Children of Night, in the pride of your  
dower—

Let all the people refrain their voice!

Where in Earth's immemorial dark caverns await you  
Drink-offerings and burnt, adoration, and power:—

Let all the people refrain their voice!

V

Pleased with the bright flaming torches repair with us  
Faithful and kind, O ye Awful Ones, kind!

Pass with us here, and while down we are  
wending,

Now sound the glad burden, *Rejoice!*

Home in the torch-lighted chamber to share with us,  
Friends for all time beside Pallas enshrined:

Zeus with high Fate hath conspired for this  
ending:—

Now sound the glad burden, *Rejoice!*

Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κοῦδὲν ἀνθρώπου  
δεινότερον πέλει.  
τοῦτο καὶ πολιοῦ πέραν  
πόντου χειμερίῳ νότῳ  
χωρεῖ περιβρυχίοισιν  
περῶν ὑπ' οἷδμασιν·  
θεῶν τε τὰν ὑπερτάταν Γᾶν  
ἄφθιτον, ἀκαμάταν, ἀποτρύεται,  
ἰλλομένων ἀρότρων ἔτος εἰς ἔτος  
ἱππείῳ γένει πολεύων.



SECOND CHORUS IN THE *ANTIGONE*

## I I

There are marvellous wonders many

Where'er this world we scan,

Yet among them nowhere any

So great a marvel as Man.

To the white sea's uttermost verges

Afloat this miracle goes,

Forging through thundering surges

When the wintry southwind blows:—

And the Earth, Heaven's Mother, divinest-born,

The eternal, deathless, unoutworn,

Still plied with an endless to-and-fro

As the yearly ploughshares furrowing go,

By Man is fretted and torn.

κουφονόων τε φύλον ὀρνίθων  
ἀμφιβαλὼν ἄγει  
καὶ θηρῶν ἀγρίων ἔθνη  
πόντου τ' εἰναλίαν φύσιν  
σπείραιοι δικτυοκλώστοις  
περιφραδῆς ἀνὴρ·  
κρατεῖ δὲ μηχαναῖς ἀγραίλου  
θηρὸς ὀρεσσιβάτα, λασιαύχενά θ'  
ἵππον ὑπ' ἀμφίλοφον ζυγὸν ἄγαγεν  
οὐρείον τ' ἀκμήτα ταῦρον.

## I 2

The blithe swift careless races  
    On light wing flying in air  
With speed of his wit he chases  
    And takes in a woven snare:  
All deer in the wild wood running,  
    The deep sea's diverse kind,  
Are snared in toils by the cunning  
    Of Man's outrivalling mind.  
Strength of the lion, lord of the hill,  
Yields to Man's overmastering skill;  
With his proud mane bowing under the yoke  
The rebellious horse is tamed and broke,  
    And the mountain bull to his will.

καὶ φθέγμα, καὶ ἀνεμόεν  
φρόνημα, καὶ ἀστυνόμους  
ὀργὰς ἐδιδάξατο καὶ  
δυσαύλων  
πάγων ἐναίθρεια καὶ  
δύσομβρα φεύγειν βέλη,  
παντοπόρος·  
ἄπορος  
ἐπ' οὐδὲν ἔρχεται  
τὸ μέλλον· Ἄϊδα μόνον  
φεύξιν οὐκ ἐπεύξεται·  
νόσων δ' ἀμηχάνων φυγὰς  
ξυμπέφρασται.

## II 1

He hath found out Speech, and the giving  
Of wings to his high proud Thought ;  
And the ordered spirit of living  
In Towns his mind hath taught ;  
Shelter from arrowy shafts  
Of the bleak air's frost and sleet ;  
There is nought in store but his crafts  
Shall have armed him ready to meet ;  
He fronts with fresh devices  
The future's every shape :—  
Only, despite his cunning,  
The Grave still mocks all shunning ;  
Disease may root her vices,  
But Art hath learned escape.



σοφόν τι τὸ μηχανόεν  
τέχνας ὑπὲρ ἐλπίδ' ἔχων  
ποτὲ μὲν κακόν, ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἐσ-  
θλὸν ἔρπει·  
νόμους γεραίρων χθονὸς  
θεῶν τ' ἔνορκον δίκαν,  
ὑψίπολις·  
ἄπολις  
ὅτῳ τὸ μὴ καλὸν  
ξύνεστι τολμᾶς χάριν·  
μήτ' ἐμοὶ ξυνέστιος  
γένοιτο μήτ' ἴσον φρονῶν  
ὃς τάδ' ἔρδει.

## II 2

Armed thus with deft resources  
    Beyond all dream of skill,  
He moves in diverse courses  
    To good ends or to ill:—  
While conscience holds the Land's  
    High Laws and God's own Right  
Sacred,—his proud height stands  
    In the city's proudest height:  
When lawless imagination  
    Hath harboured crime in his heart,—  
His city is gone for ever—  
The man that doeth it, never  
In hearth or habitation  
    Or spirit of mine have part!

Ἔρωσ ἀνίκατε μάχαν,  
 Ἔρωσ, ὃς ἐν κτήμασι πίπτεις,  
 ὃς ἐν μαλακαῖς παρειαῖς  
 νεάνιδος ἐννυχεύεις,  
 φοιτᾷς δ' ὑπερπόντιος ἐν τ'  
 ἀγρονόμοις αὐλαῖς·  
 καί σ' οὔτ' ἀθανάτων φύξιμος οὐδεὶς  
 οὔθ' ἀμερίων σέ γ' ἀνθρώπων,  
 ὁ δ' ἔχων μέμνηεν.

σὺ καὶ δικαίων ἀδίκους  
 φρένας παρασπᾷς ἐπὶ λώβᾳ·  
 σὺ καὶ τόδε νεῖκος ἀνδρῶν  
 ξύναιμον ἔχεις ταράξας·  
 νικᾷ δ' ἐναργῆς βλεφάρων  
 ἥμερος εὐλέκτρον  
 νύμφας, τῶν μεγάλων πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς  
 θεσμῶν· ἄμαχος γὰρ ἐμπαίζει  
 θεὸς Ἀφροδίτα.

FROM THE FOURTH CHORUS OF THE  
*ANTIGONE*

O Warrior Love unquelled,  
    Thou Spoiler, armed for the raid,  
Whose vigil at night is held  
    On the damask cheeks of a maid ;  
Thy path goes over the flowing sea,  
    Thy presence dwells in the woodland field ;  
Be it god or mortal that fain would flee,  
    There is none may fly thee, but all must yield  
To the madness gotten of thee !

Though a man choose right, to the wrong  
    Thy force will wrest him and spoil ;  
It is here, thy spirit is strong  
    This kinsman-feud to embroil :  
In a fair maid's eyes the desire-light seen  
    Victorious burns in the kindled breast ;  
Prince in the most high Laws' demesne,  
    There dwells, with her wilful tyrannous jest,  
The divine triumphant Queen !

## ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΤΤΙΚΩΝ ΓΕΡΟΝΤΩΝ

εὐίππου, ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας  
ἴκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,  
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνόν, ἔνθ'  
ἂ λῖγεια μινύρεται  
θαμίζουσα μάλιστ' ἀηδὼν  
χλωραῖς ὑπὸ βάσσαις,  
τὸν οἰνωπὸν ἔχουσα κισσὸν  
καὶ τὰν ἄβατον θεοῦ  
φυλλάδα μυριόκαρπον ἀνήλιον  
ἀνήνεμόν τε πάντων  
χειμώνων· ἵν' ὁ βακχιώτας  
ἀεὶ Διόνυσος ἐμβατεύει  
θεαῖς ἀμφιπολῶν τιθήναις.



THIRD CHORUS FROM THE *OEDIPUS*  
*AT COLONUS*

## I 1

Stranger, where thy feet now rest  
In this land of horse and rider,  
Here is earth all earth excelling,  
White Colonus here doth shine!  
Oftenest here and homing best  
Where the close green coverts hide her,  
Warbling her sweet mournful tale  
Sings the melodious nightingale,  
Myriad-berried woods her dwelling,  
And the wine-hued ivy, where  
Through the sacred leafage lonely  
No sun pierces, or rude air  
Stirs from outer storm, and only  
Those divine feet walk the region—  
Thine, O Reveller, thine,  
Bacchus, following still that legion  
Dear, thy nursing Nymphs divine!

θάλλει δ' οὐρανίας ὑπ' ἄχνας  
 ὁ καλλίβοτρυς κατ' ἡμαρ αἰὲν  
 νάρκισσος, μεγάλαιν θεαῖν  
 ἀρχαῖον στεφάνωμ', ὃ τε  
 χρυσαυγῆς κρόκος· οὐδ' ἄϋπνοι  
 κρῆναι μινύθουσιν  
 Κηφισοῦ νομάδες ῥέεθρων,  
 ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπ' ἡματι  
 ὠκυτόκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται  
 ἀκηράτῳ σὺν ὄμβρῳ  
 στερνούχου χθονός· οὐδὲ Μουσᾶν  
 χοροὶ νιν ἀπεστύγησαν, οὐδ' ἅ  
 χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

## I 2

Fresh with heavenly dew, and crowned  
With earliest white in shining cluster,  
Each new morn the young narcissus  
Blooms, that antique use of old  
Bids the Great Queens bind around  
Their twain brows; in golden lustre  
Here the crocus beams; and here  
Spring, nor minish all the year,  
Cool deep wells that feed Cephissus:  
Rich with balm of speedy birth  
Day by day the sleepless river  
Issuing o'er the breasted Earth  
Wandereth in pure streams to give her  
Ease and life. Nor frown the Muses  
Or their quires withhold;  
Nay, nor sweet Love's Queen refuses  
Her bright chariot-reins of gold.

ἔστιν δ' οἶον ἐγὼ γᾶς Ἀσίας  
οὐκ ἐπακούω,  
οὐδ' ἐν τᾷ μεγάλῃ Δωρίδι νάσῃ  
Πέλοπος πώποτε βλαστόν,  
φύτευμ' ἀχείρωτον, αὐτοποιόν,  
ἐγχέων φόβημα δαΐων,  
ὃ τᾷδε θάλλει μέγιστα χώρα,  
γλαυκᾶς παιδοτρόφου φύλλον ἐλαίας.  
τὸ μὲν τις οὐ νεαρὸς οὐδὲ γήρᾳ  
συνναίων ἀλιώσει χερὶ πέρ-  
σας, ὃ γὰρ αἰὲν ὁρῶν κύκλος  
λεύσσει νιν Μορίου Διός,  
χὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνα.

## II 1

And a marvellous herb of the soil grows here,  
Whose match I never have heard it sung  
In the Dorian isle of Pelops near  
Or in Asia far hath sprung.  
'Tis a plant that flourishes unsubdued,  
Self-engendering, self-renewed,  
To her armed foes' dismay;  
That never so fair but in this land bloomed,—  
With the gray-blue silvery leaf soft-plumed,  
Her nurturing Olive-spray.  
No force, no ravaging hand shall raze it,  
In youth so rash, or in age so wise,  
For the orb of Zeus in heaven surveys it,  
And blue-gray light of Athena's eyes.



ἄλλον δ' αἶνον ἔχω ματροπόλει  
τᾷδε κράτιστον  
δῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος εἰπεῖν,  
χθονὸς αὔχημα μέγιστον,  
εὐίππον, εὐπωλον, εὐθάλασσον·  
ὦ παῖ Κρόνου, σὺ γάρ νιν εἰς  
τόδ' εἶσας αὔχημ', ἄναξ Ποσειδάν,  
ἵπποισιν τὸν ἀκεστήρα χαλινὸν  
πρώταισι ταῖσδε κτίσας ἀγυιαῖς,  
ἅ τ' εὐήρετμος ἔκπαγλ' ἀλία  
χερσὶ παραπτομένα πλάτα  
θρώσκει, τῶν ἑκατομπόδων  
Νηρήδων ἀκόλουθος.

## II 2

Yet again my song shall arise and tell

Of the proudest jewel the region wears;  
To her Mother's portion of old it fell,

And the Child her birth-right shares:—  
Blest in gift of the horse is she,  
Gift of the young horse, gift of the sea,

Twice-blest in a two-fold dower:  
Thy gift, O Lord of the waves, her throne,  
For in her streets first upon earth was shown

Thy chastening bridle's power;  
And here most wonderful over the waters  
Slender and shapely the trimmed oar fleet  
In the sea-dance following Nereus' daughters  
Leaps to the foam of a hundred feet.

*Cassius.* Hear me, good brother.  
*Brutus.* Under your pardon. You must note beside  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,  
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe;  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Julius Caesar* IV 3

## SHAKESPEARE

*Macbeth.* To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he  
dares;

- A. καὶ μὴν ἄκουσον ἐν μέρει κάμοῦ τόδε,—
- B. μήπω γε, δεῖ καὶ τοῦτο δ' ἐννοεῖν, ὅτι  
 χρέος τὸ πιστὸν ἔχομεν ἐς τὸ πᾶν φίλους  
 πράξαντες· ὀργᾷ πάντα, πληθύνει στρατός·  
 καὶ τοῖς μὲν ἰσχύς αὖξεται καθ' ἡμέραν,  
 ἡμῖν δ' ἐτοῖμος ἀκμάσας ἤδη φθίνειν.  
 ῥεῖ τοι βρότεια πράγματ'· εὐροοῦντα δὲ  
 ἦν μὲν λάβη τις, οὐρία χρῆται τύχη·  
 εἰ δ' οὖν ἀμάρτη, βράχεσι καὶ δυσπραξίαις  
 ξυνὼν τὸ λοιπὸν τοῦ βίου ναυτίλλεται.  
 τοιᾷδε χημᾶς καιρὸς ἐν πλημμυρίδι  
 πλεῖν, ἢ παρέντας ἐμπολῆς ἀμαρτάνειν.

## MACBETH

ἄρχειν μὲν ἀπλῶς οὐδέν, ἀλλὰ κάσφαλῶς  
 προσδεῖ· τὸ δ' ἐκ τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς ἐντέτηκέ μοι  
 φόβημα· καί νιν ὄντα βασιλικὸν φύσει  
 ταρβεῖν ἀνάγκη· πόλλ' ἔχει τολμᾶν θράσος,

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My Genius is rebuked. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance!

*Macbeth* III I



ὁμοῦ δ' ἄτρεστον θυμὸν οἰακοστροφοί  
 φρένες κατιθύνουσιν ἀσφαλῇ ποιεῖν.  
 οὐκ ἔστιν ὅντιν' ἄλλον ἂν τρέσαιμ' ἐγώ,  
 πρὸς τόνδε δ' ἤσσω πως ἐλέγχομαι λαχὼν  
 τὸν δαίμον'. οὗτος, ἡνίχ' αἰ τρισσαὶ κόραι  
 ἄνακτά μ' εἶπον, εἴτ' ἐνίπτει νιν λέγων  
 αὐτὸν προσαιδᾶν· αἰ δὲ μαντέων δίκην  
 ἔχρησαν αὐτὸν βασιλέων ἀρχηγενῇ  
 πολλῶν· ἐμοὶ δ' ἄκαρπον ὥπασαν στέφος  
 λιπόσπορόν τε σκῆπτρον εἰσεχείρισαν,  
 ὃ τις προσήκων οὐδὲν ἀρπάξας βία  
 παίδων ἔρημον διαδόχων μ' ἀποστερεῖ.

εἰ δ' ἔστι ταῦτα, τοῦδ' ἄρ' ἐκγόνων ὕπερ  
 χράνας ἔχω τὸν θυμόν, ἄνδρα δ' εὐφιλῇ  
 κείνων φονεύσας εἵνεκ', εὐκῆλων ἔσω  
 φρενῶν ταραξας νεῖκος, ἔγκοτον στάσιν,  
 καὶ τ' ἀκόρεστον εἰς ἐμὸν κára μύσος  
 μάξας, ὅπως κείνοι τυραννῶσιν θρόνων.  
 οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλ' ἀγῶνος εἰς πείραν πάρος  
 αὐτὴ κατέλθοι μοῖρ', ἵν' εἰδῶμεν, τύχης.

*Hamlet.* How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and god-like reason  
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom  
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'  
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and  
means,  
To do 't.

*Hamlet* IV 4

φεῦ·

ὥς πάνθ' ὁμοῦ με πράγματ' ἐκ βουλῆς μιᾶς  
θήγει τὸν ἀμβλύχειρα· καὶ τί δῆτ' ἀνὴρ,  
εὔδειν τε κᾷσθαι, εἰ παρόντ' ἔσται τάδε  
τὸ λῶστον ἐμπόλημα τοῦ μακροῦ βίου;  
θῆρ οὗτος, οὐκ ἄνθρωπος. ἀλλ' ὅ τοι κτίσας  
βλέποντας ἡμᾶς, ὡς φρενῶν ἐπηβόλους,  
τὸ πρόσθε καὶ τοῦπισθεν, ἰσόθεον πόρον,  
οὐχ ὡς μάτην ἀργήσουσιν ὥπασεν τόδε.  
νῦν δ' εἴτε λήθη κάτοχος ὥστε θῆρ ἐγώ,  
εἴτ' οὖν ὅκνῳ τὰνθένδε καλχαίνων ἄγαν—  
οὐπερ σοφὸν μέτεστιν ἔν γ' ἴσως μέρος,  
τὰ τρία δὲ πάντως δειλίας τῶν τεσσάρων—  
ἐγὼ δ' ὅπως ζῶν εἴμ' ἐπ' ἀπράκτοις ἔτι  
οὐκ οἶδ', ὅτῳ πάρεστι τοῦ πρᾶξαι δίκη  
πειθῶ τε καὶ θέλοντι μηχανῆς κράτος.

*King Lear.*

But for true need—

You heavens, give me that patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:  
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,  
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both  
That all the world shall—I will do such things—  
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

*King Lear* II 4

νῦν δ' ἐπεύχομαι

τλῆναι με, τλῆναι· τοῦδε γὰρ δεῖσθαι πάρα.

ὠὲ θεοί,

γέρον ὄδ' ὑμῖν εἴμ', ὑπεργέμων τάλας

γῆρως τε λύπης τ', ἀθλίας ξυνωρίδος.

ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐξ ὑμῶν γε προυσελοῦσι τὸν

φύσαντά μ' αἶδε, παιδιὰν τοσὴνδε γοῦν

μὴ θῆτέ μ' ὥστε τλημόνως φέρειν τάδε·

ῥήξαιμι δ' εὐγενές τι, μὴ δακρύμασιν

ἀνὴρ γυναικείοισιν αἰσχύνων ῥέθος.

οὔκ, ἀλλὰ ποινάς, ὧ κατάπτυστα στύγη,

σάφ' ἴστε—δράσω γὰρ τοσαῦθ', ὅποια μὲν

οὔπω σαφηνές, οἷα δ' οἷν πάντας βροτοὺς

φρίσσειν κλύοντας. ἄρα κλαύσεσθαι δοκῶ;

οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγε· κλαυμάτων μὲν ἄξια

πέπονθ'. ἐμὴ δὲ πρόσθεν εἰς ἀνήριθμα

κεκλασμένη ἵσται φρήν, πρὶν ἐκβαλεῖν δάκρυ.

ἔα με· μανίας τᾶμ' ἐλαύνεται πέλας.



*App. Claud.* Know you the place you speak in?

*Virginius.* I'll speak freely.

Good men, too much trusting their innocence,  
Do not betake them to that just defence  
Which gods and nature gave them, but even wink  
In the black tempest, and so fondly sink.

*App. Claud.* Let us proceed to sentence.

*Virginius.* Ere you speak,  
One parting farewell let me borrow of you  
To take of my Virginia.

*App. Claud.* Now, my lords,  
We shall have fair confession of the truth.—  
Pray, take your course.

A. ἄρ' οἶσθ' ἐν οἷοις ταῦτ' ἐπιγλωσσᾶ παρών;

B. λέγοιμ' ἄν· εὐήθεις γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ βροτῶν,  
φρεσὶν δικαίαις οὐ λίσαν πεποιθότες  
οὐκ ἠξίωσαν τοῖς παροῦσιν ἐκ θεῶν  
χρηῆσθαι δικαίοις· εἶτα τῷ βαθυσκότῳ  
χειμῶνι ληφθείς τις μύσας ἀπώλετο.

A. ἤδη δικαστέ', ὥς ἄλλις λελεγμένων.

B. ἅπαξ ἔτ' αὖθις πρὶν δίκην κραίνειν μ' ἔα  
τὸ λοίσθιον δὴ παῖδα προσφωνεῖν ἐμήν.

A. ἀνὴρ ἔοικεν αὐτίκ' ἐκφανεῖν ἅπαν  
τὰ ληθὲς ἡμῖν ἐς μέσον.—πέραινε δὴ.

*Virginius.* Farewell, my sweet Virginia; never, never  
Shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope  
I had in thee. Let me forget the thought  
Of thy most pretty infancy; when first  
Returning from the wars, I took delight  
To rock thee in my target; when my girl  
Would kiss her father in his burganet  
Of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck,  
And, viewing the bright metal, smile to see  
Another fair Virginia smile on thee:  
When I first taught thee how to go, to speak;  
And when my wounds have smarted, I have sung  
With an unskilful, yet a willing voice,  
To bring my girl asleep. O my Virginia,  
When we begun to be, begun our woes,  
Increasing still as dying life still grows.

*App. Claud.* This tediousness doth much offend the  
court.

Silence! attend her sentence.

*Virginius.* Hold! without sentence I'll resign her  
freely,  
Since you will prove her to be none of mine.

- B. ἀλλ' ὦ τέκνον μοι χαῖρε· καὶ γὰρ ἐλπίδων  
 κείνων ἔοικ' ἄρ', αἵπερ ἦσαν ἐκ σέθεν,  
 ἔξειν ὄνησιν οὐποτ'· ἀλλὰ τῶν πάρος  
 γένοιτο λήθη φιλτάτων παιδευμάτων·  
 ὅτ' ἐκ μάχης μὲν πρῶτον ἐς δόμους μολῶν  
 σοῦ τέρψιν εἶχον ἐν σάκει δινουμένης,  
 σὺ δ' αὖ κόρυν φοροῦντα χαλκέαν ἔτι  
 πατέρα φιλοῦς' ἔχαιρες, ἀντὶ σοῦ κόρην  
 γελῶσαν ἄλλην προσγελῶς' αὐγῆς ὑπο.  
 καὶ βημάτων σοι δὴ ποτ' ἦν διδάσκαλος  
 φωνήν τ' ἐπήσκουν· τραύμασιν δ' ἀλγῶν ὅμως  
 ἄκομψα μὲν πρόθυμα δ' ἦδον ἂν μέλη  
 θελκτῆρί' ὕπνου φίλτρα μηχανώμενος.  
 νῦν δ' αὖθ' ἄπερ τοι φύσιν ἐξ ἀρχῆς βαρὺς  
 δαίμων ἀραῖ' ἔδωκε, ταῦτ' ἄρ' ὦ φίλη  
 συνηύξεθ' ἡμῖν ἐς τέλος τὸ μόρσιμον.
- A. μακρὰν ἔτεινας μᾶλλον ἢ καθ' ἡδονὴν  
 κρίνουσιν· ἀλλὰ σίγα τὴν δίκην μένε.
- B. ἐπίσχε· ὡς ἐκὼν νιν ἐκδώσω δίκης  
 ἄτερθεν, οὔσαν οὐκ ἐμὴν τῷ σῷ λόγῳ.

*App. Claud.* See, see, how evidently truth appears.

Receive her, Claudius.

*Virginus.* Thus I surrender her into the court

[kills her]

Of all the Gods. And see, proud Appius, see,

Although not justly, I have made her free :

And if thy lust with this act be not fed,

Bury her in thy bowels, now she's dead !

*Omnes.* O horrid act !

*App. Claud.* Lay hand upon the murderer !

*Virginus.* O for a ring of pikes to circle me !

What, have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies,

Here to be slain by hangmen? No, I'll fly

For safety to the camp. [Exit.

*App. Claud.* Some pursue the villain,

Others take up the body. Madness and rage

Are still the attendants of old doting age.

Act IV, Scene 1



- A. ἄρ' ἐκφανὲς τ' ἀληθὲς ἐκ καλυμμάτων;  
Κρέων, σὺ δ' αὐτὴν τῷδε σὺν τύχῃ δέχου.
- B. καὶ μὲν ἀφήκα τοῖς δικάζουσιν τάδε  
θεοῖσι ταύτην χειρὸς ἐξ ἐμῆς κτανών.  
ἰδοῦ δ', ὑπέρφρον λυμεών, ὅπως ἐγὼ  
τήνδ' ἐνδίκως μὲν οὐκ, ἐλευθέραν δ' ὅμως  
ἔθῃκα· σοὶ δ' ἔρωτος εἰ μήπω κόρος,  
σὺ δ' οὖν θανοῦσαν αὐτὸς ἐν σπλάγχχνοις ἔχε.
- ΧΟ. ὦ δεινὸν ἔργον σχέτλιόν τ' εἰργασμένος.
- A. τὸν αὐτοφόντην πᾶσι λάζυσθαι λέγω.
- B. φεῦ,  
πῶς μοι γένοιτ' ἂν πιστὸς ὀπλιτῶν κύκλος;  
οὐ μὲν ὑποστάς πρόσθε μυρίων Ἄρη  
ἐνταῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν δημίων φονεύσομαι,  
ἀλλ' οὐπὲρ ἀλκὴ πρὸς στρατὸν φθάσω φυγών.
- A. οὐ σπεύσεθ' οἷ μὲν καταλαβεῖν τὸν ἀνόσιον,  
οἷ δ' αἶρετ' αὐτήν· ὥς αἰεὶ γήρᾳ φιλεῖ  
μανιὰς ὁμαρτεῖν παρακοπὴν συνέμπορος.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,  
Or in the chambers of the East,  
The chambers of the sun, that now  
From ancient melody have ceased ;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,  
Or the green corners of the earth,  
Or the blue regions of the air  
Where the melodious winds have birth ;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
Beneath the bosom of the sea,  
Wandering in many a coral grove,  
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry ;

How have you left the ancient love  
That bards of old enjoyed in you !  
The languid strings do scarcely move,  
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

Εἴτε κατ' Ἰδαίας ἄρα πίδακας, εἴτε κατ' Ἡοῦς  
 τυγχάνετ', ὦ Μοῦσαι, πλαζόμεναι θαλάμους,  
 τῆς πάρος ἀρμονίης ἀμνήμονας, ἢ κατ' Ὀλυμπον  
 φωνεύντων τ' ἀνέμων αἰθερίαν γένεσιν,  
 ἢ χθονὸς εὐαγκές τι κατ' ἔνδιον, ἢ τὰ θαλάσσης  
 βένθεα κὰν ἄντρων λειριόεσσι μυχοῖς,  
 ὦ Μοῦσαι, τί πεπόνθατ' ἀποστέρξασαι ἔρωτα  
 καὶ χάριν ἀρχαίων τὴν πάρος ὑμνοπόλων;  
 ἀντὶ γὰρ ἀφθονίης βαιὸς μόλις ἦχος ἀμαυρῶς  
 νῦν φέρετ' ἐκ χορδῶν γλισχρὰ βιαζομένων.

Αἱ Χάριτες τέμενός τι λαβεῖν ὅπερ οὐχὶ πεσεῖται  
ζητοῦσαι ψυχὴν εὖρον Ἀριστοφάνους.

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Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστήρ ἐμός· εἶθε γενοίμην  
οὐρανός, ὥς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

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## ΛΕΟΝΤΙΟΥ

Ὅρφέος οἰχομένου τάχα τις τότε λείπετο Μοῦσα·  
σεῦ δέ, Πλάτων, φθιμένου παύσατο καὶ κιθάρη.  
ἦν γὰρ ἔτι προτέρων μελέων ὀλίγη τις ἀπορρώξ,  
ἐν σαῖς σωζομένη καὶ φρεσὶ καὶ παλάμαις.

The Graces sought a lasting shrine  
Immune from time's disease;  
And seeking, found it—in the soul  
Of Aristophanes.

---

Gazing at stars, O Star?  
Star of my soul! Ah me,  
That I were heaven, to gaze with all  
Those myriad eyes on thee!

## LEONTIUS

When Orpheus passed away, some notes  
Perchance, though few,  
Remained yet; but when Plato died,  
The harp ceased too.

Some little spark of ancient song,  
Some fragment still  
Was left us, lingering in thy soul  
And in thy skill.



Love winged my hopes and taught me how to fly  
Far from base earth, but not to mount too high:  
For true pleasure  
Lives in measure,  
Which if men forsake,  
Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,  
Enamoured sought to win the Sun's fair light;  
Whose rich brightness  
Moved their lightness  
To aspire so high  
That all scorched and consumed with fire now  
drowned in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue,  
For Love did know that their desires were true;  
Though Fate frownèd,  
And now drownèd  
They in sorrow dwell,  
It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair  
love they fell.

*Circa 1600*

Ἑλπίδας ἐπτερύγωσεν Ἔρως ἐμοί, ὥς μὲν ἀτιμᾶν  
γαῖαν, ὑπὲρ δ' αἶσαν μὴ μετέωρ' ἐλάσαι.

μέτρον γὰρ βέλτιστον· ὑπερβᾶσιν δὲ σύ γ', Ἄτη  
βλαψίφρον, ἀντ' ἐσθλῶν πῆματ' ἔδωκας ἐλεῖν.

αἱ δὲ, λίαν καινῇσιν ἀγαλλόμεναι πτερύγεσσιν,  
αὐτόθεν Ἥελίου τλήσαν ἐρασσάμεναι

(φέυ θράσεος) πείραν, θνηταὶ θεοῦ· ὦν ἄρα ποιναὺς  
ἄλγεσι παμφλέκτοις κεῖνται ὑποβρύχιοι.

μῦθος δ', ὥς ἤμαρτον, Ἔρως ᾧκτειρε, συνειδὼς  
ἔνδικα πασχούσαις ὀρθὰ δὲ μαιομέναις·

κεῖ γὰρ ὑπὲρ Μοῖραν δρῶσαι πέσον, ἀλλ' ἔνεκεν τοῦ  
καλλίστου πάντων ἀστέρος οὐρανίων.

"Αδιον οὐδὲν ἔρωτος, ἃ δ' ὀλβια, δεύτερα πάντα  
 ἐστίν· ἀπὸ στόματος δ' ἔπτυσσεν καὶ τὸ μέλι·  
 τοῦτο λέγει Νοσσίς· τίνα δ' ἂ Κύπρις οὐκ ἐφίλασεν,  
 οὐκ οἶδεν κήνας τ' ἄνθεα ποῖα ῥόδα.

---

O Love, they wrong thee much  
 That say thy sweet is bitter,  
 When thy rich fruit is such  
 As nothing can be sweeter.  
 Fair house of joy and bliss,  
 Where truest pleasure is,  
 I do adore thee;  
 I know thee what thou art,  
 I serve thee with my heart,  
 And fall before thee.

*Circa 1600*

Sweetest in all the world is love ;  
 No bliss but love is sweeter ;  
 Matched with it in the mouth I taste  
 The honeycomb :—'tis bitter.

Thus Nossis testifies ; those else  
 To whom Queen Cypris closes  
 Her divine garden, they know not  
 What bloom within, what roses !

---

Πολλά σ', Ἔρωσ, ἀδικοῦσιν ὅσοι σέο φασὶ πικρίζειν  
 καρπόν, ἐπεὶ πάντως ἄδιον οὐδὲν ἔφν.  
 ὦ ἔδος εὐφροσύνης, Χαρίτων δόμος, οἶδά σ' ἔγωγε,  
 οἶδα, καὶ εὐσεβέων ἐκ φρενὸς αἰδέομαι.

## ΦΑΡΜΑΚΕΥΤΡΙΑΙ

Πᾶ μοι ταὶ δάφναι; φέρε Θέστυλι. πᾶ δὲ τὰ φίλτρα;  
 στέψον τὰν κελέβαν φοινικέῳ οἶος ἄωτῳ,  
 ὥς τὸν ἐμὸν βαρὺν εὖντα φίλον καταδήσομαι ἄνδρα,  
 ὅς μοι δωδεκαταῖος ἀφ' ᾧ τάλας οὐδὲ ποθείκει,  
 οὐδ' ἔγνω, πότερον τεθνάκαμες ἢ ζοοὶ εἰμές.  
 οὐδὲ θύρας ἄραξεν ἀνάρσιος. ἦρά οἱ ἀλλᾶ  
 ἄ'χετ' ἔχων ὃ τ' Ἔρωσ ταχινὰς φρένας ἅ τ' Ἀφροδίτα.



## THE MAGIC WHEEL

Bring me the bay-leaves quick, and the love-charms.

Now go wind

Red wool round the caldron with knots, and bring  
them here,

To enchant him with, my lover, so beloved and  
so unkind :

Cruel! for twelve whole days he has never once  
come near—

I may be dead or alive, he has never asked or known,  
Or knocked at the door in passing. Oh, love, 'tis  
all too clear,

Love with his fickle fancies another road has flown.

βασιεῦμαι ποτὶ τὰν Τιμαγήτοιο παλαίστραν  
 αὐριον, ὥς νιν ἴδω καὶ μέμψομαι οἷά με ποιεῖ.  
 νῦν δέ νιν ἐκ θυέων καταδήσομαι. ἀλλὰ Σελάνα  
 φαῖνε καλόν· τὴν γὰρ ποταεῖσομαι ἄσυχε δαῖμον,  
 τᾷ χθονίᾳ θ' Ἑκάτα, τὰν καὶ σκύλακες τρομέοντι  
 ἐρχομέναν νεκύων ἀνά τ' ἡρία καὶ μέλαν αἷμα.  
 χαῖρ' Ἑκάτα δασπλήτι, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄμμιν ὀπάδει  
 φάρμακα ταῦτ' ἔρδοισα χερεῖονα μήτε τι Κίρκης  
 μήτε τι Μηδείας μήτε ξανθᾶς Περιμήδας.

Ἴνγξ, ἔλκε τὸν τήγον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

I will go down to-morrow to the wrestling-ground,  
and there

I will see his face, and tax him with his false and  
cruel wrong ;

But now my spell shall bind him. O shine out then  
bright and fair,

Selene, Spirit of stillness, for to thee must rise my song,  
To thee, O powerful Hecate, my song must rise in  
prayer,

Before whose awful coming the young whelps quake  
with dread

When thy path lies over blood, and the grave-yards  
of the dead.

Hail, thou wrathful Spirit, and thy true part still bear,  
And make these charms I mingle with no less virtue  
strong

Than Circe's, or Medea's, or Perimede's were.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Ἄλφιτά τοι πρᾶτον πυρὶ τάκεται· ἀλλ' ἐπίπασσε  
 Θεστυλί. δειλαία, πᾶ τὰς φρένας ἐκπεπότασαι;  
 ἦρά γέ τοι μυσαρὰ καὶ τὴν ἐπίχαρμα τέτυγμαι;  
 πάσσω ἅμα καὶ λέγε ταῦτα· “τὰ Δέλφιδος ὅστια πάσσω.”

Ἰνυξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Δέλφιδος ἔμ' ἀνίασεν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν  
 αἶθω· χῶς αὐτὰ λακεῖ μέγα καππυρίσασα,  
 κῆξαπίνας ἄφθη, κοῦδὲ σποδὸν εἶδομες αὐτᾶς,  
 οὔτω τοι καὶ Δέλφιδος ἐνὶ φλογὶ σάρκ' ἀμαθύνοι.

Ἰνυξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Barley first in the withering flame:—O such delay!  
Where are thy wits flown, woman? Am I but a  
scorn and jeer

In thine eyes too? Come sprinkle, and as you  
sprinkle, say

*These are the bones of Delphis that I am scattering here.*

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Delphis wrought me sorrow; at him these leaves  
I burn:

As they now shrink and sputter, and burst with  
a shriek, and fume,

On a sudden pass in a blaze—not an ash can the  
eye discern—

So may Delphis' flesh in a wasting fire consume.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*



Ὡς τοῦτον τὸν κηρὸν ἐγὼ σὺν δαίμονι τάκω,  
 ὥς τάκοιθ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος αὐτίκα Δέλφης.  
 χῶς δινεῖθ' ὅδε ρόμβος ὁ χάλκεος, ἐξ Ἀφροδίτας  
 ὥς τήνος δινοῖτο ποθ' ἀμετέραισι θύραισιν.

Ἰνυξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Νῦν θυσῶ τὰ πίτυρα· τὸ δ' Ἄρτεμι καὶ τὸν ἐν Ἀἰδα  
 κινήσαιοις κ' ἀδάμαντα καὶ εἴτι περ ἀσφαλὲς ἄλλο.  
 Θεστυλί, ταὶ κύνες ἄμμιν ἀνὰ πτόλιν ὠρύονται·  
 ἅ θεὸς ἐν τριόδοισι· τὸ χαλκέον ὥς τάχος ἄχει.

Ἰνυξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

As this wax is melted with dark aid here by me,  
So by melting of love may the Myndian Delphis pine:  
As spins this brazen wheel, by the passion of love  
may he

Spin with a wild brain dizzy before these doors of  
mine.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Next for the bran.—Thy power, O Artemis, can stir  
Hell's own gates, and soften the stubborn will of  
the strong.

—There, hark in the town how the dogs are baying—  
It is for Her

At the crossways! Go run quickly and sound the  
brazen gong.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Ἦνίδε σιγῇ μὲν πόντος, σιγῶντι δ' ἀῆται·  
 ἅ δ' ἐμὰ οὐ σιγῇ στέρνων ἔντοσθεν ἀνία,  
 ἀλλ' ἐπὶ τήνῳ πᾶσα καταίθομαι, ὅς με τάλαιναν  
 ἀντὶ γυναικὸς ἔθηκε κακὰν καὶ ἀπάρθενον εἶμεν.

Ἰυγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Ἔς τρὶς ἀποσπένδω καὶ τρὶς τάδε πότνια φωνῶ·  
 εἴτε γυνὰ τήνῳ παρακέκλιται εἴτε καὶ ἀνὴρ,  
 τόσσον ἔχοι λάθας, ὅσσον ποκὰ Θησέα φαντί  
 ἐν Δία λασθῆμεν εὐπλοκάμῳ Ἀριάδνας.

Ἰυγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

The winds are hushed and silent, silent is the sea—  
But O not silent ever is my heart's throbbing sore :  
For him I burn and burn, for the man that has  
    made of me  
No honest wife, but a thing of shame, and a maid  
    no more.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Thrice I pour libation, and thrice, O soveran Queen,  
I speak these words : O grant me, whatever head  
    may share  
His pillow now, that loved one may he forget as clean  
As once in Dia Theseus did Ariadne fair.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Ἴππομανὲς φυτόν ἐστι παρ' Ἀρκάσι, τῷ δ' ἐπὶ πᾶσαι  
καὶ πῶλοι μαίνονται ἀν' ὥρεα καὶ θοαὶ ἵπποι.  
ὥς καὶ Δέλφιν ἴδοιμι, καὶ ἐς τόδε δῶμα περάσαι  
μαινομένῳ ἵκελος λιπαρᾶς ἔκτοσθε παλαίστρας.

Ἰυγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Τοῦτ' ἀπὸ τᾶς χλαίνας τὸ κράσπεδον ὤλεσε Δέλφισ,  
ὡγὼ νῦν τίλλοισα κατ' ἀγρίῳ ἐν πυρὶ βάλλω.  
αἰαὶ Ἔρως ἀνιარέ, τί μεν μέλαν ἐκ χροὸς αἶμα  
ἐμφὺς ὥς λιμνᾶτις ἄπαν ἐκ βδέλλα πέπωκας;

Ἰυγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.



On the wild Arcadian hills is the herb *mare's frenzy*  
found,

That makes the mares all madden and rush in furious  
race :

So may Delphis dash from the glossy wrestling-  
ground

Like a madman headlong hither to my home rushing  
apace.

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Here is the hem of his cloak that he lost here once.  
Since then

I have kept it: now I shred it, and cast it into the  
fire.—

O Love, O torturing Love, as a clinging leech of the  
fen,

Why hast thou clung so closely and drained my life  
entire ?

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

Καύραν τοι τρίψασα κακὸν ποτὸν αὔριον οἰσῶ.  
 Θεστυλί, νῦν δὲ λαβοῖσα τὸ τὰ θρόνα ταῦθ' ὑπόμαζον  
 τᾶς τήνω φλιᾶς καθυπέρτερον ᾧς ἔτι καὶ νύξ,  
 καὶ λέγ' ἐπιφθύζοισα· “τὰ Δέλφιδος ὅστια μάσσω.”

Ἰυγξ, ἔλκε τὸ τήνον ἐμὸν ποτὶ δῶμα τὸν ἄνδρα.

Νῦν δὴ μούνα ἐοῖσα πόθεν τὸν ἔρωτα δακρύσω;  
 τηνῶθ' ἀρξεῦμαι, τίς μοι κακὸν ἄγαγε τοῦτο.  
 ἦνθ' ἂ τῷ Εὐβούλοιο καναφόρος ἄμμιν Ἀναξώ  
 ἄλσος ἐς Ἀρτέμιδος, τᾷ δὴ τόκα πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα  
 θηρία πομπεύεσκε περισταδόν, ἐν δὲ λείαινα.

φράζέό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

Tomorrow a lizard bruised shall give him a draught  
of fate ;

I will bring it brayed in a potion. But now, ere  
night is flown,

You must take this broth and smear it on the lintel-  
bar of his gate,

And, spitting, say *This plaister is made of Delphis'*  
*bone.*

*Turn, wheel, and turn, and draw my lover home.*

She is gone now ; I can weep. Where shall tears  
rise for my love ?

Where shall grief begin ? Who was it that brought  
me to this plight ?

'Twas the time Anaxo came, with the wild beasts  
trooping round,

As virgin basket-bearer to the Huntress Virgin's grove ;  
And the wild creatures, a lioness among them, were  
the sight.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

Καί μ' ἅ Θευχαρίδα Θρᾷσσα τροφὸς ἅ μακαρίτις  
 ἀγχίθυρος ναίοισα κατεύξατο καὶ λιτάνευσε  
 τὰν πομπὰν θάσασθαι· ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἅ μεγάλοιτος  
 ὠμάρτευν βύσσοιο καλὸν σύροισα χιτῶνα,  
 κᾶμφιστειλαμένα τὰν ξυστίδα τὰν Κλεαρίστας.

φράζέό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

Ἦδη δ' εὔσα μέσαν κατ' ἀμαξιτόν, ᾗ τὰ Λυκᾶνος,  
 εἶδον Δέλφιν ὁμοῦ τι καὶ Εὐδάμνιππον ἰόντας,  
 τοῖς δ' ἦν ξανθοτέρα μὲν ἐλιχρύσοιο γενειάς,  
 στήθεα δὲ στίλβοντα πολὺ πλέον ἢ τὴν Σελάνα,  
 ὥς ἀπὸ γυμνασίοιο καλὸν πόνον ἄρτι λιπόντων.

φράζέό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

Theucharidas' old nurse—now in Heaven among  
 the blest,  
 My neighbour then, poor Thracian—came and begged  
 me hard and prayed  
 I would view the pageant with her; and I, to my  
 sorrow, went,  
 In a fine new gown, with a sweeping train, of silk  
 brocade,  
 And a cloak over my shoulders that Clearista lent.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
 began.*

I was just half-way on the road, just by Lycon's—  
 when, behold,  
 Delphis and Eudamippus approaching both were  
 seen:  
 Their chins, Goddess, more golden than the ivy-  
 blossom's gold,  
 And on their breasts a brighter than thine own  
 heavenly sheen,  
 Fresh from the wrestling-ground where the hard-  
 fought game had been.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
 began.*



Χῶς ἴδου, ὥς ἐμάνην, ὥς μοι περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη  
 δειλαίας· τὸ δὲ κάλλος ἐτάκετο, κοῦκ ἔτι πομπᾶς  
 τήνας ἐφρασάμαν, οὐδ' ὥς πάλιν οἴκαδ' ἀπήνθον  
 ἔγνω· ἀλλὰ μέ τις καπυρὰ νόσος ἐξαλάπαξε,  
 κείμεν δ' ἐν κλιντῇρι δέκ' ἄματα καὶ δέκα νύκτας.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάννα.

Καί μεν χρῶς μὲν ὁμοῖος ἐγίνετο πολλάκι θάψῳ,  
 ἔρρευν δ' ἐκ κεφαλᾶς πᾶσαι τρίχες, αὐτὰ δὲ λοιπά  
 ὅστι' ἔτ' ἦς καὶ δέρμα. καὶ ἐς τίνος οὐκ ἐπέρασα,  
 ἢ ποίας ἔλιπον γραίας δόμον, ἅτις ἐπᾶδεν;  
 ἀλλ' ἦς οὐδὲν ἐλαφρόν· ὁ δὲ χρόνος ἄνυτο φεύγων.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάννα.

And I looked and loved, loved madly ; an arrow  
suddenly shot  
To the core ; my beauty waned ; and I thought no  
more that day  
Of the pageant : how, I know not, but somehow  
home I got :  
When a parching fever shook me and sapped my  
strength away,  
And on my bed ten days and ten long nights I lay.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

I was the colour of box, so pale my flesh was grown ;  
And all my hair streamed off, and I was but skin  
and bone.

Was there an old wise woman whose art I did not try ?  
There was not a door I missed where a magic spell  
was known :

But all of it brought no ease,—and the time still  
fleeting by.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

Χοῦτω τᾷ δούλᾳ τὸν ἀλαθέα μῦθον ἔλεξα·

“εἴ ἄγε Θεστυλί μοι χαλεπᾶς νόσω εὐρέ τι μῆχος.  
 πᾶσαν ἔχει με τάλαιναν ὁ Μύνδιος· ἀλλὰ μολοῖσα  
 τήρησον ποτὶ τὰν Τιμαγήτοιο παλαίστραν·  
 τηνεῖ γὰρ φοιτῇ, τηνεῖ δέ οἱ ἀδὺ καθῆσθαι.

φράζέό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

“Κῆπεί κά νιν ἐόντα μάθης μόνον, ἄσυχᾳ νεῦσον,  
 κείφ' ὅτι Τιμαίθα τυ καλεῖ, καὶ ὑφαγέο τᾷδε.”  
 ὥς ἐφάμαν· ἃ δ' ἦνθε καὶ ἄγαγε τὸν λιπαρόχρων  
 εἰς ἐμὰ δώματα Δέλφιν· ἐγὼ δέ νιν ὥς ἐνόησα  
 ἄρτι θύρας ὑπὲρ οὐδὸν ἀμειβόμενον ποδὶ κούφῳ,

φράζέό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα,

And so at last I told my maid the truth outright :  
"Thestylis, you must help me to find my fever's cure.  
It is he, that Myndian ; body and soul, I am his :

go now

To the wrestling-ground and watch ; for the games  
are his delight,

And he loves to sit there daily ; you will find him  
there for sure.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

"And when you see him alone, you must gently  
beckon, and say

*Come, Simaetha bids you, and lead his way before."*

She went, and took my message, and brought him  
here in his bloom,

Delphis here to my dwelling : and when from where  
I lay

I heard his light step crossing the threshold of my  
door—

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

Πᾶσα μὲν ἐψύχθην χιόνος πλέον, ἐκ δὲ μετώπῳ  
 ἰδρώς μεν κοχύδεσκεν ἴσον νοτίαισιν ἐέρσαις,  
 οὐδέ τι φωνᾶσαι δυνάμαν, οὐδ' ὅσσον ἐν ὕπνῳ  
 κνυζεῦνται φωνεῦντα φίλαν ποτὶ ματέρα τέκνα·  
 ἀλλ' ἐπάγην δαγῦδι καλὸν χροῶ πάντοθεν ἴσα.

φράζέο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

Καί μ' ἐσιδὼν ὥστοργος, ἐπὶ χθονὸς ὄμματα πάξας,  
 ἔζετ' ἐπὶ κλιντῇρι καὶ ἐζόμενος φάτο μῦθον·  
 “ἦρά με Τιμαίθα τόσον ἔφθασας, ὅσσον ἐγὼ θην  
 πρᾶν ποκα τὸν χαρίεντα τρέχων ἔφθασσα Φιλῖνον,  
 εἰς τὸ τεδὸν καλέσασα τόδε στέγος ἢ 'μὲ παρείμεν.

φράζέο μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.



I went cold all over as ice ; and on my brow  
Moisture broke out heavy as beads of morning dew ;  
And I had no voice to utter so much as even in sleep  
Murmuring to their mothers uneasy children do :  
All stiff and stark, like a waxen doll, my whole  
frame grew.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

With a glance at me, the heartless man, his eyes  
bent low  
And he sat down on the bed, and he spoke, the  
heartless man :  
“You have just so much outstripped me, and no  
more, Simaetha dear,  
No whit more, in this your bidding me, than I two  
days ago  
Outstripped my friend Philinus in the footrace that  
we ran.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

“Ἦνθον γάρ κεν ἐγών, ναὶ τὸν γλυκὺν ἦνθον Ἔρωτα  
 ἢ τρίτος ἢ τέταρτος ἐὼν φίλος αὐτίκα νυκτός,  
 μᾶλα μὲν ἐν κόλποισι Διωνύσοιο φυλάσσων,  
 κρατὶ δ’ ἔχων λεύκαν, Ἡρακλέος ἱερὸν ἔρνος,  
 πάντοθε πορφυρέαισι περὶ ζώστραισιν ἐλικτάν.

φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

“Καί μ’ εἰ μὲν κ’ ἐδέχεσθε, τὰ δ’ ἦς φίλα—καὶ γὰρ  
 ἐλαφρός

καὶ καλὸς πάντεσσι μετ’ ἡιθέοισι καλεῖμαι—  
 εὐδὸν τ’ εἴ κε μόνον τὸ καλὸν στόμα τευς ἐφίλησα·  
 εἰ δ’ ἀλλᾶ μ’ ὠθεῖτε καὶ ἅ θύρα εἶχετο μοχλῶ,  
 πάντως κα πελέκεις καὶ λαμπάδες ἦνθον ἐφ’ ὑμέας.

φράζεό μευ τὸν ἔρωθ’ ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

"I was hither bound—sweet Love's my witness!—  
I was bound  
With comrades two or three for thy door this very  
night,  
Love's apples in my breast, and my brows for triumph  
crowned  
With Heracles' own garland, a wreath of poplar  
white  
All with purple twisted in ribands round and round.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

"And had the door been free,—that was well; for  
all the youth  
Own the favour of my form and my fleetness in  
the race;  
One kiss of thy sweet mouth, but one kiss, and I  
had slept:  
But had the door been barred, and you had shut  
me from your face,  
Then with brands flaming and axes you had seen  
our promise kept!

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

“Νῦν δὲ χάριν μὲν ἔφαν' τῇ Κύπριδι πρᾶτον ὀφείλειν,  
καὶ μετὰ τὰν Κύπριν τύ με δευτέρα ἐκ πυρὸς εἴλεν  
ὦ γύναι ἐσκαλέσασα τεδὸν ποτὶ τοῦτο μέλαθρον,  
αὕτως ἡμίφλεκτον· Ἔρωσ δ' ἄρα καὶ Λιπαραίω  
πολλάκις Ἀφαίστοιο σέλας φλογερώτερον αἶθει.

φράζεό μεν τὸν ἔρωθ' ὅθεν ἵκετο, πότνα Σελάνα.

“Ὦν δὲ κακαῖς μανίαις καὶ παρθένον ἐκ θαλάμοιο  
καὶ νύμφαν ἐσόβησ' ἔτι δέμνια θερμὰ λιποῖσαν  
ἀνέρος.” ὥς ὃ μὲν εἶπεν· ἐγὼ δέ οἱ ἅ ταχυπειθήs  
χειρὸς ἐφαψαμένα μαλακῶν ἔκλιν' ἐπὶ λέκτρων.

"But now my deepest thanks to the Goddess first  
are due,  
To the Queen of lovers first, and after her, dear girl,  
to you ;  
For you bade me to your own home:—I was fairly  
burnt half-through,  
And you plucked me from the fire. Ah, the fire  
that Love can raise !  
Hephaestus with his furnace cannot heat so fierce  
a blaze.

*O Queen, O Queen, consider how first my love  
began.*

"With madness from her bower Love will chase  
the maid unwed,  
And Love will chase the bride from her warm  
new-married bed."  
Thus he talked to me of love ; and I, alas, was  
lightly won,  
And I took him by the hand, and drew him near.



καὶ ταχὺ χρώς ἐπὶ χρωτὶ πεπαίνεται, καὶ τὰ πρόσωπα  
 θερμότερ' ἥς ἡ πρόσθε, καὶ ἐψιθυρίσδομες ἀδύ.  
 χῶς κά τοι μὴ μακρὰ φίλα θρυλέοιμι Σελάνα,  
 ἐπράχθη τὰ μέγιστα, καὶ ἐς πόθον ἥνθομες ἄμφω.

κοῦτε τι τήνος ἐμὴν ἐπεμέμψατο μέσφα τό γ' ἐχθές,  
 οὔτ' ἐγὼ αὖ τήνφ. ἀλλ' ἥνθέ μοι ἅ τε Φιλίστας  
 μάτηρ τᾶς ἀμᾶς αὐλητρίδος ἅ τε Μελιξοῦς  
 σάμερον, ἀνίκα πέρ τε ποτ' οὐρανὸν ἔτραχον ἵπποι  
 Ἄω τὰν ῥοδόπαχυν ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῖο φέροισαι.  
 κεῖπέ μοι ἄλλα τε πολλὰ καὶ ὥς ἄρα Δέλφεις ἐρᾶται.

κεῖτε νιν αὖτε γυναικὸς ἔχει πόθος εἶτε καὶ ἀνδρός,  
 οὐκ ἔφατ' ἀτοεκὲς ἴδμεν, ἀτὰρ τόσον· αἰὲν ἔρωτος

And flesh, O Queen, to flesh melted ripening ; and  
the glow  
On our faces now glowed warmer, and we murmured  
soft and low.  
And, O Queen, to spare thine ears tedious telling—  
all was done,  
And we came unto the crown of our desire.

And up till yesterday he had found no fault or  
blame,  
He with me, nor I with him. But Philista's mother  
came,  
The flute-girl's mother, early to-day, when heaven  
above  
Saw the rose-armed lady Morn first arise from  
Ocean's rim,  
And among her gossip—*Delphis was in love.*

What this passion was  
She could not rightly tell me, but so much well  
she knew,

ἀκράτῳ ἐπεχεῖτο καὶ ἐς τέλος ὄχετο φεύγων,  
καὶ φάτο οἱ στεφάνοισι τὰ δώματα τήν᾽ πυκάσδειν.

ταῦτά μοι ἂ ξείνα μυθήσατο, ἔστι δ' ἀλαθής·  
ἦ γάρ μοι καὶ τρὶς καὶ τετράκισ ἄλλοκ' ἐφοίτη,  
καὶ παρ' ἐμὶν ἐτίθει τὰν Δωρίδα πολλάκισ ὄλπαν·  
νῦν δέ τε δωδεκαταῖος ἀφ' ὧτέ νιν οὐδὲ ποτεῖδον·  
ἦρ' οὐκ ἄλλο τι τερπνὸν ἔχει, ἀμῶν δὲ λέλασται;  
νῦν μὰν τοῖς φίλτροις καταδήσομαι· αἱ δ' ἔτι κά με  
λυπῇ, τὰν Ἀΐδαο πύλαν ναὶ Μοίρας ἀραξεῖ.

That his wine was young Love ever in bumpers to  
the brim ;

He was gone full-speed and far, and garlands were  
his vow,

Garlands for the loved one's gate.

So my gossip told me to-day ; and she is true ;  
For he used to come here often, some three times  
a day till now

Or four, perhaps, in passing, and would often set  
down too

His Dorian oil-flask with me : and now for twelve  
whole days

I have not once seen him even. O is it clear enough,  
or not,

That some new love is master, and I am clean forgot?  
Well, binding-charms for the present ; but if he  
vex me more,

'Tis the House of Death, I swear by the Fates, where  
he shall knock at the door !

τοῖά οἱ ἐν κίστῃ κακὰ φάρμακα φαρμὶ φύλάσσειν,  
Ἄσσυρίῳ δέσποινα παρὰ ξείνοιο μαθοῖσα.

ἀλλὰ τὸ μὲν χαίροισα ποτ' ὠκεανὸν τρέπε πώλως,  
πότνι· ἐγὼ δ' οἶσῶ τὸν ἐμὸν πόνον ὥσπερ ὑπέστην.  
χαῖρε Σελαναία λιπαρόχροε, χαίρετε κἄλλοι  
ἀστέρες, εὐκάλοιο κατ' ἄντυγα Νυκτὸς ὀπαδοί.



I have medicines that can do it ! A chest, O Queen,  
I own,  
And a wise man from Assyria made all their virtues  
known.

Farewell now, Queen ; with blessing, thy car to  
the Ocean bend ;  
And I will bear my trouble, as I have borne, to  
the end.  
Farewell, thou shining Moon, farewell, companions  
bright,  
You train of Stars that follow the wheels of quiet  
Night.

Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine,

Chantait ainsi :

“ Quelqu'un a-t-il connu doña Sabine,

Quelqu'un d'ici ?

Dansez, chantez, villageois ! la nuit gagne

Le mont Falù.

— Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“ Quelqu'un de vous a-t-il connu Sabine,

Ma Señora ?

Sa mère était la vieille Maugrabine

D'Antequera,

Qui chaque nuit criait dans la Tour-Magne

Comme un hibou....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou ! ”

Οὕτω δὴ Γόργαιθις ὁ βουκόλος ἄρξατ' αἰεῖδεν.

Ἦ ῥα Μελησάνδραν γυνῶναί ποκα φατί τις ὑμμέων  
 τεῖδέ γε ναιετάων;—ἄγε μὰν ξένοι, ἅς ἔτι καιρός,  
 παίσδετ' ἰὼ κῶρχεῖσθε καλὸν χορόν· οὐχ ὀράατε  
 νύξ ἤδη τάχος ὡς ἐπιβόσκεται ἄκρα Φαλάκρας;

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

τὰν ἐρατάν, ὦ ξεῖν', ἐπιπεύθομαι, αἴ τιν' ἀκούεις  
 τεῖδε Μελησάνδραν, τὸν ἐμὸν πόθον, ἄνπερ ἔτικτεν  
 ἂ γραία Κατάναθε Κοτυτταρίς, ἅ ποκ' ἰνγᾶ,  
 σκῶψ ἀπὸ πύργω, φαντί, ἐκάστης νυκτὸς αὖτει.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

“ Dansez, chantez ! Des biens que l’heure envoie

Il faut user.

Elle était jeune et son œil plein de joie

Faisait penser.—

A ce vieillard qu’un enfant accompagne

Jetez un sou !...—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“ Vraiment la reine eût près d’elle été laide

Quand, vers le soir,

Elle passait sur le pont de Tolède

En corset noir.

Un chapelet du temps de Charlemagne

Ornait son cou....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“ Le roi disait, en la voyant si belle,

A son neveu :

Pour un baiser, pour un sourire d’elle,

Pour un cheveu,

‘ Infant don Ruy, je donnerais l’Espagne

Et le Pérou ! ’—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

παίσδετε νῦν ἄς καιρός, ἰὼ ξένοι· οὐκ ἀπόβλητα  
δῶρα θεῶν.—τήνα δὲ φίλων μνάστειραν ἐρώτων  
ἄβαν ἧς ὀρόωσα, νέον θάλος.—ἀλλὰ γέροντι  
πρόσδοτε τῷδ' ἄρτω τι, σαλευομένῳ ἐπὶ παιδός.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

ἦ μάν—ἴλαθ' ἄνασσα—καὶ αὐτὰν τὰν Βερενίκαν  
φамί κ' ἐλέγξαι νιν, μεθ' ὀμάγουριν εὖτ' ἐπὶ πομπὰν  
ἦ χόρον ἐξένθοι, κρόκεον σύροισα χιτῶνα,  
ἀρχαῖον δέ τι χρῆμα χλιδᾶς περὶ κρατὶ φορεῦσα.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

ᾧμοσε χῶ βασιλεύς· “Ναὶ τὰν Κύπριν, αἶ με φιλήσαι  
ἤθελεν, ἦ γελάσαι ποτί μ' ἁ κόρα, ἦ πλοκαμῖδα  
δοῦναί μοι φιλίας μναμήϊον, ἀντί κεν, ᾧ παῖ,  
Κύπρον ἐγὼ πᾶσαν καὶ τὰν Κυρίαν ποτέδωκα.”

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.



“ Je ne sais pas si j'aimais cette dame,  
Mais je sais bien  
Que, pour avoir un regard de son âme,  
Moi, pauvre chien,  
J'aurais gaiement passé dix ans au bagne  
Sous le verrou....—  
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne  
Me rendra fou !

“ Un jour d'été que tout était lumière,  
Vie et douceur,  
Elle s'en vint jouer dans la rivière  
Avec sa sœur ;  
Je vis le pied de sa jeune compagne  
Et son genou....—  
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne  
Me rendra fou !

“ Quand je voyais cette enfant, moi le pâtre  
De ce canton,  
Je croyais voir la belle Cléopâtre,  
Qui, nous dit-on,  
Menait César, empereur d'Allemagne,  
Par le licou....—  
Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne  
Me rendra fou !

αἶτ' ὦν ἡράσθην τὰς παρθένω, αἶτε καὶ οὐχί,  
 ἀτρεκέως οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτι μάν, ποτί μ' αἶπερ ἔμελλεν  
 δερξεῖσθαι, τὸν μηδέν, ἅπαξ, ἔτος ἐς δεκατὸν κα  
 δεσμοῖς, εὖ μάλα τοῦτό γ' ἴσαμ', ἄδιστα συνώκευν.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

μέμναμαι τόκ' ἰδών, φίλα ἀμέρα, ἀνίκ' ἔλαμπεν  
 φῶς, ἧς δ' ὥρια πάντα, καὶ ἐς κράναν ἅμα τ' αὐτὰ  
 σὺν τε κάσις παίξοισα κατήλυθε· τὰς μὲν ἐταίρας  
 γυμνωθέντ' ἔσιδον λευκὸν πόδα, τὰς δέ γε κνάμαν.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

ἦ νιν ἐγὼν τὸ πρῶτον, ὁ τὰς βόας ὦδε νομεύων,  
 ὥς ἴδον, ὥς ἐφάμαν αὐτὰν καὶ ἐν ὄμμασι τήναν  
 τὰν Λυδὰν βασίλισσαν ὁρᾶν πάλιν, ἧ λόγος εἶξαι  
 αὐχέν' ὑποζευχθέντα μέγα σθένος Ἡρακλῆος.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

“Dansez, chantez, villageois, la nuit tombe.

Sabine un jour

A tout vendu, sa beauté de colombe

Et son amour,

Pour l’anneau d’or du comte de Saldagne,

Pour un bijou....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“Sur ce vieux banc souffrez que je m’appuie,

Car je suis las.

Avec ce comte elle s’est donc enfuie !

Enfuie, hélas !

Par le chemin qui va vers la Cerdagne,

Je ne sais où....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

Me rendra fou !

“Je la voyais passer de ma demeure,

Et c’était tout.

Mais à présent je m’ennuie à toute heure,

Plein de dégoût.

Rêveur oisif, l’âme dans la campagne,

La dague au clou....—

Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne

M’a rendu fou !”

ὀρχεῖσθ', ὦ ξεῖνοι, καὶ παῖσδετε· δὴ γὰρ ἐφέρει  
 νῦξ κατὰ γᾶν.—ἅ δ' αὖ τῶν εὐπατριδᾶν τινι φωτὶ  
 πωλεῖ πάντα φέροισα, τὰ μείλιχα δῶρ' Ἀφροδίτας  
 ἔδνων καὶ φιλότατ' ἠλλαγμένα, χρυσίῳ αὐτῶς.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

τῶδ' ἐπὶ θάκῳ βαιόν, ἐπεὶ κέκμακά, μ' ἔατε  
 ἔξεσθ'.—ἅ δ' ἄρ' ἄϊστος ἀποίχεται οἷά τις ὄρνις,  
 οἴχεται, οἴμοι, θᾶσσον ἀπόπτερος, ἀνδρὶ συνοικεῖν  
 τήνῳ, τὰν ἐφ' Ἀλεντος, ὅποι θεὸς οἶδε, κέλευθον.

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ με σαλαξεῖ.

εἰδὸν νιν παριοῖσαν ἐμὸν δόμον, ὅσσον ὀράσθαι  
 μῦνον· ἐμὴν δ' ἅ πρᾶν βιότῳ χάρις οὐκέτ' ἐν ὅσοις  
 ἐστίν, ἅσα δ' ἐπὶ παντὸς ὁμῶς.—ᾧ, θύμ' ἀπόδαμε,  
 πᾶ ποκ' ὄνειροπολεῖς τυ μάταν, ἅ χεῖρ δ' ἀσίδαρος;

τῶξ ὄρεός τοι πνεῦμα, δοκῶ, φρενὸς ἔκ μ' ἐσάλαξεν.

Ποιμένες, οἳ ταύτην ὄρεος ῥάχιν οἰοπολεῖτε  
 αἶγας κευείρους ἐμβατεύοντες ὄϊς,  
 Κλειταγόρη πρὸς Γῆς ὀλίγην χάριν ἀλλὰ προσηνῇ  
 τίνετε χθονίης εἵνεκα Περσεφόνης.  
 βληχῆσαιντ' ὄϊες μοι, ἐπ' ἀξέστοιο δὲ ποιμὴν  
 πέτρης συρίζοι πρήεα βοσκομέναις·  
 εἶαρι δὲ πρώτῳ λειμώνιον ἄνθος ἀμέρσας  
 χωρίτης στεφέτω τύμβον ἐμὸν στεφάνῳ·  
 καί τις ἀπ' εὐάρνοιο καταχραίνοιτο γάλακτι  
 οἶός, ἀμολγαῖον μαστὸν ἀνασχόμενος,  
 κρηπὶδ' ὑγραίνων ἐπιτύμβιον. εἰσὶ θανόντων,  
 εἰσὶν ἀμοιβαῖαι καὶ φθιμένοις χάριτες.

## ΘΕΟΚΡΙΤΟΥ

## ΘΑΛΥΣΙΑ

Ὡς χρόνος ἀνέκ' ἐγὼ τε καὶ Εὐκρίτος εἰς τὸν Ἄλεντα  
 εἶρπομες ἐκ πόλιος, σὺν καὶ τρίτος ἄμμιν Ἀμύντας.  
 τῇ Δηοῖ γὰρ ἔτευχε θαλύσια καὶ Φρασίδαμος



Shepherds, that o'er this ridgy mountain-steep  
 Come pasturing with your goats and fleecy sheep,  
 In Earth's name, for the dark Persephone,  
 Grant me one favour, slight, but sweet to me!  
 Here let the sheep bleat, and the shepherd play  
 Soft music from the bare rock while they stray:  
 And when the Spring comes, from the meadow bloom  
 Some peasant weave a wreath, to wreathe my tomb:  
 And some one bring a milch-ewe lately lambd,  
 Hold the udder up, and let the stream undammed  
 Fall on the flat grave-stone. To those that earn,  
 Doubt not, the dead feel thanks, and make return.

## THEOCRITUS

### HARVEST HOME

Once in a season past we left the town,  
 Friend Eucritus and I, and journeyed down,  
 The fair Amyntas with us, to the banks  
 Of Haleis river. There was harvest-thanks  
 A-making for Demeter's charities  
 With Phrasidamus and Antigenes,—

H.

κ'Αντιγένης, δύο τέκνα Λυκωπέος, εἴ τί περ ἐσθλὸν  
 χαῶν τῶν ἐπάνωθεν, ἀπὸ Κλυτίας τε καὶ αὐτῷ  
 Χάλκωνος, Βούριναν ὃς ἐκ ποδὸς ἄνυσσε κράναν  
 εὖ ἐνερεισάμενος πέτρα γόνυ· ταὶ δὲ παρ' αὐτάν  
 αἵγειροι πτελέαι τε εὖσκιον ἄλσος ὕφαινον,  
 χλωροῖσιν πετάλοισι κατηρεφές κομόωσαι.

κοῦπω τὰν μεσάταν ὁδὸν ἄνυμες, οὐδὲ τὸ σᾶμα  
 ἄμιν τὸ Βρασίλα ἀνεφαίνετο, καί τιν' ὀδίταν  
 ἐσθλὸν σὺν Μοίσαισι Κυδωνικὸν εὖρομες ἄνδρα,  
 οὔνομα μὲν Λυκίδαν, ἧς δ' αἰπόλος, οὐδέ κέ τίς μιν  
 ἡγνοίησεν ἰδὼν, ἐπεὶ αἰπόλῳ ἔξοχ' ἐώκει.

ἐκ μὲν γὰρ λαιοῖο δασύτριχος εἶχε τράγοιο  
 κνακὸν δέρμ' ὥμοιο νέας ταμίσοιο ποτόσδον,  
 ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ στήθεσσι γέρων ἐσφίγγετο πέπλος  
 ζωστῆρι πλακερῷ, ῥοικὰν δ' ἔχεν ἀγριελαίω  
 δεξιτερᾷ κορύναν. καί μ' ἀτρέμας εἶπε σεσαρώς

Brothers, Lycopæus' children, of the best  
True noble ancestry and ancientest,  
From Clytia, from old Chalçon's very stock,  
Who pressed his knee, and straightway from the rock  
The fount Burina sprang,—whereby a grove  
Rose at the side, that elms and poplars wove  
With green leaves in a shady roofing pleached.

The half-way in our road was hardly reached,  
The tomb of Brasília not showing yet,  
When travelling on the way a man we met,  
A good Cydonian—bless the Muses' aid!  
By name hight Lycidas, and by his trade  
A goatherd; none had seen him and mistook,  
For every inch a goatherd was his look.

On the left shoulder was a leathern coat  
Made from the rough skin of a tawny goat,  
And savouring of fresh rennet; on his breast,  
Girt with a plaited belt, an old worn vest;  
And in his right hand was a crooked staff  
Made of wild olive.

With a quiet laugh,

ὄμματι μειδιόωντι, γέλως δέ οἱ εἴχετο χεῖλεις·  
 “*Κιμιχίδα, πᾶ δὴ τὸ μεσαμέριον πόδας ἔλκεις,  
 ἀνίκα δὴ καὶ σαῦρος ἐν αἵμασιαῖσι καθεύδει,  
 οὐδ’ ἐπιτυμβίδιαι κορυδαλλίδες ἡλαίνονται;  
 ἢ μετὰ δαῖτ’ ἄκκλητος ἐπείγεται; ἢ τινος ἀστῶν  
 λανὸν ἔπι θρώσκεις; ὥς τοι ποσὶ νισσομένοιο  
 πᾶσα λίθος πταίοισα ποτ’ ἀρβυλίδεσσιν αἰεῖδει.*”

τὸν δ’ ἐγὼ ἀμείφθην· “*Λυκίδα φίλε, φαντί τυ πάντες  
 ἤμεν συρικτὰν μέγ’ ὑπείροχον ἔν τε νομεῦσιν  
 ἔν τ’ ἀμητήρεσσι. τὸ δὴ μάλα θυμὸν ἰαίνει  
 ἀμέτερον· καί τοι κατ’ ἐμὸν νόον ἰσοφαρίζειν  
 ἔλπομαι. ἃ δ’ ὁδὸς ἄδε θαλυσιάς· ἢ γὰρ ἐταῖροι  
 ἀνέρες εὐπέπλω Δαμάτερι δαῖτα τελεῦντι  
 ὄλβω ἀπαρχόμενοι· μάλα γάρ σφισι πίνονι μετρῶ  
 ἃ δαίμων εὐκριθὼν ἀνεπλήρωσεν ἀλῶάν.*



Eye twinkling, and with mirth around his lip,  
"Simichidas," said he, "pray whither trip  
"Your feet at noonday so? This hour intense  
"Even the lizard in the roadside fence  
"Is sleeping, and abroad no longer roam  
"The tombstone-crested larks, but drowse at home.  
"Is it a banquet and the bidden guest?  
"Or is some neighbour's vintage to be pressed?  
"Such eager haste you make, the boot in springing  
"Strikes against every stone and sets it ringing."

"Friend Lycidas," I answered, "all men still  
"Call you the prince of pipers in your skill  
"Among the shepherds and the reapers both;  
"And glad it makes my heart: yet by my troth  
"I think that I might make a match with thee!  
"This road now is the road of harvestry:  
"Our friends to-day are keeping merry make  
"And banquet for the robed Earth-Mother's sake  
"With first-fruit offering of the golden store  
"Piled in so bounteous measure on their floor.



ἀλλ' ἄγε δὴ—ξυνὰ γὰρ ὁδός, ξυνὰ δὲ καὶ ἀώς—  
 βουκολιασδόμεσθα· τάχ' ὥτερος ἄλλον ὀνασεῖ.  
 καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼν Μοισᾶν καπυρὸν στόμα, κῆμὲ λέγοντι  
 πάντες ἀοιδὸν ἄριστον· ἐγὼ δέ τις οὐ ταχυπειθής,  
 οὐ Δᾶν· οὐ γάρ πω κατ' ἐμὸν νόον οὔτε τὸν ἐσθλὸν  
 Κυκελίδαν νίκημι τὸν ἐκ Κάμω οὔτε Φιλητᾶν  
 αἰείδων, βάτραχος δὲ ποτ' ἀκρίδας ὥς τις ἐρίσδω.”

ὥς ἐφάμαν ἐπίταδες· ὁ δ' αἰπόλος ἀδὺν γελάσας  
 “τάν τοι” ἔφα “κορύναν δωρύττομαι, οὔνεκεν ἐσσί  
 πᾶν ἐπ' ἀλαθείᾳ πεπλασμένον ἐκ Διὸς ἔρνος.  
 ὥς μοι καὶ τέκτων μέγ' ἀπέχθεται, ὅστις ἐρευνῇ  
 ἴσον ὄρευσ κορυφᾷ τελέσαι δόμον Ὀρομέδοντος,  
 καὶ Μοισᾶν ὄρνιχες, ὅσοι ποτὶ Χίον ἀοιδόν  
 ἀντία κοκκύζοντες ἐτώσια μοχθίζοντι.

"What say you, friend, then? Common is the way  
"And common is the morn,—come let us play  
"In pastoral fashion, brother-bard with brother;  
"Haply the one may benefit the other.  
"For I too am the Muses' ringing voice,  
"In minstrelsy most exquisite and choice,  
"As all men speak of me—though I am not  
"So fond and credulous; not I, God wot!  
"I cannot outsing yet, in my compare,  
"Sicelidas from Samos, or the rare  
"Philetas; 'tis but as a frog I croak  
"Against cicalas."

With intent I spoke,  
For ends.—The goatherd, with his pleasant laugh,  
Said, "Here then is a gift, my crooked staff;  
"Because thou art a shoot of Jove's own tree,  
"Moulded throughout in perfect verity.  
"I hate your builder that would build a shed  
"As towering as the sovran mountain's head,  
"And birds of poesy that fondly strain  
"Cackling against the Chian bard in vain.

ἀλλ' ἄγε βουκολικᾶς ταχέως ἀρξώμεθ' αἰιδᾶς,  
 Cιμιχίδα· κῆγ' ἄν' ὄρη φίλος, εἴ τοι ἀρέσκει  
 τοῦθ' ὅτι πρᾶν ἐν ὄρει τὸ μελύδριον ἐξεπόνασα."

### ΛΥΚΙΔΟΥ ΩΔΗ

Ἔσσεται Ἀγεάνακτι καλὸς πλόος εἰς Μιτυλήναν,  
 χῶταν ἐφ' ἐσπερίοις ἐρίφοις νότος ὑγρὰ διώκη  
 κύματα, χ' Ὠρίων ὅτ' ἐπ' ὠκεανῷ πόδας ἴσχει,  
 αἶκεν τὸν Λυκίδαν ὀπτώμενον ἐξ Ἀφροδίτας  
 ῥύσσηται· θερμὸς γὰρ ἔρως αὐτῷ με καταίθει.  
 χάλκυνες στορεσεῦντι τὰ κύματα τάν τε θάλασσαν  
 τόν τε νότον τόν τ' εὖρον, ὃς ἔσχατα φυκία κινεῖ·  
 ἀλκύνες, γλαυκαῖς Νηρηῖσι ταὶ τὰ μάλιστα  
 ὀρνίχων ἐφίληθεν, ὅσαις τέ περ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἄγρα.  
 Ἀγεάνακτι πλόον διζημένῳ ἐς Μιτυλήναν  
 ὥρια πάντα γένοιτο, καὶ εὖπλοος ὄρμον ἴκοιτο.

"But come, Simichidas, let us now sing  
"The rustic song: I have a trifling thing—  
"See if it please you, friend, this little lay  
"I wrought out on the uplands yesterday."

## LYCIDAS' SONG

Ageanax to Mitylene's clime  
Fair sail shall have,—ay surely, though what time  
The Kids are westering and the southwind's blast  
Driving in chase the wet seas flying fast,  
What season just above far Ocean's wave  
Orion hangs his feet—if he will save  
Poor Lycidas from grilling in Love's fire!  
For hot as burning flame is my desire.  
The halcyons shall make the rough sea smooth,  
The southwind and the eastwind they shall soothe,  
That stirs the deepest weeds up—halcyons,  
The green-haired Nereids' best-beloved ones  
Of all whose prey within the deep is found:—  
Ageanax for Mitylene bound  
Have favouring wind and weather all the way  
And so come safe to port!

And on that day



κῆγ'ὼ τῆνο κατ' ἄμαρ ἀνήτινον ἢ ῥοδόεντα  
 ἢ καὶ λευκοῦων στέφανον περὶ κρατὶ φυλάσσω  
 τὸν Πτελεατικὸν οἶνον ἀπὸ κρατῆρος ἀφύξῳ  
 παρ πυρὶ κεκλιμένος, κύαμον δέ τις ἐν πυρὶ φρυξεί.  
 χά στιβὰς ἐσσεῖται πεπυκασμένα ἔστ' ἐπὶ πᾶχυν  
 κνύζα τ' ἀσφοδέλῳ τε πολυγνάμπτῳ τε σελίνῳ.  
 καὶ πίομαι μαλακῶς μεμναμένος Ἀγεάνακτος,  
 αὐταῖσιν κυλίκεσσι καὶ ἐς τρύγα χεῖλος ἐρείδων.

αὐλησεῦντι δέ μοι δύο ποιμένες, εἷς μὲν Ἀχαρνεύς,  
 εἷς δὲ Λυκωπίτας· ὁ δὲ Τίτυρος ἐγγύθεν ἄσει,  
 ὥς ποκα τᾶς Ξενέας ἠράσσατο Δάφνις ὁ βούτας,  
 χῶς ὄρος ἀμφεπονεῖτο, καὶ ὥς δρῦες αὐτὸν ἐθρήνευν,  
 ἴμερα αἶτε φύοντι παρ' ὄχθαισιν ποταμοῖο,  
 εὔτε χιῶν ὥς τις κατετάκετο μακρὸν ὑφ' Αἴμον  
 ἢ Ἀθῶ ἢ Ῥοδόπαν ἢ Καύκασον ἐσχατόωντα.



About my brows a rosy wreath I'll set—  
Roses or anise or white violet—  
And by the fireside wreathed will I recline  
And from the wine-bowl draw the Ptelean wine.  
Beans shall be roasting; and my bed shall be  
Piled elbow-deep with crisped celery  
And asphodel and balm: there strewn at ease  
I'll drain the wine-cup to the very lees,—  
Yea, to the dregs my clinging lip shall press,—  
With his dear name in fondest mindfulness.

And I will have two shepherds pipe to me,—  
Acharnian and Lycopite they shall be,—  
And Tityrus shall sing, sweet ballads old,  
How the swain Daphnis loved the maiden cold,  
And how the hills were troubled, and the trees  
Made mourning for him in his sore disease,  
All that on Himeras' broad rivage grow,  
When Daphnis pined and wasted as the snow  
That melts along the slopes of Haemus vast,  
Or Rhodope, or Athos, or the last  
And world's-end Caucasus.

ἄσει δ' ὥς ποκ' ἔδεκτο τὸν αἰπόλον εὐρέα λάρναξ  
 ζῶν ἐόντα κακαῖσιν ἀτασθαλίαισιν ἄνακτος,  
 ὥς τέ νιν αἰ σιμαὶ λειμωνόθε φέρβον ἰοῖσαι  
 κέδρον ἐς ἀδείαν μαλακοῖς ἀνθεσσι μέλισσαι,  
 οὔνεκά οἱ γλυκὺ Μοῖσα κατὰ στόματος χέε νέκταρ.

ὦ μακαριστὲ Κομᾶτα, τύ θην τάδε τερπνὰ πεπόνθεις,  
 καὶ τὸ κατεκλάσθης ἐς λάρνακα, καὶ τὸ μελισσᾶν  
 κηρία φερβόμενος ἔτος ὥριον ἐξεπόνασας.  
 αἶθ' ἐπ' ἐμεῦ ζωοῖς ἐναρίθμιος ὥφελες εἶμεν,  
 ὥς τοι ἐγὼν ἐνόμενον ἀν' ὥρεα τὰς καλὰς αἶγας  
 φωνᾶς εἰσαῖων, τὸ δ' ὑπὸ δρυσὶν ἢ ὑπὸ πεύκαις  
 ἀδὺ μελισδόμενος κατεκέκλισο θεῖε Κομᾶτα.

χὼ μὲν τόσσ' εἰπὼν ἀπεπαύσατο· τὸν δὲ μέτ' αὖτις  
 κήγων τοῖ' ἐφάμαν· “Λυκίδα φίλε, πολλὰ μὲν ἄλλα

And he shall sing  
How by the mad spite of the tyrant king  
The goatherd in the chest was penned alive ;  
And how the blunt-faced bees forsook their hive  
And ever to the scented cedar flew  
And fed him there with essence which they drew  
From meadow flowers, because the Muse had shed  
Sweet nectar on his lips.

And *thine* this bread,  
And these delights *thy* fortune, O most blest  
Comatas ! Thou wast locked within the chest  
And fed there by the bees with honeycomb  
A whole year's durance in that narrow home !

Ah, would that thou wert numbered at this day  
Among the living ! Would that I might stay  
And keep thy pretty goats afield hard by,  
Still listening to thy voice, where thou shouldst lie  
Under the green oak or the tall pine tree,  
Divine Comatas, making melody !

With that the goatherd ceased ; and then I turned  
And said, " Friend Lycidas, I too have learned

Νύμφαι κῆμὲ δίδαξαν ἀν' ὥρεα βουκολέοντα  
 ἐσθλά, τὰ που καὶ Ζηνὸς ἐπὶ θρόνον ἄγαγε φάμα·  
 ἀλλὰ τόγ' ἐκ πάντων μέγ' ὑπείροχον, ᾧ τυ γεραίρειν  
 ἀρξεῦμ'· ἀλλ' ὑπάκουσον, ἐπεὶ φίλος ἔπλεο Μοίσαις."

### ΚΙΜΙΧΙΔΟΥ ΩΔΗ

Κιμιχίδα μὲν Ἑρωτες ἐπέπτарον· ἥ γὰρ ὁ δειλὸς  
 τόσσον ἐρᾷ Μυρτοῦς, ὅσον εἶαρος αἶγες ἐρᾶντι.  
 ὁ Ἄρατος δ' ὁ τὰ πάντα φιλαίτατος ἀνέρι τήνῳ  
 παιδὸς ὑπὸ σπλάγχνοισιν ἔχει πόθον. οἶδεν Ἀριστις,  
 ἐσθλὸς ἀνὴρ, μέγ' ἄριστος, ὃν οὐδέ κεν αὐτὸς ἀείδειν  
 Φοῖβος σὺν φόρμιγγι παρὰ τριπόδεσσι μεγάροι,  
 ὥς ἐκ παιδὸς Ἄρατος ὑπ' ὀστέον αἶθετ' ἔρωτι.

τόν μοι Πάν, Ὀμόλας ἐρατὸν πέδον ὅστε λέλογχας,  
 ἄκκλητον κείνοιο φίλας ἐς χεῖρας ἐρείσας,  
 εἴτ' ἔστ' ἄρα Φιλίνος ὁ μαλθακὸς εἴτε τις ἄλλος.



Some hill-songs from the Nymphs while shepherding,  
Which may perchance have reached upon Fame's wing  
Even to the very throne of Jove's own hall:  
But one there is, most excellent of all,  
Which now shall privilege thine ear: attend  
And list then, as the Muses hold thee friend.

## SIMICHIDAS' SONG

The Loves have sneezed upon Simichidas;  
So deep enamoured he, poor wretch, alas,  
Of Myrto as the goats are of the Spring:  
While his most precious friend in everything,  
His friend Aratus, hides within his breast  
Love for a lad:—Aristis can attest—  
A bard most excellent, who might aspire  
To sing beside the tripod with his lyre,  
And Phoebus give him leave!—Aristis knows  
How for a lad Aratus' bosom glows.  
But O I pray thee, Pan, that hast the green  
Fair plain of Homola for thy demesne,  
List to me, bring his loved one—be it, say,  
The soft Philinus, or whoe'er it may—



κεῖ μὲν ταῦτ' ἔρδοις ὦ Πὰν φίλε, μή τί τυ παῖδες  
 Ἄρκαδιοὶ σκίλλαισιν ὑπὸ πλευράς τε καὶ ὤμῳ  
 τανίκα μαστίσδοιεν, ὅτε κρέα τυτθὰ παρείη·

εἰ δ' ἄλλως νεύσαις, κατὰ μὲν χροῶ πάντ' ὀνύχεσσι  
 δακνόμενος κνάσαιο καὶ ἐν κνίδαισι καθεύδοις·  
 εἷης δ' Ἥδωνῶν μὲν ἐν ὄρεσι χείματι μέσσω  
 Ἐβρον παρ ποταμὸν τετραμμένος ἐγγύθεν ἄρκτω,  
 ἐν δὲ θέρει πυμάτοισι παρ' Αἰθιόπεσσι νομεύοις  
 πέτρα ὑπο Βλεμύων, ὅθεν οὐκέτι Νεῖλος ὀρατός.

ὑμμες δ' Ὑετίδος καὶ Βυβλίδος ἀδὺ λιπόντες  
 νᾶμα καὶ Οἰκεῦντα, ξανθᾶς ἔδος αἰπὺ Διώνας,  
 ὦ μάλοισιν Ἑρωτες ἐρευθομένοισιν ὁμοῖοι,  
 βάλλετέ μοι τόξοισι τὸν ἱμερόεντα Φιλῖνον,  
 βάλλετ', ἐπεὶ τὸν ξεῖνον ὁ δύσμορος οὐκ ἔλεεῖ μεν.

Bring the dear lad unsought, and lodge him soon  
Within those arms.

                    If thou wilt grant this boon,  
Sweet Pan dear, may the boys in Arcady  
Cease to make rib and shoulder ache for thee  
By flogging them with squills when meat is scant!  
But shouldst thou frown upon thy suppliant,—  
Then may thy flesh be all so torn and red  
To make thee scratch, and nettles be thy bed!  
Mayst thou in deep midwinter have thy place  
Among the mountains of Edonian Thrace,  
By Hebrus river, near the polar star;  
And in the summer range afield as far  
As furthest Ethiops, and there feed thy flock  
In desert, under the swart Blemyan rock,  
Where Nile is no more seen!

                    And ye too, come,  
Leave the mount Oeceus, fair Diona's home,  
Leave Hyetis and Byblis ever-flowing,  
Ye rosy Loves like rosy apples glowing,  
And all your bows upon Philinus bend,  
Because he has no pity on my friend:

καὶ δὴ μὰν ἀπίοιο πεπαίτερος, αἱ δὲ γυναῖκες  
 “αἰαῖ” φαντὶ “Φιλῖνε, τό τοι καλὸν ἄνθος ἀπορρεῖ.”

μηκέτι τοι φρουρέωμες ἐπὶ προθύροισιν Ἄρατε,  
 μηδὲ πόδας τρίβωμες· ὁ δ' ὄρθριος ἄλλον ἀλέκτωρ  
 κοκκύζων νάρκαισιν ἀνιαραῖσι διδοίη,  
 εἷς δ' ἀπὸ τᾶσδε φέριστε Μόλων ἄγχοιτο παλαίστρας.  
 ἄμμιν δ' ἀσυχία τε μέλοι, γραία τε παρείη,  
 ἅτις ἐπιφθύζοισα τὰ μὴ καλὰ νόσφιν ἐρύκοι.

τόσσ' ἐφάμαν· ὃ δέ μοι τὸ λαγωβόλον, ἀδὺν γελάσσας  
 ὥς πάρος, ἐκ Μοισᾶν ξεινήϊον ὥπασεν εἶμεν.  
 χῶ μὲν ἀποκλίνας ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τὰν ἐπὶ Πύξας  
 εἶρφ' ὁδόν, αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τε καὶ Εὐκριτος ἐς Φρασιδάμω  
 στραφθέντες χῶ καλὸς Ἀμύντιχος ἔν τε βαθείαις  
 ἀδείας σχοίνοιο χαμευνίσιν ἐκλίνθημες  
 ἔν τε νεοτμάτοισι γεγαθότες οἶναρέαισι.

Shoot! for his heart is like a stone.—Yet stay;  
The pear is overripe at this late day:  
*Ah, poor Philinus, all the women cry,*  
*Alas, alas, thy bloom is passing by!*  
No, friend Aratus! let us watch no more  
And wear our feet out lingering at the door:  
Let the loud cock's crow at the daybreak shrill  
Ague some other's bones with numbing chill—  
Nay, *Molon* be the wrestler, only he,  
To have his neck wrung at this game, not we!  
For us, calm peace, with some old crone at hand  
To spit, and keep the bad luck from the land.

I ceased; and with the same bright merry look  
The goatherd smiled, and gave his promised crook,  
For keepsake in the bond of poesy.—  
Then to the left-hand, Pyxa-way, turned he;  
While to the farm we bent, the right-hand way,  
With fair Amyntas; and arrived there, lay  
On scented rushes for our pallets heaped,  
And fresh delicious vine-leaves newly reaped.



πολλαὶ δ' ἄμμιν ὑπερθε κατὰ κρατὸς δονέοντο  
 αἵγειροι πτελέαι τε· τὸ δ' ἐγγύθεν ἱερὸν ὕδωρ  
 Νυμφᾶν ἐξ ἄντροιο κατειβόμενον κελάρυζε.  
 τοὶ δὲ ποτὶ σκιαραῖς ὀροδαμνίσιν αἰθαλίωνες  
 τέττιγες λαλαγεῦντες ἔχον πόνον· ἅ δ' ὀλολυγῶν  
 τηλόθεν ἐν πυκιναῖσι βάτων τρύζεσκειν ἀκάνθαις.

ἄειδον κόρυδοι καὶ ἀκανθίδες, ἔστενε τρυγῶν,  
 πωτῶντο ξουθαὶ περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι.  
 πάντ' ὥσδε θέρεος μάλα πίνονος, ὥσδε δ' ὀπώρας.  
 ὄχναι μὲν παρ ποσσὶ, περὶ πλευραῖσι δὲ μᾶλα  
 δαψιλέως ἀμὶν ἐκυλίνδετο· τοὶ δ' ἐκέχυντο  
 ὄρπακες βραβίλοισι καταβρίθοντες ἔραζε·  
 τετράενες δὲ πίθων ἀπελύετο κρατὸς ἄλειφαρ.



Dangling above our heads hung canopies  
Of whispering elms and rustling poplar-trees ;  
Near us the water of the sacred well  
Dropped from the Nymphs' cave, tinkling as it fell ;  
On every twig in shadow sat with glee  
The sunburnt crickets, chattering busily ;  
And murmuring afar off in solitude,  
Bowered in the deep thorn-brake the turtle cooed.

All rich delight and luxury was there ;  
Larks and bright finches singing in the air ;  
The brown bees flying round about the well ;  
The ring-dove moaning ; everywhere the smell  
Of opulent summer and of ripening-tide :  
Pears at our feet and apples at our side  
Rolling in plenteousness ; in piles around,  
Branches, with damsons burdening to the ground,  
Strewn for our feast ; and from the full wine-tun  
Wax of a seven-years-aged seal undone.

Νύμφαι Κασταλίδες Παρνάσσιον αἶπος ἔχοισαι,  
 ἄρά γέ πα τοιόνδε Φόλῳ κατὰ λάϊνον ἄντρον  
 κρατῆρ' Ἑρακλῆι γέρων ἐστάσατο Χείρων ;  
 ἄρά γέ πα τήνον τὸν ποιμένα τὸν ποτ' Ἀνάπῳ,  
 τὸν κρατερὸν Πολύφαμον, ὃς ὥρεσι νῆας ἔβαλλε,  
 τοῖον νέκταρ ἔπεισε κατ' αὐλία ποσσὶ χορεῦσαι,  
 οἶον δὴ τόκα πῶμα διεκρανάσατε Νύμφαι  
 βωμᾷ παρ Δάματρος ἀλφάδος ; ἄς ἐπὶ σωρᾷ  
 αὖτις ἐγὼ πάξαιμι μέγα πτύον, ἃ δὲ γελάσσαι  
 δράγματα καὶ μάκωνας ἐν ἀμφοτέραισιν ἔχοισα.

Ye Nymphs of Castaly, fair Nymphs that keep  
Your station on Parnassus' holy steep,  
Say, was a bowl mixed ever like our own  
Set by old Chiron in his cave of stone  
Before great Heracles? Did ever rill  
Send the uncouth shepherd o'er Anapus hill  
A-dancing with a draught so nectarous  
As then, divine Nymphs, ye made stream for us  
There by the boon Demeter's winnowing-floor?

Upon whose builded heap may I once more  
Plant the great fan, to praise her, while she stands  
Smiling, with sheaves and poppies in both hands.

Κρηθίδα τὴν πολύμυθον, ἐπισταμένην καλὰ παίζειν,  
 δίξνται Γαμίων πολλάκι θυγατέρες,  
 ἡδίστην συνέριθον, αἰὲ λάλον· ἡ δ' ἀποβρίζει  
 ἐνθάδε τὸν πάσαις ὕπνον ὀφειλόμενον.

---

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove,  
 A Maid whom there were none to praise  
 And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone  
 Half hidden from the eye !  
 —Fair as a star, when only one  
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know  
 When Lucy ceased to be ;  
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
 The difference to me !

WORDSWORTH

*Ah where is Crethis? ofttimes say  
 The girls in Samos,—where is she  
 With all those tales from history,  
 With all those pretty games to play?*

They miss her when they spin,—the cheer,  
 The sweet voice rippling.—She lies here  
 Slumbering for ever, as they all  
 Must slumber when their day shall fall.

---

"Ἀστιβον ὥς ναίουσ' ἀνὰ Πήδασον, ἡ κλέος ἀστῶν  
 οὐδενός, ἡ πολλῶν οὐδ' ἔρον εὐραμένη,  
 ἀλλ' ἶον ἐν ποίῃ τι λαθοῦσ', ἥ ὅποιος ἐρήμῳ  
 ἐμπρέπει εἰς ἀστὴρ αἰθέρι μονοφανής,  
 νῦν ἔλαθε ζήσασα· τί γὰρ πολλοῖσι μέλεσθαι  
 μέλλεν; ἐμοὶ δ' ὅσος φεῦ πόθος οἰχομένης.



ὦμοσε Καλλίγνωτος Ἴωνίδι μήποτ' ἐκείνης  
 ἔξειν μήτε φίλον κρείσσονα μήτε φίλην.  
 ὦμοσεν· ἀλλὰ λέγουσιν ἀληθέα, τοὺς ἐν ἔρωτι  
 ὅρκους μὴ δύνειν οὔατ' ἐς ἀθανάτων.  
 νῦν δ' ὁ μὲν ἀρσενικῶ θέρεται πυρί, τῆς δὲ ταλαίνης  
 νύμφης, ὡς Μεγαρέων, οὐ λόγος οὐδ' ἀριθμός.

---

A slumber did my spirit seal ;  
 I had no human fears :  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;  
 She neither hears nor sees ;  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

WORDSWORTH

*Ionis*, Callignotus swore,

*Ionis*, *ne'er*

*Shall man or woman come before*

*Thyself, I swear!*

He swore:—but true the adage runs,

Oaths made in love

Reach not the ears of Blessed Ones

In Heaven above.

He burns now with another flame;

And that poor she,

Megarian-like, is left *sans name*

*And sans degree.*

Ἄσάμην, οὐ θνητὸν ἔχων θράσος· ἦν γὰρ ιδέσθαι

ἄψανστον μοίρης οἷα λαχοῦσα φύσιν.

νῦν δὲ μάτην κωφόν τι καὶ ἀδρανὲς ἄμμιγα πέτραις

καὶ στελέχοις γαίης δινομένης φέρεται.

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ  
 ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσάκις ἀμφότεροι  
 ἥλιον ἐν λέσχη κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν πον,  
 ξεῖν' Ἀλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή.  
 αἱ δὲ τεὰ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες, ἦσιν ὁ πάντων  
 ἀρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

---

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!

Ah, what the form divine!

What every virtue, every grace!

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and sighs

I consecrate to thee.

LANDOR

The brief words, Heraclitus, fell—

Your death ; and with them drew  
Tears to my eyes ; old memories thronged—  
How many a time we two

Had sunk the tired-out sun beneath

Our talk !—Dear friend of old,  
And you there now in Caria—dust,  
A charred ash, ages cold . . . . .

But thy sweet voices are not dead,  
Those nightingales yet wake ;  
Death with his clutch takes all away,  
But those he shall not take !

---

Καὶ τί γενέθλης δῶρα, τί Κύπριδος ἢ Χαρίτων ἢ  
Μουσῶν, εἰ σύ γε πάντ' ἔλλαχες, Εὐρυδίκη ;  
Εὐρυδίκη, τοῖς δ' οὔποτ' ἐποψομένοις πάλιν ὅσσοις  
σπένδω σοι τάδε φεῦ μνάματ' ἄυπνα πόθων.

Ἦρατο Πὰν Ἀχῶς τᾶς γείτονος, ἦρατο δ' Ἀχῶ  
 σκιρτατᾶ Κατύρω, Κάτυρος δ' ἐπεμήνατο Λύδα.  
 ὥς Ἀχῶ τὸν Πᾶνα, τόσον Κάτυρος φλέγειν Ἀχῶ,  
 καὶ Λύδα Κατυρίσκον, Ἔρωσ δ' ἐσμύχετ' ἀμοιβᾶ.  
 ὅσσον γὰρ τήνων τις ἐμίσειε τὸν φιλέοντα,  
 τόσσον ὁμῶς φιλέων ἡχθαίρετο, πάσχε δ' ἃ ποίει.  
 ταῦτα λέγω πᾶσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς ἀνεράστοις·  
 στέργετε τὼς φιλέοντας, ἵν' ἦν φιλέητε φιλησθε.

---

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen  
 Die hat einen Andern erwählt;  
 Der Andre liebt eine Andre  
 Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Aerger  
 Den ersten besten Mann  
 Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;  
 Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,  
 Doch bleibt sie immer neu;  
 Und wem sie just passieret,  
 Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

HEINE



Three lovers once were thus devoted :

Pan for his neighbouring Echo pined ;  
On frolic Satyrus Echo doated ;  
While Satyrus—Lyda filled his mind.

All three with equal ardour burned,  
Affected each as each affected :  
Each had another's passion spurned,  
And found his own with scorn rejected.

This warning, all ye loveless, use ;  
Refuse not love, lest love refuse.

Ἦρατό τις κούρης ποτ' ἀνὴρ νέος· ἡ δὲ πρὸς ἄλλον  
εἶδεν· ὁ δ' αὖθ' ἑτέρην ὁ τρίτος ἠγάγετο.  
ἠραμένη δ' ἐρίθυμος ἐς οἰκία τοῦπιτυχόντος  
ἀνδρὸς ἔβη· δεινῶς δ' ἀντράπεθ' ὠράμενος.  
ἀρχαῖος μὲν ὁ μῦθος, ἀεὶ δ' ἄρα καινῶ ἔοικεν·  
ὃ δὲ τύχῃ, τοῦτον φάσκ' ἀβίωτα παθεῖν.

Ἕλκος ἔχων ὁ ξεῖνος ἐλάνθανεν· ὡς ἀνιηρὸν  
 πνεῦμα διὰ στηθέων, εἶδες, ἀνηγάγετο;  
 τὸ τρίτον ἡνίδ' ἔπινε, τὰ δὲ ῥόδα φυλλοβολεῦντα  
 τῶνδρὸς ἀπὸ στεφάνων πάντ' ἐχέοντο χαμαί.  
 ὥπτηται μέγα δὴ τι· μὰ δαίμονας οὐκ ἀπὸ ῥυσμοῦ  
 εἰκάζω, φωρὸς δ' ἵχνια φῶρ ἔμαθον.

---

Wir standen an der Strasseneck'  
 Wohl über eine Stunde;  
 Wir sprachen voller Zärtlichkeit  
 Von uns'rem Seelenbunde.

Wir sagten uns viel' hundertmal  
 Dass wir einander lieben;  
 Wir standen an der Strasseneck'  
 Und sind da steh'n geblieben.

Die Göttin der Gelegenheit,  
 Wie'n Zöfchen, flink und heiter,  
 Kam sie vorbei und sah uns steh'n,  
 Und lachend ging sie weiter.

HEINE

Our friend's heart hides a wound:—what suffering  
through

His whole breast—marked you it? that gasp he drew!

Just at his third cup, when the roses round

His temples all fell scattering to the ground.—

Ô rarely roasted! I'll be sworn, I find

A thief's track; set a thief to catch his kind!

Ἀμφοῖν ἐν τριόδῳ ποτ' ἀνήνυτος ἱσταμένοισιν

ἦν λόγος ὥς ἡμῖν ἄρθμιος ἡ φιλότης.

οὐ γὰρ ἅπαξ εἰπεῖν τάδ' ἀπήρκεσεν, ἀλλ' ὁμόσαντας

μυριάκεις λέσχαις παρσταδὸν ἐν δολιχαῖς

δηθύνειν· ὁ δὲ Καιρὸς ἔθ' ἱσταμένοις ἐπιφανθεὶς

κοῦφος, ἰδὼν, γελάσας ἡδύ, παρετρόχασεν.

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak  
 Four not exempt from pride some future day.  
 Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,  
 Over my open volume you will say,  
 "This man loved *me*"—then rise and trip away.

LANDOR

---

Ἄ φίλερως χαροποῖς Ἀσκληπιάς οἶα Γαλήνης  
 ὄμμασι συμπίθει πάντας ἐρωτοπλοεῖν.

MELEAGER

---

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,  
 With Dirce in one boat conveyed!  
 Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
 That he is old, and she a shade.

LANDOR

Ἑσσι μὲν οὐ σοβαρή τις· ἔπος δ' ἔτι βίβλον ἔχουσα  
 τήνδε ποτὲ φθέγξῃ καὶ σύ τι που σοβαρόν.  
 χεὶρὶ γὰρ οὐκ ἀδίαντον ἐρειαμένη σὺ παρειήν  
 "οὗτος ἐμοῦ" φήσεις "ἤρατο," καὶ ὁδὸν εἴ.

---

Such glittering calm of sunlit weather  
 In her bright eyes hath she,  
 Fair Amoret! all men's hearts together  
 Launch upon Love's alluring sea.

---

Στίφος ἰὼ φρουρεῖτε περισταδὸν ἀμφὶ Νέαιραν  
 εἰς Ἀἴδην Ἀχέρονθ' οἱ συναμειβόμενοι·  
 μή που τὸν πορθμῆα λάθῃ, τοίην νιν ἰδόντα,  
 αὐτὸς γηράσας ἢ δ' ὄναρ οὔσα κενόν.



Quaenam haec forma?—Dei.—Cur versa est?—

Fulgura lucis

divinae non fert debilis haec acies.—

Quid vero existit tanquam uno e corpore corpus?—

Hic Amor est.—Si Amor est, cur videt?—At

Iovis est.—

Cur ita complicitis alis?—Nunquam evolat.—At cur

in se convertit tela?—Sui ille Amor est.—

Cur ferro sine tela gerit?—Quia vulneris expers

ille est: at vester vulnerat et cruciat.

### CATULLUS

Dianae sumus in fide

Puellae et pueri integri:

Dianam pueri integri

Puellaeque canamus.

O Latonia maximi

Magna progenies Iovis,

Quam mater prope Deliam

Deposivit olivam.

Τίς φύσις ἦδε;—Θεοῦ.—Τί δ' ἀπόστροφος;—Οὔνεκεν  
αὐγὰς

ἀθανάτους θνητῶν ἀσθενὲς ὄμμα φέρειν.—

Τοῦτο δὲ σῶμ' ἐνὸς ὡς ἐκ σώματος ἐν τί πέφυκεν;—  
Οὗτος Ἔρωσ.—'Ο δ' Ἔρωσ πῶς βλέπει;—'Αλλὰ  
Διός.—

Πρὸς τί δὲ τὰς πτέρυγας πτυκτὰς ἔχει;—Οὐ πέτεται  
γάρ.—

Τόξα δ' ἐφ' οἱ αὐτῷ τείνει;—Ἐαυτοῦ ἐρᾷ.

Τεῦ δ' ἄρα ταῦτ' ἀσίδηρα φέρει χάριν;—Οὐχὶ τιτρώσκει  
οὗτος· ὁ δ' ὑμέτερος καὶ περιωδυνίην.

## HYMN TO DIANA

Boys and maidens undefiled  
In Diana's faithful care,  
Pure Diana, boy and maid  
Undefiled, sing we!

O Latona's mighty Child,  
She to Jove almighty bare,  
At thy birth in Delos laid  
By the Olive-tree;

Montium domina ut fores  
Silvarumque virentium  
Saltuumque reconditorum  
    Amniumque sonantum :

Tu Lucina dolentibus  
Iuno dicta puerperis,  
Tu potens Trivia, et notho  
    Dicta lumine Luna es.

Tu cursu Dea menstruo  
Metiens iter annuum  
Rustica agricolum bonis  
    Tecta frugibus exples.

Sis quocumque licet tibi  
Sancta nomine Romuleique,  
Antique ut solita es, bona  
    Sospites ope gentem.

Mountains all to be thy dower,  
All the woodland coverts green,  
All sequestered chaces thine,  
And the sounding streams :

Women in their labouring hour  
Call thee *Lightener*; thou art Queen  
*Trivia* where the ways are trine,  
*Moon* with borrowed beams.

Monthly as thy stages move,  
Measuring all the yearly space,  
With good harvest thou dost fill  
Peasant's farm and floor.

In what name thou best approve  
Be thou hallowed, and with grace  
Romulus' true people still  
Prosper as of yore !

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,  
Ait fuisse navium celerrimus,  
Neque ullius natantis impetum trabis  
Nequisse praeter ire, sive palmulis  
Opus foret volare sive linteo.  
Et hoc negat minacis Adriatici  
Negare litus insulasve Cycladas  
Rhodumque nobilem horridamque Thraciam  
Propontida trucemve Ponticum sinum,  
Ubi iste post phaselus antea fuit  
Comata silva: nam Cytorio in iugo  
Loquente saepe sibilum edidit coma.



Friends, you note  
The yacht there? She'll aver, "This boat  
Has been the fastest craft afloat :  
No timber swam the seas but I  
Could pass it, were my task to fly  
With canvas or with feathering oar :—  
Ask the dread Adriatic shore,  
Ask every sea-way, every coast,  
No witness will deny my boast ;  
Rhodes amid stormy billows wild  
Or the ocean Cyclades enisled,  
Propontis with her boisterous ways,  
Or the grim winding Pontic bays"—  
Grim Pontus, where the yacht you see  
Once was a leaf-clad forest-tree :—  
Oft has remote Cytorus hill  
With green leaves heard her whistling shrill !

Amastri Pontica et Cytore buxifer,  
Tibi haec fuisse et esse cognitissima  
Ait phaselus: ultima ex origine  
Tuo stetisse dicit in cacumine,  
Tuo imbuisse palmulas in aequore,  
Et inde tot per inpotentia freta  
Erum tulisse, laeva sive dextera  
Vocaret aura, sive utrumque Iuppiter  
Simul secundus incidisset in pedem.  
Neque ulla vota litoralibus deis  
Sibi esse facta, cum veniret a marei  
Novissime hunc ad usque limpidum lacum.  
Sed haec prius fuere: nunc recondita  
Senet quiete seque dedicat tibi,  
Gemelle Castor et gemelle Castoris.

Amastris and Cytorus hill,  
The boxwood's region, you know well,  
She says, and from the first can tell  
Her story; since her date began  
Her foot was on your summit; yours  
The waters where she dipped her oars;  
Thence with her master first she ran,  
Still weathering all those raging seas,  
Whether to larboard called the breeze  
Or starboard, or the God-sent gale  
Fell equal on the favoured sail.

And all that voyage not one vow  
Made to the Shore-Gods; never one  
She owed them when her course was run  
From that far ocean to this last  
Transparent lake.

But these are past  
And ancient triumphs; she lies now  
Sequestered from the worldly stage,  
And cloistering dedicates her age  
To thee, twin Castor, and to thee,  
Twin Saviour on the stormy sea.

"Donec gratus eram tibi

Nec quisquam potior brachia candidae  
Cervici iuvenis dabat,  
Persarum vigui rege beatior."

"Donec non alia magis

Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloen,  
Multi Lydia nominis  
Romana vigui clarior Ilia."

"Me nunc Thressa Chloe regit,

Dulces docta modos et citharae sciens;  
Pro qua non metuam mori,  
Si parcent animae fata superstiti."

HE

While no more favoured youth caressed  
That snowy neck, to put me second,  
While I still pleased, my fortune blest  
Beyond the Persian King's I reckoned.

SHE

While you had yet no fonder flame,  
Nor Lydia less than *Chloe* counted,  
Beyond the Roman Ilia's fame  
Renowned and glorious Lydia mounted.

HE

Yes, the sweet *Thracian* rules me now,  
Who plays, who sings, without a rival;  
I'd face my very death, I vow!  
If death might win her dear survival.



“Me torret face mutua  
Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,  
Pro quo bis patiar mori,  
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.”

“Quid si prisca redit Venus  
Diductosque iugo cogit aheneo?  
Si flava excutitur Chloe  
Reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae?”

“Quamquam sidere pulchrior  
Illest, tu levior cortice et inprobo  
Iracundior Hadria,  
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens!”

SHE

For *Calais* all-consumed am I ;  
Sweet *Thurian* ! he in equal measure ;  
And death twice over I would die—  
If death might save the boy—with pleasure !

HE

Say Venus now returns once more  
A parted pair by force remating,  
Casts Chloe off, and leaves the door  
Wide, for neglected Lydia waiting ?

SHE

Though lovelier than a star is he,  
And thou both lighter than a feather  
And stormier than the Adrian sea,—  
'Twere bliss to live—or die—together !

Πλέξω λευκόϊον, πλέξω δ' ἀπαλὴν ἄμα μύρτοις  
νάρκισσον, πλέξω καὶ τὸ γελῶντα κρίνα·  
πλέξω καὶ κρόκον ἠδύν, ἐπιπλέξω δ' ὑάκινθον  
πορφυρέην, πλέξω καὶ φιλέραστα ῥόδα·  
ὥς ἂν ἐπὶ κροτάφοις μυροβοστρύχου Ἑλιοδώρας  
εὐπλόκαμον χαίτην ἀνθοβολῇ στέφανος.

---

Ὁ στέφανος περὶ κρατὶ μαραίνεται Ἑλιοδώρας·  
αὐτὴ δ' ἐκλάμπει τοῦ στεφάνου στέφανος.

White violets I'll twine,  
The young fresh daffodilly  
With myrtles I'll combine,  
I'll twine the laughing lily:

I'll have the crocus twined,  
And the hyacinth to cover,  
And all around shall wind  
The rose that loves the lover:

That Heliodora's hair  
May scent the wreath, whose flowers  
On lovely tresses fair  
Shall fade and fall in showers.

---

On Heliodora's brow the garland pines;  
And she the garland of the garland shines.

Ἐγχει καὶ πάλιν εἰπέ, πάλιν, πάλιν, Ἑλιοδώρας·  
εἰπέ, σὺν ἀκρήτῳ τὸ γλυκὺ μίσγ' ὄνομα.  
καὶ μοι τὸν βρεχθέντα μύροις καὶ χθιζὸν ἔοντα  
μναμόσυνον κείνας ἀμφιτίθει στέφανον.  
δακρύει φιλέραστον ἰδοὺ ῥόδον, οὐνεκα κείναν  
ἄλλοθι κοῦ κόλποις ἡμετέροις ἐσορᾷ.



Pour out, and pledge it as you pour,

*To Heliodore, To Heliodore ;*

Blend in the wine-cup o'er and o'er

Her sweet name, *Heliodore*.

Bring to me, wet with last night's myrrh,

The wreath I wore, the wreath I wore ;

Wreathe it around my brows for her

Remembrance,—*Heliodore*.

Ah see, the rose, love's loving rose,

Is weeping sore, is weeping sore :—

My darling elsewhere far it knows,

And on my breast no more !

Αἰεὶ μοι δινεῖ μὲν ἐν οὐασιν ἦχος Ἔρωτος,  
 ὄμμα δὲ σίγα Πόθοις τὸ γλυκὺ δάκρυ φέρει·  
 οὐδ' ἡ νύξ, οὐ φέγγος ἐκοίμισεν, ἀλλ' ὑπὸ φίλτρων  
 ἦδη που κραδίᾳ γνωστὸς ἔνεστι τύπος.  
 ὦ πτανοί, μὴ καὶ ποτ' ἐφίπτασθαι μέν, Ἔρωτες,  
 οἶδατ', ἀποπτῆναι δ' οὐδ' ὅσον ἰσχύετε;

---

Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen  
 Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder;  
 Die heben ihr klingend Gefieder  
 Und flattern nach ihrem Herzen.

Sie fanden den Weg zur Trauten,  
 Doch kommen sie wieder und klagen,  
 Und klagen und wollen nicht sagen  
 Was sie im Herzen schauten.

HEINE

Sound of Love murmureth ever in mine ears ;

And in mine eyes

Always their silent offerings, the sweet tears,

For Love's sake rise.

Night falls, and daylight comes, and respite never ;

Love-charms at last,

Moulding my heart, have made it fixed for ever

In one same cast.

O wingèd Loves, can ye fly hither then,

Without strength ever to fly hence again ?

---

Αἱ μικραὶ μεγάλης λύπης ἀπέβλαστον αἰοδαί,

καὶ πτερὰ φωνήεντ' ἦλθον ἐναψάμεναι

τῆς καλῆς πρὸς στήθος· ἄφαρ δ' ἄρα μ' αὖθις ἵκανον

κλαίονσαι, τὰ δὲ κρύπτ' οὐκ ἐθέλουσι φράσαι.

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,  
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.  
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,  
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traum,  
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raum,  
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst;  
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.

HEINE

---

Odi et amo. quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.  
nescio; sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

CATULLUS

---

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen,  
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es nie,  
Und ich hab' es doch getragen,—  
Aber fragt mich nur nicht: wie?

HEINE

Τλήσομαι· οὐδ' εἰ πάντα πάθοιμ', οὐ μή ποτε θυμῷ  
εἵξω, μεμφόμενος σοί, φίλη, ὥς προδότις.  
τῶν λιθοκολλήτων γὰρ ἀπαστράπτεις σέλας ὄρμων  
λαμπρόν, ἔσω δ' ἔγνων τὸν σκότον οἶον ἔχεις.  
ἔγνων, οὐκ ἔλαθές με τεὸν κατέδουσα, φίλη, σύ  
θυμόν· ἐφωράθη σὴ κακοδαιμονίη.

---

Ἐχθαίρω τ' ἔραμαί τε. πόθεν, φήσεις, τόδε πάσχω;  
οὐκ οἶδ', ὧδε δ' ἔχων οἶδα καὶ ἀχνύμενος.

---

Τὸ πρῶτον μὲν ἀπεῖπον· ὅμως δ', ἄτλητα πεπονθώς,  
ἔτλην· πῶς δ' ἔτλην, μηκέτι τοῦτ' ἔρεο.



I never drank of Aganippe well,  
 Nor ever did in shade of Tempe sit;  
 And Muses scorn with vulgar brains to dwell;  
 Poor layman I, for sacred rites unfit.  
 Some do I hear of poets' fury tell,  
 But, God wot, wot not what they mean by it;  
 And this I swear by blackest brook of hell,  
 I am no pick-purse of another's wit.  
 How falls it then, that with so smooth an ease  
 My thoughts I speak; and what I speak doth flow  
 In verse, and that my verse best wits doth please?  
 Guess we the cause? What, is it this? Fie, no.  
 Or so? Much less. How then? Sure, thus it is,—  
 My lips are sweet, inspired with Stella's kiss.

---

## ΜΕΛΕΑΓΡΟΥ

Ἴξόν ἔχεις τὸ φίλημα, τὰ δ' ὄμματα, Τιμάριον, πῦρ·  
 ἣν ἐσίδης, καίεις, ἣν δὲ θίγης, δέδεκας.

Οὐκ ἐμὸν ἐνδιάειν ἐνὶ Τέμπεσιν, οὐδ' Ἀγανίππης  
 πίνειν· ταῖς Μούσαις ἐχθρὰ τὰ φαυλότερα.  
 νῆϊς ἔγωγ', ἀμύητος· ὅσοι δ' ὕμνοῦσι ποιητῶν  
 τὴν μανίην, ἴστω Ζεὺς, τί λέγουσ' ἀπορῶ.  
 οὐ μάν, τὰν Ἀχέροντος ἀνάλιον ὄμοσα λίμναν,  
 οὐδέ τις ἀλλοτρίων λωποδύτης ἐπέων.  
 πῶς οὖν ῥήμαθ' ἐτοῖμα πάρεστί μοι, ὧδ' ἐνὶ μέτροις  
 κείμεν', ἀτὰρ καὶ τοῖς ἄκρα σοφοῖς δόκιμα;  
 τοῦτο πόθεν γέγονεν ζητητέον· ἦ παρὰ τοῦτο;  
 λῆρος ἅπας. ἄρ' οὖν τοῦτο πάρ'; ἀλλ' ἄτοπον.  
 πῶς ἄρα; νῦν ἔγνων· παρ' Ἀστερίης τὸ φίλημα  
 κείνο λαβὼν οὕτω χεῖλε' ἔχω γλυκέα.

---

### MELEAGER

Thine eyes, Timarion, are a fire,  
 Thy lips a limèd lure;  
 One glance, and thou hast lit desire;  
 One touch—the captive sure.

Καὐτὸς Ἔρως ὁ πτηνὸς ἐν αἰθέρι δέσμος ἄλω  
ἀγρευθεὶς τοῖς σοῖς ὄμμασι, Τιμάριον.

---

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,  
Wird täglich abgeschmackter!  
Sie spricht von dir, mein schönes Kind,  
Du hast keinen guten Charakter.

Die Welt ist dumm, die Welt ist blind,  
Und dich wird sie immer verkennen;  
Sie weiss nicht wie süß deine Küsse sind,  
Und wie sie beseligend brennen.

HEINE

---

Κεῖμαι· λὰξ ἐπίβαινε κατ' αὐχένος, ἄγριε δαῖμον·  
οἶδά σε, ναὶ μὰ θεούς, καὶ βαρὺν ὄντα φέρειν·  
οἶδα καὶ ἔμπυρα τόξα· βαλὼν δ' ἐπ' ἐμὴν φρένα  
πυρσοὺς  
οὐ φλέξεις· ἤδη πᾶσα γάρ ἐστι τέφρη.

Love, while winging through the skies,  
 Passed before Timarion's eyes ;  
 Hence, being tangled in that snare,  
 Love himself lies prisoned there.

---

Μῶροι, τυφλοὶ ἅπαντες, αἰεὶ τ' ἐπὶ μείζον ἄμουσοι·  
 καλλίστη, σὲ δέ φασ' οὐ πάνυ σωφρονέειν.  
 ἦ μάλα σὲ κρίνουσιν ἀπὸ σκοποῦ, εἰδότες οὐδέν  
 ἐκ ψυχῆς γλυκεροῖς χείλεσιν οἷα φιλεῖς.

---

Tread on my neck, fierce Demon ; low I bow ;  
 And thy worst tyrannies, by Heaven, can bear !  
 Shoot fiery arrows, brands ! My bosom now  
 Is flame-proof ; there is nought but ashes there.

Νυκτερινή, δίκερως, φιλοπάννουχε φαῖνε Cελήνη,  
 φαῖνε, δι' εὐτρήτων βαλλομένη θυρίδων·  
 αὔγαζε χρυσέην Καλλίστιον· ἐς τὰ φιλεύντων  
 ἔργα κατοπτεύειν οὐ φθόνος ἀθανάτη.  
 ὀλβίζεις καὶ τήνδε καὶ ἡμέας, οἶδα, Cελήνη,  
 καὶ γὰρ σὴν ψυχὴν ἔφλεγεν Ἐνδυμίων.

---

Wenn ich bei meiner Liebsten bin,  
 Dann geht das Herz mir auf;  
 Dann bin ich reich in meinem Sinn,  
 Ich biet' die Welt zu Kauf.

Doch wenn ich wieder scheiden muss,  
 Aus ihrem Schwanenarm,  
 Dann schwindet all mein Überfluss,  
 Und ich bin bettelarm.

HEINE



Shine out, O hornèd Moon, O festal night's befriender,  
 Shine through the latticed window with thy  
 silver light ;

My golden fair illumè, gaze forth in all thy splendour,—

Immortal eyes are free to look on love's delight :—  
 Thy conscious heart, I know, is kind to us and tender,—  
 Endymion, O Selene, set thine own heart's flame  
 alight !

---

Ὅσσάκις Ἡρίννης ὑποκόλπιος, ὀλβιοδαίμων

πλούτον ἔχειν Γύγεω πλείον' ἐμοὶ δοκέω.

εὖτε δ' ἀποξευχθεὶς οἶκον μόλω, αὐτίχ' ὁ πλούτος

δειλὸν ἀποπτάμενός μ' ἴρον ἔθηκε πάλιν.

Ἀνέρα λυσσητῆρι κυνὸς βεβολημένον ἰῶ  
 ὕδασι θηρείην εἰκόνα φασὶ βλέπειν·  
 λυσσῶων τάχα πικρὸν Ἔρωσ ἐνέπηξεν ὀδόντα  
 εἰς ἐμέ, καὶ μανίαις θυμὸν ἐληΐσατο·  
 σὴν γὰρ ἐμοὶ καὶ πόντος ἐπήρατον εἰκόνα φαίνει,  
 καὶ ποταμῶν δῖναι, καὶ δέπας οἰνοχόον.

---

Aus meinen Thränen spriessen  
 Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
 Und meine Seufzer werden  
 Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
 Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',  
 Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
 Das Lied der Nachtigall.

HEINE

By a dog's rabid fury when poisoned, they tell us,  
Dog's form in all waters the victim will see:  
At the moment when Love set his tooth in my bosom,  
Love surely was mad, working madness in me,—  
For the ocean, the river, the wine in the goblet,  
Show only one sweet darling image of thee!

---

Πολλά μοι ἐκ δακρύων καλά τ' ἄνθεα, Δωρί, φύονται,  
οἷα δ' ἀηδονίδων κῶμος ἐμαὶ στοναχαί.  
ἦν δὲ φιλήσ μ', ὦ Δωρί, τά τ' ἄνθεα σοὶ τάδε κείται,  
σοῖς τ' ᾄδει προθύροις γῆρυς ἀηδονίδων.

Οἰκτρότατον μήτηρ σε, Χαρίζενε, δῶρον ἐς ἄδαν  
ὀκτωκαιδεκέταν ἐστόλισεν χλαμύδι.  
ἦ γὰρ δὴ καὶ πέτρος ἀνέστευεν, ἀνὶκ' ἀπ' οἴκων  
ἄλικες οἰμωγᾶ σὸν νέκυν ἠχθοφόρευν·  
πένθος δ', οὐχ ὑμέναιον, ἀνωρύοντο γονῆες,  
αἰαῖ, τὰς μαστῶν ψευδομένας χάριτας,  
καὶ κενεὰς ὠδῖνας. ἰὼ κακοπάρθενε Μοῖρα,  
στεῖρα γονᾶς στοργὰν ἔπτυσας εἰς ἀνέμους.

Most piteous was the gift, most worthy tears,  
Thy mother gave,  
Just in young manhood's garb, thine eighteen years  
Drest for the grave.

The very stones cried out along that road  
From thy home's door  
Where sorrowing deep the lifeless body's load  
Thy fellows bore;

Thy parents with loud moan, that should have been  
Thy wedding strain,  
Wailing the child's thank-offering never seen,  
The hopes all vain,

The fruitless travail!—Ah, thou loveless hard  
Stern Fate above,  
Thou barren Virgin, trash in thy regard  
Was parents' love!



## ΑΝΩΝΥΜΟΥ

Οὐ τὸ θανεῖν ἀλγεινόν, ἐπεὶ τό γε πᾶσι πέπρωται·  
 ἀλλὰ πρὶν ἡλικίης καὶ γονέων πρότερον.  
 οὐ γάμον, οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἰδών, οὐ νύμφια λέκτρα,  
 κεῖμαι ἔρως πολλῶν, ἐσσόμενος πλεόνων.

---

Here a pretty baby lies,  
 Sung to sleep with lullabies :  
 Pray be silent and not stir  
 The easy earth that covers her.

HERRICK

---

## ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ

Παῖδά με πενταέτηρον ἀκηδέα θυμὸν ἔχοντα  
 νηλεὲς Ἀΐδης ἥρπασε Καλλίμαχον.  
 ἀλλά με μὴ κλαίοις· καὶ γὰρ βιότοιο μετέσχον  
 παύρου, καὶ παύρων τῶν βιότοιο κακῶν.

It is not Death that is so keen,  
 Death is our common lot foreseen ;  
 But to die thus ere man's estate,  
 Earlier than our parents' date !  
 Bridal music, bridal bed,  
 All denied, I lie unwed ;  
 Loved by many a heart before,  
 Henceforth to be loved by more.

---

*Μήτηρ βαυκαλώσά μ' ἐκοίμισεν· ἀτρέμα βαῖνε  
 μὴ 'γείρης κούφην γῆν μ' ἐπιεσσάμενον.*

---

While a tender child of five,  
 And so glad to be alive,  
 Hence away Death roughly bore me :—  
 Yet, I pray thee, weep not for me :  
 Few my days on earth, and few  
 My days of earthly sorrow too.

LUCIAN

Οἶδ' ὅτι θνατὸς ἐγὼ καὶ ἐφάμερος· ἀλλ' ὅταν ἄστρον  
 μαστεύω πυκινὰς ἀμφιδρόμους ἑλικας,  
 οὐκέτ' ἐπιψάύω γαίης ποσίν, ἀλλὰ παρ' αὐτῷ  
 Ζανὶ θεοτρεφέος πίμπλαμαι ἀμβροσίης.

---

## ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ

Κηνὴν πᾶς ὁ βίος καὶ παίγνιον· ἡ μάθε παίζειν  
 τὴν σπουδὴν μεταθείς, ἡ φέρε τὰς ὁδύνας.

---

My soul, sit thou a patient looker-on;  
 Judge not the play before the play is done:  
 Her plot hath many changes; every day  
 Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES

I am but human and must die :  
 Yet when aloft I gaze  
 And trace the tangled stars on high  
 Through all their curving maze,  
 No more then on the earth I tread,  
 But far far hence recline  
 With Zeus in heaven, and share the bread  
 Of deathless Gods divine.

---

## PALLADAS

All Life is but a Stage, a Play :  
 Take then your part,  
 And put all seriousness away,  
 Or bear the smart.

---

## ΤΕΛΟΣ ΟΡΑ

Ψυχή, στέργε τὸ δράμα καθημένη οἷα θεάτης,  
 κρῖνε δὲ μὴ προπετῶς ἀλλ' ἐπιδούσα τέλος.  
 ἔστι τι γὰρ ποίκιλμα πολύπλοκον· ἡμαρ ἕκαστον  
 καινίζει· τὸ δὲ πᾶν δράμα κρανεῖ τὸ πέρας.

## NOTES

Page 3. ALCMAN 650 B.C. He is no longer able to keep up with his choir of Spartan maidens in their dance. Antigonus of Carystus who quotes this fragment (*Hist. Mirabil.* 23) says that the 'ceryl' (κηρύλος) is the male halcyon, and that when he grows too old to fly the females take him on their wings and carry him.

v. 12. *Green leaves* was taken from Bergk's conjecture φύλλα θ', έρπετά θ' όσσα and I did not care to alter it: but the true reading I have no doubt is Schoemann's φῦλά θ' έρπετά τόσσα. The MS. gives φῦλά τε έρπετά θ' όσσα.

Page 5. SAPPHO 600 B.C. All the previous English translations of her fragments have been collected by H. T. Wharton in *Sappho* (Stott, 1887).

This poem is quoted by Longinus περὶ ὕψους 10.

v. 7. ὥς σε γὰρ Φίδω βρόχε', ὥς με φώνας οὐδὲν ἔτ' εἴκει.

The cadence is the same, and has the same effect, as in v. 22 of the next poem, αἰ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δέκετ', ἀλλὰ δώσει. The MS. has βρόχέωσμε (corrected, seemingly, from βροχέωσμε), and βρόχε', ὥς με the reading of Hermann and Blass, gives us a formula used by poets from Homer, Ξ 294, Υ 424, to Oppian, *Hal.* iv. 96 οἱ δ' ἄρ' ὁμαρτῇ ὥς ἴδον, ὥς ἐκέχυντο



παραφθαδόν. I would restore it in Callimachus *Hecale* (published from the Rainer papyri by Prof. Gomperz) Column I. v. 2 :

ὥς ἴδον ο[ἴδ'] ἅμα πάντες ὑπ[έτρ]εσαν ἢδ' [ἐλίας]θεν.

Read ὥς ἴδον, ὥς ἅμα πάντες ὑπέτρεσαν, as in Matro's Epic parody (Athenaeus 136 d) κωλῆν δ' ὥς ἔιδον, ὥς ἔτρεμον. But it was used especially in describing love at first sight : Hom. Ξ 294 ὥς ἴδεν, ὥς μιν Ἔρος πυκινὰς φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν, Theocr. ii. 81 χῶς ἴδον, ὥς ἐμάνην, ὥς μιν περὶ θυμὸς ἰάφθη, iii. 42 ὥς ἴδεν, ὥς ἐμάνη, ὥς εἰς βαθὺν ἄλατ' ἔρωτα : and it is surprising that no editor of the Lyric Poets or of Longinus since should have thought it worth considering in Sappho.

v. 15. *Greener than the grass.* The hue of pallor, white in Northerners and ashy in the negro, is in olive complexions yellowish or greenish ; and accordingly comparisons which Greek and Latin used were *pale as grass* (Longus i. 17), or *gold* (Catullus lxiv. 100), or *saffron* (Aesch. *Agam.* 1110 and others), or *box-wood* (Theocritus ii. 88 on p. 169, Nicander Ἀλεξιφάρμακα 570, 579 ; the pale Chaerephon was called πύξινος Eupolis *fr.* 239, θάψινος Aristoph. *Vesp.* 1413 : *pallidior buxo* Ovid *Metam.* iv. 134 and others).

The Sapphic stanza is merely a development of the figures called 'Glyconic.' The most usual form of the Glyconic is

ἴδρως κακχέεται τρόμος :

another (with the dactyl at the end) is

ἀ δέ μ' ἴδρως κακχέεται.

By the addition of ∪ — — the first becomes the ordinary

hendecasyllable, and the second becomes the 'Sapphic hendecasyllable,'—which thus includes both forms of the Glyconic *overlapping* one another:

## Glyconic

ἀ δέ μ' ἔδρωσ κακχέεται τρόμος δέ

## Glyconic

The Glyconic has two forms of close:

(a) with the dactyl in the first foot

μή μ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα,

(b) with the dactyl in the second foot

δάμνα πότνια θῦμον.

So that either of these would be Glyconic:

(1) μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίαισι

μή μ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα.

Or (2)

μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίαισι

δάμνα πότνια θῦμον.

In the conclusion of the Sapphic stanza we get both these forms of close overlapping, or *telescoped*, as it were, into the preceding line:

## Glyconic opening

## Glyconic close (b)

μή μ' ἄσαισι μήτ' ὀνίαισι δάμνα πότνια θῦμον.

## Glyconic close (a)

Page 6. Quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus *de compositione verborum* 23 as an example of that style of composition which is γλαφυρά καὶ ἀνθηρά, smooth and full of colour. It is a style which does not seek to make every word stand out conspicuous and prominent, nor yet is it content to have them flat and stationary, with long rests

between them, but keeps moving with the continuous and unresting current of a flowing stream. Its component elements are joined as with the texture of a woven web, or as the melting together of light and shadow in a picture. It delights in soft, luxurious and seductive language; all the words it uses must be beautiful in sound and smoothly syllabled; it shrinks from everything that is harsh and rough and overbold; and its periods of rhythm must be balanced and well marked. The passage is too long to quote in full, and translation without comment could not well convey the value of its descriptive terms of criticism, but it is worth the attention of those who would gather the effect which Sappho's language made upon a Greek ear practised in the minute study of expression. He finds the beauty of this poem and its charm to arise out of the smooth conjunction of its phrases and the alternation of the consonants and vowels: hardly a word to harshen its melodious diction; nothing to raise any wave of roughness in its soft and flowing stream of sound.

There is always in the verse of Sappho a directness and unlaboured ease of language, as if every lovely sentence came by nature from the mouth at once; as though she spoke in song, and what she sang were the expression of her very soul, the voice of languorous enjoyment and desire of beauty:

My blood was hot wan wine of love,  
And my song's sound the sound thereof,  
The sound of the delight of it.

v. 1. *ποικιλόθρονε*: with such a throne as that on which *Τυραννίς* sits in Dion Chrysostom i. p. 69: *ὑψηλοτέρῳ καὶ*



κρείττονι τῷ θρόνῳ, μυρίας τινὰς ἄλλας ἔχοντι γλυφὰς καὶ διαθέσεις χρυσοῦ καὶ ἐλέφαντος καὶ ἡλέκτρον καὶ ἐβένου καὶ παντοδαπῶν χρωμάτων πεποικιλμένῳ. One might say

*Jewel-throned immortal Aphrodite.*

v. 8. χρύσιον is generally taken with πάτρος δὲ δόμον, but the position of the word together with the rhythm of the verse persuade me that Sappho meant the golden chariot which Apuleius *Metam.* vi. 113 says that Vulcan made: *at Venus, terrenis remediis inquisitionis abnuens, caelum petit. iubet construi [instrui Ruhnken] currum, quem ei Vulcanus aurifex subtili fabrica studiose poliuerat, et ante thalami rudimentum nuptiale munus obtulerat, limae tenuantis detrimento conspicuum, et ipsius auri damno preciosum. de multis quae circa cubiculum dominae stabulant procedunt quatuor candidae columbae, et hilaris incessibus colla torquentes iugum gemmeum subeunt, susceptaque domina laetae subuolant. currum deae prosequentes gannitu constrepenti lasciuiunt passeret; et caeterae quae dulce cantitant aues, melleis modulis suaue resonantes, aduentum deae praenunciant. cedunt nubes, et caelum filiae panditur, et summus aether cum gaudio suscipit deam.* χρυσῇ was her especial epithet, and in Soph. *O. C.* 692 (p. 124) she is ἡ χρυσάνιος Ἀφροδίτα.

v. 10. στρουθοί as a rule meant *sparrows*, and that may be Sappho's meaning here; but στρουθὸς ἡ μεγάλη or Λιβυκή or κατάγαιος was the *ostrich*, and poetry could use the word of any fowl. Aeschylus (with an allusion to the στρουθοί of Hom. B 311 and the *Cypria*) caused it to mean *eagles*, *Agam.* 146:

τόσον περ εὐφρων δέ, καλὰ,  
δρόσοισι λεπταῖς μαλερῶν λεόντων,

πάντων τ' ἀγρονόμων φιλομάστοις  
 θηρῶν ὀβρικάλοις,—εἴπερ τινά<sup>1</sup>,  
 τούτων αἶνει ξύμβολα κράναι,  
 δεξιὰ μὲν, κατάμομφα δέ, στρουθῶν.

But, O thou Beauteous One,—for all  
 So tender is thy loving care  
 For young dew dropping weak and small  
 In ravenous lion's teeming lair,  
 And for the suckling whelps of all  
 Wild creatures of the wood or field,—  
 Yet now, at our most urgent call,  
 Vouchsafe to yield;  
 Yield, and fulfil this feathered sign,  
 The most part good, yet part malign!

The Stymphalian birds are called στρουθοί on a marble (Winckelmann *Monumenti Antichi* II p. 85), and in Nicander Ἀλεξιφάρμακα 60 and 535 the scholiast takes στρουθὸς κατοικᾶς to mean, not the house-sparrow, but the domestic fowl—from which chicken-broth is made. It seems therefore as if Sappho might have used the word indefinitely, so that you might think not only of sparrows but of Aphrodite's more especial doves, who chariot her in Apuleius; or perhaps of swans, who are harnessed for her by the Roman poets: Horace *Odes* iii. 28. 15, iv. 1. 10. Statius *Silvae* i. 2. 142, iii. 4. 22, Silius vii. 440.

<sup>1</sup> For ὀβρικάλοισιτερπνὰ, which is meaningless, I have restored sense and metre by a petitionary formula which is used for instance here by Sappho (*Classical Review*, 1901, p. 16).



Page 12. SEVERINO FERRARI, *Bordalini* vi. In *Italian Lyrists of To-day* (1893) Dr G. A. Greene has given this translation :

Of the splendid sun a ray

Fell on my heart, and will not thence away.

While o'er thy work half-done

Thou guidedst with thy hand, my heart's desire,

The needle running through the web with speed,

A golden ray the sun

Athwart thy tresses interwove ; and fire

Blazed all around : my heart began to bleed :—

'A goddess this indeed !

She must return to heaven : she cannot stay !'

Page 17. The choriambic to an English ear sounds no more restless than the canter of a rocking-horse, but in Greek it was commonly an agitated rhythm. This metre was used after Sappho to embody the same kind of troubled feeling by Theocritus xxx. in an Aeolic imitation, by Catullus

*Alfene, immemor atque unanimis false sodalibus,*  
and by Horace *Odes* iv. 10.

Page 19. v. 6. ὕψος ἐξ ὕψους, i.e. ὕψος ἐξ ὕψους, 'height after height.' Those who have watched the way in which a skylark mounts will know what the phrase means. It has been most perfectly expressed in a true lyric by Mrs Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, *The Wind in the Trees* (Grant Richards, 1898) :

All day long in exquisite air

The song clomb an invisible stair,

Flight on flight, story on story,  
Into the dazzling glory.  
There was no bird, only a singing,  
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,  
Like a small golden cloud at even,  
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.  
I saw no staircase winding, winding,  
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,  
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,  
The song went up the stair.

Page 27. IBYCUS, sixth century B.C., a passage quoted by Athenaeus 601 b. What Cicero says, *Tusc.* iv. 33. 71, *maxime vero omnium flagrare amore Rheginum Ibycum apparet ex scriptis*, is borne out by the fragments we possess. Remark how this idyllic opening shifts without a break and works up rapidly into a tempestuous passion. The sudden contrast and the stormy vehemence remind one of Hungarian music.

Page 29. The date of Hybrias is uncertain; it is conjectured to have been the seventh century B.C.

His metre is a combination of Dorian epitrite with Ionian logaoedic: and either of these movements, sounding in a trained Greek ear, would be at once associated with the different moral temper of each race—the Dorian stern and strenuous and martial, the Ionian soft and worldly and enjoying. The combination of them, therefore, in this order, would suggest too-serious Dorian tempered and corrected with Ionian gaiety and humour. This was just the metre to convey the tone of mock-heroic or burlesque or Gasconade.

The stanza which resembles that of Hybrias most nearly is the Alcaic, and it was equally fitted to express the devil-may-care temper of Alcaeus.

I thought the combination was well suited to the spirit of Montrose's song, and found it could be managed in the stave of Hybrias. Analysed, these metres are

Dorian epitrite

ἔστι μοι πλοῦτος : μέγας : δόρυ καὶ ξίφος

Ionian logaoedic

Dorian

καὶ τὸ καλὸν λαισῆϊον πρόβλημα χρωτός

Dorian

τούτῳ γὰρ ἄρῳ τούτῳ θερίζω

Ionian

τούτῳ πατέω τὸν : ἄδην οἶνον ἀπ' ἀμπέλω

Ionian

τούτῳ δεσπότης μοῖας κέκλημαι.

So far as metre goes, πατέω might be scanned either πᾶτέῳ or πᾶτῳ: I decided for the former, which repeats the opening movement of the two preceding lines.

The Alcaic:

Dorian epitrite                      dactylic

οὐ χρὴ κακοῖσι : θῦμον ἐπιτρέπην

Ionian logaoedic

προκόψομεν γὰρ : οὐδὲν ἀσάμενοι,

epitrite

ὦ Βύκχι, φάρμακον δ' ἄριστον

dactylic

οἶνον ἐνεγκαμένοις : μεθύσθην

logaoedic.

Page 32. This piece is by the genuine Anacreon, of the sixth century B.C., and is a characteristic specimen of that accomplished metrist. It is not much to my taste, and I should not have chosen to translate it except for the sake of giving the Greek model for the version on p. 35. The two pieces certainly have much in common on the surface, but there is an ignoble element in Anacreon's from which the Ettrick Shepherd's innocent and wholesome little poem is quite free.

ἀμφὶ τέρματα, Hom. X 162.

Page 37. Polypheme's song in *Acis and Galatea* Gay derived from Ovid *Metamorphoses* xiii. 790 seqq., which is an expansion of Theocritus xi. 20.

Page 39. This perhaps is better :

Could we but see men as they are !  
 Could bare the breast, unpin it,  
 Hold it apart, and view the heart,  
 And read what lies within it.

Page 43. I have transposed the last two stanzas because Greek would rather put the contrast in this way.

The metre is an arrangement of my own, but it is constructed strictly according to the principles which Greek composers followed and which I have explained in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1902 Part II p. 209. The first line is Glyconic ; the second is extended by the addition of ∪ — —, by means of which the latter part becomes Anacreontic. The third line is the same, only that the opening is Glyconic of the headless form, as

Ὑμῆν Ὑμέναι' ἰώ,  
 Ὑμῆν Ὑμέναι' ὦ.



the whole being like Sappho's πλήρης ∷ μὲν ἐφαίνεται  
 α ∷ ∷ σελάννα or the 8th of Pindar's fourth Nemean,  
 γλωσσα ∷ φρενὸς ἐξέλη ∷ βαθείας. The fourth begins  
 like Ὑμῆν Ὑμέναι ω, and concludes with three long notes  
 in the phrase ∪ ∪ — ∪ — — —, as used in the Anacreontic  
 comus song, *Cyclops* 495 :

ἐπὶ δεμνίοισι τ' ἄνθος  
 χλιδανῆς ἔχων ἑταίρας  
 μυρόχριστος λιπαρὸν βόσ-  
 τρυχον, αἰδᾷ δέ, "θύραν τίς οἷξει μοι;"

and Sophocles *Antigone* 813 :

ἔγκληρον οὐτ' ἐπινύμ-  
 φειός πώ με τις ὕμνος ὕμ-  
 νησεν ἀλλ' Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσῃ.

The analysis is :

Glyconic

ὅστις δ' αὖθ' ὑδαρῇ πῶν

Glyconic

νήφουσιν ∷ φρονίμως ἔη ∷ πὶ κοίτην

Anacreontic

Glyconic

οὗτος ∷ φθινοπωριναῖσιν ὥραις

Anacreontic

Glyconic close

φύλλον κατακαρφθεὶς ∷ ἐπὶ γῇ πεσὼν κείται.



Page 48. SIMONIDES' *Danae*, quoted by Dionysius of Halicarnassus *de comp. verb.* 26, is a passage extracted from a longer poem.

The best commentary on it is in Lucian's *Dialogues of the Sea* 12: Lucian knew this poem of course; and he had felt its pathos. Doris asks how Danae behaved when cast into the ark by her relentless parent, who was unaware that the father of her child was Zeus. Thetis answers: '*For herself she was silent, and submitted to her sentence; but endeavoured to beg off her child from death, weeping, and showing it to its grandfather,—a most lovely one it was: but the babe in ignorance of all the trouble, smiled at the sea:—my eyes fill again with tears as I remember them.*' 'You make me weep too,' says Doris. And they determine to rescue them: '*No,*' says Thetis, '*they must never be allowed to perish, she and such a pretty babe.*'

The careless unconsciousness of a dreaming infant is the motive of a charming poem by Victor Hugo in *Les Feuilles d'Automne* No. XX.

Enfant, rêve encore !  
 Dors, ô mes amours !  
 Ta jeune âme ignore  
 Où s'en vont tes jours.  
 Comme une algue morte,  
 Tu vas, que t'importe ?  
 Le courant t'emporte,  
 Mais tu dors toujours !

Sans soin, sans étude  
 Tu dors en chemin...

Page 52. PINDAR, born 522 B.C. For the readings of the passage see Bergk's edition, p. 425: it went on to describe the rivers of the damned.

προάστιον, a public park outside the city, is the true Greek equivalent for παράδεισος, *paradise*, which was a Persian word: Photius (s.v. τὸ ἐνεστώς) ὁ γὰρ παράδεισος ἐπὶ τοῦ περιπάτου δένδρα καὶ ὕδατα ἔχοντος. ἔστι δὲ τοῦνομα Περσικόν, καὶ λέγεται φαρδαιθί. Lucian *Vera Historia* 23 ἐξηρέθη αὐτῷ (for Socrates) ἀριστεῖον, καλὸς τε καὶ μέγιστος παράδεισος ἐν τῷ προαστείῳ, ἔνθα καὶ συγκαλῶν τοὺς ἐταίρους διελέγετο, Νεκρακαδήμειαν τὸν τόπον προσαγορεύσας.

With the Greeks it was initiation in the Eleusinian Mysteries that gave the hope of life hereafter and admission into Paradise. The Mysteries displayed it to the eye, and also the other place, where the uninitiated were seen 'lying in the mire.' Paradise is many times described (for instance by Pindar again in the second Olympian, by Aristophanes in the *Frogs* 344, 446) and with certain constant details. It is always a flowery Meadow, radiant with Light—symbolical of spiritual light—wherein the blessed walk amid celestial harpings and with wreaths upon their heads. But it is pretty here to notice how with all this Oriental happiness the Greek is not content to be without his games.

Page 55. *The Wisdom of Solomon* is the work of a Jew who did not use the Hebrew Scriptures but the version of the Septuagint, and was imbued with Greek philosophy. His ideas are worthy of a finer Greek than the poor prose in which he endeavours to express them, and a Greek who thought and felt as he did would have written verse. Part

poet and religious mystic, part philosopher, part rhetorician, he appeared to me, in these respects and in his earnestness of temper, to have much in common with Empedocles, and I have tried to do the first of these chapters in his manner; venturing, like him, to use bold compounds, *θυμοπεδῆται* and *σκοτόδεσμος* (like *λινόδεσμος* in Aeschylus), and a personification, *Συνειδώ*, which I think Empedocles would have used as readily as the many of that kind that he invented. An account of Empedocles is given by Symonds *Greek Poets* I p. 191.

The author is moralising on the story of *Exodus* vii.—xii.

Page 58. Nothing I have ever read has seemed to me so strikingly Pindaric as this chapter, for its loftiness and vividness combined:—remark especially the noble passage on p. 62, with its magnificent image for the word of God. The Greek conceptions it recalls are Aeschylus *Theb.* 415:

τὴν Διὸς

ἔριν πέδοι σκήψασαν ἐμποδών,

and Homer's description of *Ἔρις* in Δ 442:

ἦτ' ὀλίγη μὲν πρῶτα κορύσσεται, αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα  
οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ βαίνει.

He does not of course write in all respects as Pindar would have done; he dwells at too great length upon the same ideas: but otherwise his treatment of an Epic narrative is very much like that employed by Pindar, and by Aeschylus in the first chorus of the *Agamemnon*.

The rhythm for a poem of this moral temper must of course be Dorian; the arrangement here is that of the third Pythian.



Page 67. BACCHYLIDES (p. 411 ed. Jebb), a fragment. *Webs of the spider brown*: this is the earliest occurrence of an idea which has had many imitations afterwards, as in Theocritus xvi. 96. Perhaps the latest and most beautiful is Tennyson's in *Maud*:

No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace  
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,  
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,  
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat  
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

*The sound of the brazen trumpet is not heard*: it became a commonplace in praise of Peace that you could sleep the whole night long and were not awakened by the trumpet in the morning just when sleep is sweetest: Polybius iii. p. 433 Schweighäuser δειν ἀναμνησθῆναι τοὺς συνέδρους διότι κοιμωμένους τὸν ὄρθρὸν ἐν μὲν τῷ πολέμῳ διεγείρουσιν οἱ σάλπιγγες, κατὰ δὲ τὴν εἰρήνην οἱ ὄρνιθες, a saying quoted by Plutarch *Nic.* 9 together with Euripides *Erechtheus* frag. κείσθω δόρυ μοι μίτον ἀμφιπλέκειν ἀράχνης: Horace *Epode* 2. 5, Tibullus i. 1. 4. This is the meaning of Aesch. *Agam.* 348 ὡς δ' εὐδαίμονες, ἀφύλακτον εὐδήσουσι πᾶσαν εὐφρόνην

and how blest!

Will sleep the live-long sweet unguarded night.

ἀῶος is the beautiful emendation of Blass for ἀμος: he compared Pindar *Pyth.* ix. 23 and the *Rhesus* 543 where the soldiers sing

θέλγει δ' ὄμματος ἔδραν  
ῥπνος, ἀδιστος γὰρ ἔβα  
βλεφάροις πρὸς αὐούς.

Add *Anth. Pal.* vii. 726 ἐσπέριον κῆϕον ἀπώσατο  
 πολλάκις ὕπνον, and Lucian i. 680 ζῶθέν τε ὑπὸ κώδωνι  
 ἐξανασταῖς ἀποσεισάμενος τοῦ ὕπνου τὸ ἡδιστον.

Page 69. The *Supplices* of Aeschylus vv. 58—117.  
 From internal evidence it is inferred to be the earliest  
 of his surviving plays; the greater part of it is lyric, singing  
 like a bird.

The daughters of Danaus fly over seas from Egypt to  
 escape marriage with the sons of their father's brother  
 Aegyptus, which these cousins seek to force upon them;  
 and take refuge in Argos, from which they had originally  
 sprung. For they trace their descent from the Argive  
 priestess Io, the beloved of Zeus himself. Hera, to  
 frustrate this amour, transformed Io into a heifer, and set  
 over her the all-seeing Herdsman, whose continual goading  
 drives her across the Bosphorus, and so, through Asia, into  
 Egypt (p. 79). There she gives birth to Epaphus (p. 83).  
 It is on these grounds that the Danaids appeal to Zeus and  
 to the Argives for protection.

What the Hellene chiefly prided himself upon, as dis-  
 tinguishing him from the barbarian, was respect for Law:  
 and there was no law more sacred than that which enjoined  
 upon him to revere the petition of a suppliant. This is the  
 sentiment to which the play appeals.—The Danaids now  
 have just arrived in Argos.

Pages 72—74. The sublimity of this grand passage  
 has been felt even through the imperfections of the text,  
 which have caused the understanding of it to be vague.  
 The Chorus here, as I have pointed out in my prose



translation (Bell, 1900), divides for the moment into two parties. A voice cries, *O that it were possible with very truth God's*—when a second, recognising a proverbial aspiration, interrupts with a reply that it is vain. The same dispute breaks out afresh at the conclusion of the play (1054—1072), where there is an animated altercation between the holders of the two opinions.

κἀν σκότῳ 'even in darkness,' where a light should shine the brightest: Maximus Tyrius xl. 4 ὥς γὰρ ἐν νυκτὶ φῶς ἐκ πυρὸς τοῦ δι' ἡμέρας φανέντος ἀκμαιότερον, ὑπὸ πολλοῦ τοῦ περιεχυμένου σκότους ἐλεγχόμενον, ἐν δὲ ἡλίῳ τὸ αὐτὸ ἀμυδρὸν καὶ ἀσθενὲς πρὸς ἀνταγωνιστὴν ἰσχυρότερον. The sense has not been understood.

Page 74. τὰν ἄπονον δ' ἁρμονίαν, *His effortless Harmony*: the article τὰν shows that ἄπονον was already its established epithet. δ' ἁρμονίαν is my emendation; the ms. gives

βροτόνσ' βίαν

δ' οὐτιν' ἐξοπλίζει τὰν ἄποινον δαιμονίων

ἡμεν ον ἀμ φρόνημά πωσ

αὐτόθεν ἐξ ἐπραξεν ἔμπασ ἐδράνων ἐφ' ἀγνῶν,

with ἀμ altered to ἄν (*i.e.* ἄνω). Aeschylus has the phrase again in *P.V.* 569:

οὔποτε τὰν Διὸς ἁρμονίαν

θνατῶν

παρεξίασι βουλαί,

'never shall the devices of mankind transgress the ordered *Harmony of God*.' But it did not, as the critics have supposed, originate with him. It was Pythagoras who first applied it to the ordered system of God's universe,

in which all things work together to one end ; and it was adopted after him by Heraclitus. Some illustration of the present passage may be found in my prose version ; but the best of all is in the treatise *περὶ κόσμου*, attributed in the ms. to Aristotle, and printed with his works. It is couched in conventional Pythagorean phraseology: pp. 397—400:

*It is an ancient and traditional view with all mankind that everything takes its constitution from God and through God, and that no nature by itself is self-sufficient, when devoided of the preservation given by Him. Wherefore some of the ancients were led to declare that 'all this world is full of deities,'—all the appearances that we perceive through eyes and ears and any sense: a theory becoming to the power of deity, but not so to His essence. God is indeed the Preserver of all, and the Parent of everything which is in any way effected in this world ; He does not, however, undergo the toil of a working and laborious creature, but employs an indefatigable power, by means of which He masters even what seems far removed....He has no need of contrivance or of ministry by others, as our rulers require many hands by reason of their weakness ; this is just the purest attribute of the divine—the ability to produce various effects with ease and simple motion....There is one Harmony of all things singing and quiring together in the heavens, which from one beginning rises and in one close ends, and gives to the whole universe with very truth the name of Order [κόσμον], not disorder....This then is the position God holds in the world—maintaining the Harmony of all things and their preservation....To sum up ; as is the pilot in a ship, the leader in a chorus, law in a city, the general in a camp, even such God is in the world: except*

*that their rule is fatiguing, and requires much movement and much anxious thought, while His is effortless and painless and exempt from all corporeal weakness; seated in an unmoved place, He moveth and disposeth all things where and how He will.*

σωτήρ μὲν γὰρ ὄντως ἀπάντων ἐστὶ καὶ γενέτωρ τῶν ὁπωσδήποτε κατὰ τόνδε τὸν κόσμον συντελούμενον ὁ θεός, οὐ μὴν αὐτουργοῦ καὶ ἐπιπόνου ζῶου κάματος ὑπομένων, ἀλλὰ δυνάμει χρώμενος ἀτρύτῳ, δι' ἧς καὶ τῶν πόρρω δοκούντων εἶναι περιγίγνεται.... οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐπιτεχνήσεως αὐτῷ δεῖ καὶ ὑπηρεσίας τῆς παρ' ἐτέρων, ὥσπερ τοῖς παρ' ἡμῖν ἄρχουσι τῆς πολυχειρίας διὰ τὴν ἀσθένειαν· ἀλλὰ τοῦτο ἦν τὸ θειότατον, τὸ μετὰ ῥαστώνης καὶ ἀπλῆς κινήσεως παντοδαπὰς ἀποτελεῖν ιδέας.... μία δὲ ἐκ πάντων ἁρμονία συναδόντων καὶ χορευόντων κατὰ τὸν οὐρανὸν ἐξ ἑνός τε γίνεται καὶ εἰς ἓν ἀπολήγει, κόσμον ἐτύμως τὸ σύμπαν ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀκοσμίαν ὀνομάσασα.... τοῦτον οὖν ἔχει τὸν λόγον ὁ θεὸς ἐν κόσμῳ, συνέχων τὴν τῶν ὅλων ἁρμονίαν τε καὶ σωτηρίαν.... καθόλου δέ, ὅπερ ἐν νηὶ μὲν κυβερνήτης, ἐν ἄρματι δὲ ἡνίοχος, ἐν χορῷ δὲ κορυφαῖος, ἐν πόλει δὲ νόμος, ἐν στρατοπέδῳ δὲ ἡγεμών, τοῦτο θεὸς ἐν κόσμῳ· πλὴν καθ' ὅσον τοῖς μὲν καματηρὸν τὸ ἄρχειν πολυκίνητόν τε καὶ πολυμέριμον, τῷ δὲ ἄλυπον ἄπονόν τε καὶ πάσης κεχωρισμένον σωματικῆς ἀσθενείας· ἐν ἀκινήτῳ γὰρ ἰδρυμένος πάντα κινεῖ καὶ περιάγει ὅπου βούλεται καὶ ὅπως.

Page 75. For *Move onward* read *Accomplished*.

Page 76 fin. The construction is ἀπὸ τᾶσδ' ἐνοίκου γᾶς 'by descent from a dweller in this land': this is the ground on which their appeal is based. A copyist, naturally taking γᾶς ἀπὸ τᾶσδ' as 'from this land,' altered ἐνοίκου (which I have restored) to ἐνοικοί.



Page 79. *And corn-abounding region, Aphrodite's reign:* Syro-Phoenicia, whose great ports supplied the world with corn (Isaiah xxiii. 3 *And on great waters the seed of Shihor, the harvest of the river, was her revenue; and she was a mart of nations*; Herodas ii. 16), and where Astarte, the *Συρία θεός*, had her famous seats of Libanus and Byblus (Pausanias i. 14. 7 Frazer ii p. 128, *Classical Review* 1898 p. 192).

Page 81. *Where meet the eternal foes:* Typho (the *typhoon*) was in Egyptian theology the embodiment of drought and pestilence and all influences harmful and malignant; whereas the Nile was a manifestation of Osiris, the beneficent power corresponding to Zeus: see Plutarch *de Iside et Osiride* p. 363D—376F, and Heliodorus *Aethiopica* ix. 9. Typho is at constant war with Nile, but never prevails against him; Nile is therefore *νόσοις ἄθικτος*. Stanley in 1663 observed: *Porro hodie in Aegyptia metropoli Caira ad primum incrementi Niliaci momentum subsidit Pestilentia. Nemo tum moritur, licet pridie quingenti.*

Page 82. *βία δ' ἀπημαντοσθενεί* is my reading for the MS. *βία δ' ἀπημάντωι σθένει*.

For the significance of the expression see the note on p. 285.

Page 84. *τὸ πᾶν μῆχαρ οὐριος Ζεύς:* Zeus, the God of Heaven or the Sky, was called *Ζεὺς οὐριος* as giver of *fair weather*: Aeschylus uses the title with a mystical application.

*Ib.* *ὑπ' ἀρχᾶς:* the language throughout the stanza alludes to the functions of the two bodies of legislature

at Athens. Measures were originated in the Council (βουλή): a bill passing the Council became a προβούλευμα, which had then to be introduced and submitted for ratification to the General Assembly (ἐκφέρεισθαι or εἰσφέρεισθαι εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν or τὸν δῆμον).

Page 87. *Supplices* 638. The King of Argos—a constitutional monarch, not a 'tyrant'—has advised his people to respect the petition of the suppliants; and protection has been granted by a unanimous vote '*with high-uplifted hand.*' This is the song of thanks the Danaids sing, invoking blessings upon Argos.

Page 89, I 2. The 'heavy wrath' (βαρὺς κότος) of God is developed into the image of a foul bird sitting heavily on the polluted roof, as a μιάστωρ: see *Agam.* 1660 in my prose translation.

*Ib.*, II 1. *From this green covert*: the olive-branches overshadowing their lips. Suppliants—including Heralds—carried in their hands a branch of olive wreathed in white wool, and their persons then were sacrosanct. This is the origin of the proverb 'to hold out the olive-branch,' and of the white flag still in use.

Page 94. The ms. φυλάσσοι τ' ἀτιμίας τιμὰς is corrupted: the true correction may be Butler's φυλάσσοι τ' ἀτρεμαῖα τιμὰς.

Page 95, IV 2: this is an elaborate way of saying *Let them keep the three great commandments, Honour the Gods of thy Country, the Laws of thy Fathers, and thy Parents.*



Page 97. The third play in the great Trilogy of Aeschylus concludes in peace and harmony, with a Reconciliation which he designed the opening of the Prologue to foreshadow. The Avenging Goddesses have been in conflict with Apollo. These ancient chthonic deities of Earth and darkness, the embodiments of Curse for kindred murder, have pursued Orestes, seeking to take vengeance on him. But the holy oracle of Delphi, which formerly belonged to Earth, is now in the possession of Apollo, one of the new Heavenly Gods, associated with the Sun. Apollo—representing, we should say, a different human view—has granted Orestes purification and protection, and has charged him to take sanctuary at Athens. Thither come the Avengers in pursuit, and threaten blight and ruin to the land if they are cheated of their lawful prey. Athena tries to soothe them; offers them a home in Athens; and succeeds eventually in persuading them to accept it. Then they turn to blessing, and Athena says their name henceforth is to be called *Eumenides*, *Benign Ones*.

The idea in this is of the deepest thought of Aeschylus, and was the base, as I believe, of his *Prometheus* Trilogy. Prometheus, who belongs to the old Titan dynasty, rebels against the new authority of Zeus: and what he chafes against most bitterly are the '*new-fangled revolutionary laws*.' But what the great Law was that Zeus established we are told expressly in the *Agamemnon*, v. 170:

Zeus, whosoe'er indeed He be—

In that name so it please him hear,

In that name let my voice revere

His matchless deity:—

Beside Him is there none but He,—  
 I cast, and cannot find His peer ;  
 With this strange load upon my mind  
 So burdening, only Zeus I find  
 To lift and fling it sheer.

A boisterous One was lord of yore,  
 Huge in the ring with challenge blown :  
 Him tell we not, so dimly known,  
 His date is past and o'er :—  
 And who came after, is no more,—  
 He met his master and was thrown :  
 But Zeus, with heart and voice acclaim  
 Victorious His triumphal name,  
 And wisdom is thine own !

Sing praise ; 'Tis *He hath guided*, say,  
*Men's feet in Wisdom's way*,  
*Stablishing fast for Learning's rule*  
*That Suffering be her school :—*  
 The heart in time of sleep renews  
 Aching remembrance of her bruise,  
 And humbler wisdom enters, though the will refuse :  
 'Tis force, methinks, in mercy shown,  
 Divine Ones bless with on their awful throne.

That is the school in which Prometheus himself is being gradually taught the wise humility ; at present he is still in the rebellious stage. And it is with this idea that Io is introduced into the *Prometheus Bound* ; she too is an example of the seeming cruelty of Zeus ; but it is a blessing in disguise, for she is to be the mother of the blessed

Erapihus (p. 83), and it is a son of Zeus by Alcmena, a descendant of her own, that is to set Prometheus free. Therefore it is with 'force benign' that Zeus possesses her (κατάσχετον εὐμενεί βία κτίσας *Supp.* 1077).

So it is with the Avenging Goddesses. Henceforward, under Zeus, they are to be regarded as benign (Εὐμενίδες) and salutary; in accepting them, the citizens of Athens are accepting Fear's deterrent influence from crime: theirs is δαιμόνων χάρις βίαιος σέλμα σεμνὸν ἡμένων, for, as they preach themselves (*Eum.* 523), ξυμφέρεi σωφρονεῖν ὑπὸ στένει. In bowing to their chastening influence, the Athenians will be σωφρονοῦντες ἐν χρόνῳ (p. 106) like Prometheus.

In each case the reconciliation is effected by a Mediator who is the child of Zeus—in the *Prometheus*, Heracles, in the *Eumcnides*, Athena.

I have shown in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 1906 p. 272, that the whole of the procession at the close was designed by Aeschylus to be a reflection of the great Panathenaic pageant. The Panathenaea—'All Athens'—was the National Feast, held under the presiding glory of Athena; and the great event was the Procession, scenes from which have been immortalized by Pheidias upon the friezes of the Parthenon. A most notable feature was that not only the Citizens but the Resident Aliens or Denizens, μέτοικοι, who had been granted an abode in Athens, were permitted to take part in the procession. They were not viewed with favour usually, but on this occasion all who dwelt under the protection of Athena were united in a common spirit of good will. Indeed the Denizens, for special honour, were arrayed in scarlet robes (ἐνδεδυκότες



φοινικίους χιτῶνας Photius s. v. Σκαφάς : compare Athenaeus 639 c). This solves the question of v. 1029 φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδυτοῖς ἐσθήμασι τιμᾶτε—the Eumenides are to be treated like the Denizens at the Panathenaea—and explains why Aeschylus reiterates the words ξυνοικία, μετοικία, μέτοικοι and πολῖται, ἄστοί, ἄστικός, an antithesis which the translation has not always managed to bring out sufficiently. For further details I must refer to my paper in the *J. H. S.*

Page 100. v. 947. τρέφοι χρόνῳ τεταγμένῳ : at the time appointed, in due season, and with no untimely birth : Ovid *Fasti* iv. 647 :

*et pecus ante diem partus edebat acerbos,  
agnaque nascendo saepe necabat ouem.*

*Ib.* *The God of Trover* : Hermes ; an allusion to the silver mines of Laurium. For the turn of the sentence compare Ovid *Fasti* iv. 931 where *Robigo*, Mildew, is addressed :

*at tu ne viola Cererem, semperque colonus  
absenti possit soluere uota tibi.*

Page 104. v. 991. προσέρπον is my conjecture for the MS. προσώπων : *J. H. S.* 1906 p. 276 note 11.

Page 106. v. 999. ἡμένας is Bothe's reading for the MS. ἡμενοι, and in my opinion right. The seed of Tantalus may be called 'near to Zeus,' as being near of kin : Aesch. *Niobe* fr. 162 οἱ θεῶν ἀγχίσποροι, οἱ Ζηνὸς ἐγγύς : but only divinities, I think, would be described as seated near to him. πάρεδροι Ζηνός are Δίκη (Lobeck *Aglaophamus* p. 396), Θέμις, Αἰδώς, *Maestas* (Ovid *Fasti* v. 45), and the Fates :

‘Eur.’ *fr.* 620 κλύετ’ ὦ Μοῖραι, Διὸς αἵτε παρὰ θρόνον ἀγχοτάτω θεῶν ἐξόμεναι. In Hesiod *Theogony* 383 those who are ‘seated ever by the side of Zeus’ are those whose father was Pallas and their mother Styx, the powers Κράτος and Βίη and Ζήλος and Νίκη—who was afterwards identified with Athena (cf. Bacchylides x. 5, Aesch. *Theb.* 147, Soph. *Philoct.* 134 Jebb). It is Athena especially who is spoken of as sitting by the side of Zeus: Homer Ω 100, Pindar quoted by Plut. *Mor.* 617 c ἡ δὲ Ἀθηνᾶ φαίνεται τὸν πλησίον αἰὲ τοῦ Διὸς τόπον ἔχουσα. διαρρήδην δὲ ὁ Πίνδαρος λέγει. ‘πῦρ πνέοντος αἵτε κεραυνοῦ ἄγχιστα δεξιὰν κατὰ χεῖρα πατρὸς ἡμένη.’ She alone is privileged to use her Father’s thunderbolt (*Eum.* 830, etc.), because she was partly in her origin the Tempest (αἰγίς) and the Lightning, born out of the forehead of the Sky. See also Orelli on Horace *Odes* i. 12. 19 *proximos illi tamen occupavit Pallas honores*, and compare the *de Mundo* in Aristotle p. 397 v. 27.

*Ib.* v. 1001. σωφρονοῦντες should perhaps be σωφρονοῦντας and begin the sentence: compare the following note.

Page 108. v. 1018. I see too late that the accepted punctuation, given here, is wrong: πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν, Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμοντες is tautology. The sentences should be divided thus:

χαίρετε χαίρετε δ’ αὖθις, ἔπη διπλοῖζω,  
 πάντες οἱ κατὰ πτόλιν  
 δαίμονές τε καὶ βροτοί.  
 Παλλάδος πόλιν νέμοντες,  
 μετοικίαν δ’ ἐμὴν  
 εὖ σέβοντες, οὗ τι μέμψεσθε συμφορὰς βίου.



‘Inhabiting the town of Pallas and holding sacred my denizenship therein, ye shall find nothing to complain of in the fortunes of your life.’

*Ib.* v. 1027. *For it shall issue forth*: ἐξίκοιτ’ ἂν really means *it should arrive*.

Page 108. v. 1029. φοινικοβάπτοις ἐνδύτοις ἐσθήμασι τιμᾶτε: the sentence comes abruptly, and we miss the object to τιμᾶτε. It seems likely, as Hermann thought, that something has been lost which contained a reference to their new name, Εὐμενίδες.

ὅπως ἂν εὖφρων: Hesychius Σκαφηφόροι: οἱ μέτοικοι οὕτως ἐκαλοῦντο· σκάφας γὰρ ἔφερον ἐν τοῖς Παναθηναίοις, ἵνα ὡς εὖνοι ἀριθμῶνται, μετέχοντες τῶν θυσιῶν.

εὐάνδροισι συμφοραῖς ‘by fortunes of fine manhood,’—an allusion to the contest of εὐανδρία at the Panathenaea: *J. H. S.* 1906 p. 274.

Page 110. init. βᾶτε ὁδὸν ᾧ μεγάλοι is my reading in place of βᾶτ’ ἐν δόμῳ μεγάλοι: *J. H. S.* 1906 p. 274 note 10. In φιλότιμοι here and in φιλότιμος εὐχά *Supp.* 666 (p. 88) the original force of the word is intended to be felt, *desirous of honour*.

*Ib.* v. 1045. ἐς τόπον ἐνδᾶϊδ’ οἴκων is Bothe’s conjecture for ἐς τὸ πᾶν ἔνδαιδεν οἴκων.

Page 113. The *Antigone* v. 332. Polyneices, son of Oedipus, marches against Thebes, from which his brother Eteocles had banished him: Eteocles accepts his brother’s challenge to a duel, and both perish by each other’s hand.

The State decides that Eteocles shall be granted burial with full honours; he had been the friend of the State; whereas Polynices had been its enemy, and shall therefore be cast out with dishonour to the birds and dogs, and no one, upon pain of death, shall bury him (Aesch. *Theb.* 998—1015, Soph. *Ant.* 194—210). Antigone resolves to disobey the State and to contrive some means of giving burial to her brother; human justice and the laws of a City are variable and unsure, those of the Gods (as the Bacchanals contend in Eur. *Bacchae* 996—1001) are eternal and immutable.

This conflict between duties is a motive running through the *Seven against Thebes*—in which Eteocles is champion of the human State—from its opening phrase, *ἄνδρες πολῖται*, to the end; and it is the situation sketched by Aeschylus in *vv.* 1017—1070 which is developed by Sophocles in the *Antigone* (459—469).

What occasions these reflections on the marvellous contrivances of Man is the discovery that some unknown rebel has *contrived* to cast the dust of burial on the corpse, and in so doing has committed crime against the State or 'City.' Like all Sophocles' lyrics, it is written with a brilliant fire and spirit; but it would be a mistake to regard the ideas as having been the poet's own invention. The merit lies—and this is true of Choral Lyrics generally—in the proper application of them; in the skill that makes familiar tenets an apt comment on the situation, showing how accepted morals are exemplified and pointed by the present case. The ideas themselves belong to Pythagorean philosophy: Man's weapon is his Wit or Reason; this has

given him dominion over the brute beasts and enabled him to teach himself the arts of civilization, among which the highest is the ordering of a State: but these intellectual gifts, or acquirements, may be used for good or evil. The train of thought appears most clearly in a fragment of Euryphamus the Pythagorean in Stobaeus *Flor.* 103. 27:

*The nature of Man is in part reliant on his own decision, and in part dependent on assistance from the Divine. His power of shaping Speech and Reason (λόγος), and of conceiving moral Good and Evil, his being reared erect and upright from the earth and looking up to heaven, and his capability of conceiving the supremest Gods—all this he has obtained with God's assistance: but in possessing will and decision and initiative in himself enabling him either to practise virtue or to prefer vice, to seek after God or turn from God—these motions lie within his own unaided power. And it is from their choice and preference of virtue or of vice that men get praise or blame, and honour or dishonour, at the hands of God or Man. For this is the sum of the whole matter:—the Divine Power planted Man in the world as the most expensive creature, the image of His own nature and the eye of the Ordering of things existent: wherefore Man gave names to things, and became their character and stamp; and invented Letters, providing himself with treasures for the Memory; and imitated the Ordering of the Universe in conciliating by means of Laws and Justice the harmonious community of States. For in all the works of Man's achievement there is none so World-beseeming, and so God-worthy, as the tuned Conciliation of a well-governed State, and the Ordering of Laws and Polity.*



In the treatment of these ideas by Sophocles some points are stressed or coloured for his purpose. For instance, where a prose-writer would have said *φρόνησιν*, he chooses the phrase *ἀνεμόεν φρόνημα*, which suggests the *proud imagination of the heart*, windy in its range and in its vanity; and he plays upon the note *escape*, *φεύγειν*, *φεύξιν*, *φυγάς*, with ominous reiteration.

Then, as it should, the chorus leads up dramatically to the following scene. They have just exclaimed *The man that doeth it*, when the culprit enters under guard—*beyond all dream!* a woman.

Page 121. *Antigone* 781. Various familiar attributes of Eros are here touched in Sophoclean manner with a delicate allusive hand; Love as a Campaigner—both in metaphor and fact, Love that ranges overseas, the tyrant Love with empire over all the inhabitants of earth and sea and Heaven itself, Love as a Disease, a Madness, Love as Law-defier, and a Power Divine and irresistible: Plut. *Mor.* vii. p. 132 οἱ μὲν γὰρ νόσον τὸν ἔρωτα, οἱ δ' ἐπιθυμίαν, οἱ δὲ μανίαν, οἱ δὲ θεῖόν τι κίνημα τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ δαιμόνιον, οἱ δ' ἄντικρυς θεὸν ἀναγορεύουσιν.

The words *πάρεδρος ἐν ἀρχαῖς* I regard as a corruption, probably through a gloss. The idea may be collected best from a phrase to which Paul the Silentary gives a witty application in *Anth. Pal.* v 293, *θεσμὸν Ἔρως οὐκ οἶδε βιημάχος*: from Simmias in *A. P.* xv. 24 *εἶκε δέ μοι Γαῖα, Θαλάσσας τε μυχός, χαλκίος Οὐρανός τε* | *τῶν δ' ἐγὼ ἐκνοσφισάμαν ὠγύγιον σκᾶπτρον, ἔκρινον δὲ θεοῖς θέμιτας*: and from Achilles Tatius i. 11 where Love overawes the Judge: *ἐν*

μεθορίῳ κείμαι δύο ἐναντίων. Ἔρως ἀνταγωνίζεται καὶ πατήρ· ὁ μὲν ἔστηκεν αἰδοῖ κρατῶν, ὁ δὲ κάθηται πυρπολῶν. πῶς κρίνω τὴν δίκην; ἀνάγκη μάχεται καὶ φύσις· καὶ θέλω μὲν σοὶ δικάσαι, πάτερ, ἀλλ' ἀντίδικον ἔχω χαλεπώτερον. βασανίζει τὴν δικαστὴν, ἔστηκε μετὰ βελῶν, κρίνεται μετὰ πυρός.

Page 123. *Oedipus at Colonus*, v. 668. Expelled from Thebes, the aged Oedipus arrives at Colonus, seeking to end his days in Attica. Theseus having granted his petition, the Attic Elders sing these praises of their country.

The metre is an elaborated treatment of Glyconic: the opening figure εὐίππου ξένε τᾶσδε χώρας (which occurs in the xviii<sup>th</sup> Ode of Bacchylides) had been developed by the ending of the Sapphic, e.g. τεθνάκην δ' ὀλίγω 'πιδεύης: see my note on p. 264. In the third stanza there is a shift into the animated choriambic.

Page 127. *Self-engendering*: the olive is remarkable for sprouting after it has been cut down; Virgil *Georg.* ii. 30:

*quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu,  
truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.*

Pliny *N.H.* xvi. 43. 230. This happened when the Acropolis of Athens was burnt by the Persians, and was regarded as a miracle. As Herodotus viii. 55 relates the legend, Xerxes ordered sacrifice to be offered to Athena 'the day after'; and the Athenians, going up to offer it, found that the sacred olives had sprouted again 'a cubit's length.' This is what Sophocles alludes to, and I think there can be no doubt that '*Youth*' alludes to Xerxes;



for it was notoriously in the 'insolent rash pride of youth' that Xerxes made his expedition (Aesch. *Persae* 746, 784, 13); and lest any one should miss his meaning, Sophocles enforces it by using the word *πέρας* to suggest the *Persians*. Probably in Aeschylus *Persae* 66 *πεπέρακεν μὲν ὁ περσέπτολις ἤδη στρατός* a double play would have been recognised, for the scholiast on Hesiod *Theogony* 356 explains the name *Περσηῖς* διὰ τὸ ἀπὸ τόπου εἰς τόπον περᾶν, and 377 *Πέρσῃν τὴν τῶν ἄστρον διαπεραίωσιν*.

The colour of olive-foliage is like that of willows,—only spiritualized: but it is shifting and elusive, varying with the light and what it shows against; on a hill-side in the distance it will sometimes look like faint blue vapour. In its origin, it seems that *γλαυκός* meant no more than *sheeny, lustrous*; and that too is true of olives; but for the blue colour of Athena's eyes see Frazer *Pausanias* II p. 128.

Page 128. *δῶρον τοῦ μεγάλου δαίμονος, the gift of her great Fortune.* The *δαίμων*, *Genius*, of a Man or House or Country was (as I have explained in the *Journal of Philology* xxx p. 304) a personification of the *μοῖρα*, *Portion, Lot, Fate, Luck or Destiny*, attached to each at birth; corresponding precisely to the *Star* assigned him by astrology. *ὀλβιοδαίμων* is *of blessed fortune*; the poets use *ὀλβιος* and *ὄλβος* in the same sense, and with the same implications, as *εὐδαίμων* and *εὐδαιμονία*; and *μέγας δαίμων* is with them a synonym of *μέγας ὄλβος*. The phrases *βαρὺς δαίμων* or *βαρυδαιμονία* or *βαρεῖα τύχη*, *heavy (grievous) Luck*, were developed by poetry into the image of a bird of prey that

swoops down heavily (see the note in my prose translation of the *Agamemnon*, v. 1660): and it is out of the ideas associated with *excessive* ὄλβος (ὄλβος ἄγαν παχυνθείς *Theb.* 756) that Aeschylus creates the fine personifying image in *Agamemnon* 1469—1485:

- XO.    δαῖμον ὃς ἐμπίτνεις  
          δώμασι καὶ διφυί-  
          οισι Τανταλίδαισι,...
- ΚΛ.    νῦν ὥρθωσας στόματος γνώμην,  
          τὸν τριπάχυντον  
          δαίμονα γέννης τῇσδε κικλήσκων·  
          ἐκ τοῦ γὰρ ἔρως αἱματολοιχὸς  
          νειριτροφέεται, πρὶν καταλῆξαι  
          τὸ παλαιὸν ἄχος, νέος ἱχαρ.
- XO.    ἦ μέγαν ἦ μέγαν οἴκοις  
          δαίμονα καὶ βαρύμηνιν αἰνεῖς, φεῦ,  
          φεῦ, κακὸν αἶνον ἀτη-  
          ρᾶς τύχας ἀκορέστου.

Page 145. v. 4. γένεσιν: as Ὀκεανός was called θεῶν or πάντων γένεσις, so Philostratus *Vit. Apollon.* iii. 34, p. 58 says ὁ αἰθέρ, ὃν ἡγείσθαι χρὴ γένεσιν θεῶν εἶναι.

Page 147. LEONTIUS, in the reign of Justinian, sixth century A.D.

Page 148. Printed in *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books* by Mr Bullen, who justly says (p. xviii) 'The last line is superb.'—All the ideas in this piece, as the translation ought to show, are purely and directly Greek.

Page 150. NOSSIS of Locri in Magna Graecia, about 300 B.C. She was among the flowers in Meleager's *Garland*, *Anth. Pal.* iv. 1. 9:

σὺν δ' ἀναμῖξ πλέξας μυρόπνουν εὐάνθεμον ἶριν  
 Νοσσίδος, ἧς δέλτοις κηρὸν ἔτηξεν Ἔρως,

'the myrrh-scented flowering iris of Nossis, on whose tablets Love melted the wax.' Νοσσίδα θηλύγλωσσον, 'woman-tongued,' Antipater of Thessalonica calls her, *A. P.* ix. 26.

The English poem I have set beside it is given in Mr Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-books* p. xix, and there praised as it deserves.

Page 153. *Or knocked at the door*: this was among the practices of what, in literature, was a most important feature of Greek life—the *Revel*, κῶμος: see Ar. *Eccl.* 977, Herodas ii. 50, Dioscorides *Anth. Pal.* xii. 14, Propert. i. 16. 5, Horace *Odes* i. 25. 1, Claudian in *Eutrop.* i. 92, Apuleius *de Mag.* 75. So much was it a recognised part of the game, that θυροκοπεῖν became a synonym of ἐπικωμάζειν (Bekk. *Anecd.* 42. 31, 99. 17, Ar. *Vesp.* 1253, Aelian *N. A.* i. 50, Libanius iv. 1006, 1054), and the *serenade*, παρακλαυσίθυρον, was also called κρουσίθυρον or θυροκοπικόν (Ath. 618c). Considering the annoyance it might cause, one is not surprised to hear of it as a punishable offence, θυροκοπῶν ὥφλεν δίκην Antiphanes in Stob. *Flor.* 116. 26.

At the end (p. 181 fin.) Simaetha returns to this again with fine effect.

Page 163. *From the glossy wrestling-ground*: so called from the oil used by the athletes, to which we have allusions



on p. 167, *And on their breasts a brighter than thine own heavenly sheen*, and in the *Dorian oil-flask* on p. 181. A fragment of Achæus, the tragic poet (quoted by Athenæus 414 d), picturing the young Athenian athletes, says of them:

With bare and shining arms,  
And shoulders gleaming in the bloom of youth,  
Abroad they take their ways, elate with young  
Strong manhood; and their breasts and feet anoint  
With oil most lavishly—no need for stint,  
Such ample store at home:—

the last touch flattering the pride of Athens in her Olive. In Philostratus *Imagines* ii. 32 *Palaestra* carries a branch of olive in her hand, ἀσπάζεται δέ που τὸ φυτόν τοῦτο ἡ Παλαίστρα, ἐπειδὴ πάλῃ τε ἀρήγει καὶ χαίρουσιν αὐτῇ πάνυ ἄνθρωποι. Hence *oily* in some form became the epithet of the palaestra, καλὸν αἰὲν λιπόωντα κατὰ δρόμον Callimachus *frag.* 141, ἐλαιορόοιο παλαίστρης Manetho p. 89, λιπαρά here and 'Lucian' *Amores* 3 and 45, *uncta palaestra* Ovid *Heroid.* xix. ii., *nitida* xvi. 149, *Fasti* v. 667, Cic. *de div.* i. 13. 22: and '*the oil*' came to mean 'athletic games,' Theocr. iv. 7, Catullus lxiii. 64, Horace *Odes* i. 8. 8, Cic. *de orat.* i. 18. 82.

Page 165. *A lizard bruised*: Pliny *Nat. Hist.* xxx. 15. 141.

Page 167. Ordinary Greek morality compelled women—girls especially—to remain indoors, and only permitted them to appear on public holidays, for religious or state ceremonies, or such semi-public gatherings as a wedding or

a funeral: but then, if properly attended, they were free to go abroad. Hence from Homer downwards (II 180) it is on such occasions that the sexes meet and fall in love: and when this old Thracian 'begged and prayed' Simaetha to come out and see the pageant, her design—though the poor girl even now has no suspicion of it—was to bring about some meeting of this kind. It was the established character of the old Nurse to be a go-between in such affairs—Phaedra's nurse, for example, in the *Hippolytus*, and Gyllis in Herodas.

The homely borrowing of a holiday garment is a usual detail; for instance, Eur. *El.* 190.

Page 169. *I was the colour of box*: see the note on p. 263.

Page 175. *Then with brands flaming and axes*. The Lover on a Revel often threatens to burn down the door or hew it down with axes: Plaut. *Bacch.* 1118, Herodas ii. 35, 52, 65, Ath. 585 a, *Anth. Pal.* xii. 252, Iamblichus *Vit. Pyth.* 112. So Horace, as an old campaigner, *Odes* iii. 26, dedicates to Venus *funalia et uectis et arcus oppositis foribus minaces*.

Page 183. *As I have borne*: ὥσπερ ὑπέσταν really means 'as I have taken it upon me,' 'undertaken': Alcaeus 15. 7, ἐπειδὴ πρῶτιστ' ὑπὸ Φέργον ἔσταμεν τόδε.

Page 187. A Greek girl would not, like a Spaniard, wear black, except for mourning; and she would not be abroad at all in public view except for some such ceremony



as I have thought it necessary to mention in the Greek: see the note on p. 296.

Page 193. LEONIDAS of Tarentum, about 270 B.C. His epigrams are collected in Brunck's *Analecta* 1 p. 220. There is a pretty pastoral charm about this piece.—M. Legrand in his *Étude sur Théocrite* has sought to prove that *Lycidas* in the following Idyll of Theocritus means Leonidas of Tarentum masquerading as a goatherd.

*Ib. Harvest Home.* If any one should wish to see what Alexandrian fashions, followed with complete fidelity, could produce in the hands of a true artist, I would choose this poem of Theocritus to be their representative. Observe the novelty of form—new subject for the metre, and new combination with the dialect—, the smallness of the scale, the finish, the vivacity, the picturesqueness, the variety, the unhackneyed freshness of the rustic themes, so quaint and homely, some of them, but all in keeping; the description at the end, the geographical mention of romantic names, the touch of courtier's compliment, and the literary criticism. How rich it is, as Goethe would have said, in *motives*; and how many tastes and interests it makes appeal to without pedantry!

Page 197. *Even the lizard in the roadside fence is sleeping*: I should have said, if possible, *is sleeping in the roadside fence*. The lizards, as those who have walked in Italy will have noticed, lie out basking at the edges of the road; but even they, says Lycidas, have now sought shelter.

*Ib.* *The tombstone-crested larks*: a fable 'of Aesop' told by Aristophanes in the *Birds* 471—5, explained that the Lark was created before Earth; his father died, and there was no earth to bury him in; but the Lark, not to be baffled, buried his father in his head. The same story, according to Aelian *N.H.* xvi. 5, was related by the Brahmins of the Hoopoe. Prof. D'Arcy Thompson *A Glossary of Greek Birds* p. 97 says 'The legend, which probably includes a solar myth, is very obscure.' But one might reasonably guess that it arose from some resemblance recognised between the bird's head and a tomb. Now both the Hoopoe and the Tufted Lark are distinguished by a crest in the shape of a ridged curve; and if any one inspects the funeral *στῆλαι* preserved in the Museum at Athens, he will hardly doubt, I think, the fable's origin: many of them are surmounted by an ornament precisely like the lark's and hoopoe's crest.

Babrius 72. 20 speaks of 'the lark among the tombs,' and *ἐπιτυμβίδαι* here may merely mean 'tomb-haunting'; but I felt at liberty to take my choice.

*Ib.* *The bidden guest*: a variant, adopted in the Greek text, says *the unbid guest*. It was a proverb that *A friend goes revelling to a friend's unbid*, ἀκλήτῃ κομᾶζουσιν ἐς φίλων φίλοι.

Page 199. *Cackling against the Chian bard in vain*. Theocritus here—or Lycidas at any rate—declares in favour of a school, and takes a side in the great literary battle of the day. It raged around the name of Antimachus (about 400 B.C.) with his huge epic, the *Thebaid*. The

'School of Philetas,' as it ought probably to be called, which was most passionately championed by Callimachus, declared that this would never do; in these days, all attempts to rival Homer were a failure and a folly. Ways in various kinds that might be followed had been shown by Hesiod: thus Callimachus in an epigram commends Aratus' astronomical poem as being Hesiodic both in theme and manner, 'Ἡσιόδου τό τ' αἶσμα καὶ ὁ τρόπος. You might write, say, Hymns or Elegies or Epigrams or Idylls—Epic, Mimic, or Bucolic scenes, like those of Herodas and Theocritus—but not long Epics. Apollonius rebelled, and wrote his *Argonautica*; for which Callimachus banned him as a heretic, and at the end of his *Hymn to Apollo* appended the following passage:

Said Momus, whispering in Apollo's ear:  
*I care not for the bard whose verse's tide  
 Spreads not as vast as all the Ocean wide.*  
 Apollo spurned him with his foot, and said:  
*Vast through Assyria's continent doth spread  
 Euphrates; but he sweeps upon his flood  
 Massed, a great drift of filthiness and mud.*  
*'Tis not from every fount those holy Bees  
 Draw water for Demeter's Mysteries;  
 That which is pure and undefiled they bring,  
 A little droplet from a sacred spring,  
 The richest bloom and finest.—Lord, farewell;  
 And where Damnation is, let Momus dwell!*

Page 207. *Even to the very throne of Jove's own hall:*  
 he means the throne of Ptolemy.



Page 211. *Molon*, seemingly, was some proverbial bad character, perhaps in Coan legend.

Page 213. I know one picture which is worthy to be set beside this—the *Concert Champêtre* of Giorgione in the Louvre.

Page 215. *The uncouth shepherd*: Polyphemus. It suited the verse to say *Anapus hill*, but Anapus strictly was a river.

Page 217. CALLIMACHUS lived 260 B.C. at Alexandria, where he held some position at the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. He was the chief man of letters in his day, and his methods, through tradition or directly, have had influence on many writers since. Of his surviving work, the Hymns, with their elaborate allusions, can no longer make the same appeal to us, and he appears to most advantage in his Epigrams. The scholar in him tends to overcome the poet, and his simplicity to be the simplicity of artifice; but in all he writes there is a force and high distinction.

Meleager, who made the first Anthology of Epigrams, describes the poets who compose his Garland, each of them in terms of flowers, with exquisite delicacy and sureness; and among them Callimachus is admirably touched:

ἡδύ τε μύρτον

Καλλιμάχου, στυφελὸν μέσθον αἰὲ μέλιτος

and the sweet myrtle of Callimachus,  
filled full ever of astringent honey.

That just seizes the qualities that are so characteristic of his manner—the conciseness and packed concentration

of his phrase, and his peculiar dry and pungent flavour—a sad bitterness, drawn from the irony of the world's tragedy, the disillusionments of life.

He is apt to produce that effect by the simple statement of an antithesis, just as Wordsworth sometimes does, as in the two poems on pp. 216 and 218. Heine does it frequently, and Browning's poem too, *I wish that when you died last May*, is in that respect Callimachean. Another characteristic that Heine and Browning share with him is the use of colloquial language and prosaic words, as in the epigram on p. 224. Catullus uses it with terrible effect in *Caeli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa*, and no one has known better than Heine how to make a poignancy more telling by the jar of an ironic discord; good examples are the *übel dran* and the *passieret* on p. 222.

Callimachus is so reserved that he is liable to seem a little grim and cold: but, lest we should suppose him heartless, there is the tender poem on Crethis (p. 216) and the poem on Heraclitus (p. 220). It is by this last that he is generally known, through William Johnson's version:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead;  
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to  
shed.

I wept as I remember'd how often you and I  
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the  
sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,  
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,  
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;  
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.



That version, as I well know, is familiar and dear to many, and it is with great reluctance therefore that I am going to find fault with it; I should have little wish in any case to find fault with the author of *Ionica*: but if one is to appreciate the flavour of Callimachus, I must feel that this version does not represent it. The characteristic of Callimachus is reserve, even to excess; and this poem, as I read it, is the restrained, suppressed emotion of a man in mature life. Now Johnson's version has nothing in it of restraint; on the contrary it is, if anything, effuse in sentiment: the original, in fact, is a *vin sec*, and Johnson has turned it into sweet. Callimachus, I think, has given us something rarer and stronger and more deeply felt. He hears the news just mentioned—merely *εἰπέ τις*, as in Theocritus on p. 180—Heraclitus dead: but how much it means to him! what dear memories it awakes—his old friend, with whom he had spent so many happy hours together....But, he recalls himself abruptly, with a bitter exclamation, but all that is a thing of the past, ages ago! *ἀλλὰ σὺ μὲν πού τετράπαλαι σποδιή*, a half-slang phrase like one of Heine's.—Yes, but those sweet nightingales of thine are living still beyond the power of Death! Now all those contrasts, or revolts, are missed in Johnson's version; and *Death, he taketh all away* is not the language of deep feeling. That is my reason for attempting to recast it, though I am far from being satisfied with the result. Perhaps some other hand may use these hints to better it.

The construction in the first line is *ἐς δάκρυ δέ μ' ἤγαγεν*, a regular phrase.

Page 218. This epigram of Callimachus has been

varied by Meleager *A. P.* v. 8 and by Catullus lxx, but they are both inferior to the model.

Page 219. *Sans name and sans degree* is a proverbial quotation from an ancient oracle about the Megarians (*Theocr.* xiv. 49 schol.).

Page 223. There is no more Callimachean epigram than this poem of Heine's. The 'old story' he alludes to is this little piece by Moschus, which was worth translating for that reason: otherwise Moschus is a later and feebler follower of Theocritus.

Page 229. The Latin version (printed by Schneider *Callimachea* i p. 100) was first published by Pithoeus with the title *Callimachi, imagini inscriptum Iovis*. It was evidently written for a symbolic design of Love proceeding from God. Roughly rendered, it runs thus:

What form is this?—A God's.—Why turned away?—  
Our weak sight cannot bear the heavenly ray.—  
And this incorporate form proceeding?—This  
Is Love.—What, Love with eyes?—God's Love, this is.—  
Why folded wings?—Because he never roves.—  
And shafts turned on himself?—Himself he loves.—  
Why are the shafts unpointed?—Woundless he;  
But your love wounds with painfullest agony.

Is that genuine? or is it an adaptation? or a forgery entirely? The conceptions at first sight might seem rather to be Jewish; one is reminded in the first couplet of the passage in *Exodus* xxxiii. 20—23 where God reveals His back to

Moses, but will not show His face—‘*Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.*’ Since the beginning of the Septuagint version was made, according to tradition, under the first two Ptolemies at Alexandria, it would have been accessible to Callimachus; indeed in one of his epigrams a phrase is borrowed, one can hardly question, from Isaiah: *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Star of morning?* says Isaiah xiv. 12, πῶς ἐξέπεσεν ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ ὁ Ἑωσφόρος; Callimachus adapts this to be spoken by a lamp dedicated to Serapis at Canopus, ἐς δ’ ἐμὰ φέγγη ἀθρήσας φήσεις, “Ἐσπερε, πῶς ἔπεσες;” *Regard my lights, and you shall say, ‘O Star of eve, how art thou fallen?’*

On the other hand, I think that Orphic poems—whatever may have been their dates and origins—would have been enough to account for the ideas: and scholars probably may care to see some passages:

*Human eyes too weak to behold God:* Orphic verses (Abel p. 144) quoted by Justin. *Cohort.* 15:

οὐδέ τις ἔσθ’ ἕτερος χωρὶς μεγαλοῦ βασιλῆος.  
αὐτὸν δ’ οὐχ ὁρώ· περὶ γὰρ νέφος ἐστήρικται·  
πᾶσιν γὰρ θνητοῖς θνηταὶ κόραι εἰσιν ἐν ὄσσοις,  
ἀσθενέες δ’ ἰδέειν Δία τὸν πάντων μεδέοντα.

Sext. Emp. *adv. Gramm.* p. 285 ἡλίου τρόπον ἐπέχειν φασι τὸν Πύρρωνα, καθ’ ὅσον ὁ θεὸς τὰς τῶν ἀκριβῶς εἰς αὐτὸν ἀτενιζόντων ὄψεις ἀμαυροῖ. Cf. Xen. *Mem.* iv. 3. 12 seqq.

*Love incorporate with God:* Orphic verses (Abel p. 202) say that Zeus is everything; He is

καὶ Μῆτις, πρῶτος γενέτωρ, καὶ Ἔρως πολυτερπής·  
πάντα γὰρ ἐν Ζηνὸς μεγάλῳ τάδε σώματι κείται.



Proclus on Plat. *Alcib.* iii p. 88 ἐν γὰρ τῷ Διὶ ὁ Ἔρως ἐστί· καὶ γὰρ Μητίς ἐστι πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἔρως πολυτερπής, καὶ ὁ Ἔρως πρόεισιν ἐκ τοῦ Διὸς καὶ συννυέστη (of one substance) τῷ Διὶ πρῶτως ἐν τοῖς νοητοῖς· ἐκεῖ γὰρ ὁ Ζεὺς ὁ πανόπτης ἐστί καὶ ἀβρὸς Ἔρως, ὡς Ὀρφεύς φησι.

*Himself he loves* : in Philostratus *Vit. Apollon.* iii. 35 p. 58 the Indian sage Iarchas explains that the elements came into existence all together ; that the κόσμος is a living creature, and bisexual : αὐτὸς γὰρ αὐτῷ ξυγγιγνόμενος τὰ μητρός τε καὶ πατρὸς ἐς τὴν ζωογονίαν πράττει, ἔρωτά τε ἑαυτοῦ ἴσχει θερμότερον ἢ ἕτερόν τι ἑτέρου, δὲ ἀρμόττει αὐτὸν καὶ ξυνίστησιν· ἀπεικὸς δὲ οὐδὲν ἑαυτῷ ξυμφύεσθαι.

*Love that takes not wing, nor wounds* : Themistius *de amicitia* p. 281 c, where figures seen in a vision are interpreted by Φρόνησις : ‘ αὕτη μὲν Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀλήθεια· ἡ δὲ ἐπικλίνουσα τὴν κεφαλὴν αὕτη καὶ ἀναπαυομένη καλεῖται μὲν Εὐνοία, χρήται δὲ ἡ θεὸς αὐτῇ πρὸς ἅπαντα διακόνῳ· τὸ δὲ παιδίον ἐκείνο τὸ σεμνότερον τῆς ἡλικίας ὃ τὰ χρυσέα φέρει δεσμὰ ταῖν χερσίν Ἔρως φιλίας ἐστὶν ὑπουργός· οὐκ ἔχει δὲ οὔτε πτερὰ οὔτε βέλη, οὔτε γὰρ πέτεσθαι βούλεται, καὶ ἀναίμακτον αὐτοῦ τὸ ἔργον· ἀλλ’ οἷους ἂν καλοὺς τε καὶ ἀγαθοὺς καὶ οὕτως ἀρμόζοντας ἴδῃ, τούτους συγκολλᾷ καὶ συνδεδεῖ· καὶ αὐτοῦ τὰ δεσμὰ ἅλντα καὶ ἄρρηκτα παντελῶς, καὶ μόνοις γάννυνται οἱ δεδεμένοι.’

Descriptions of Eros symbolically represented may be seen in Athenaeus 562 a—563 c, Propertius ii. 12, *Anth. Pal.* xvi. 194—215 ; and Goettling (quoted by Schneider i 448) upheld the genuineness of our epigram, maintaining that it was imitated in a picture of Zeus and Eros given by Aem. Braun *Vorschule zur Kunstmythologie* p. 10 tab. xv.

The awkward Latin has all the air of being a translation; the interlocutory form is Alexandrian (e.g. Poseidippus *A. P.* xvi. 275 on *Καίρος*) though used later too; and the antithetic turn of the last sentence—*οὗτος· ὁ δ' ὑμέτερος* was surely the original—that is certainly Callimachus all over.

*τίς φύσις* is a phrase used in riddles, Athenaeus 450 e—451 e, by Theodectes of Phaselis on Shadow:

*τίς φύσις οὐθ' ὅσα γαῖα φέρει τροφὸς οὐθ' ὅσα πόντος  
οὔτε βροτοῖσιν ἔχει γυνίων αὔξησιν ὁμοίαν...*

Antiphanes on a Letter:

*ἐστὶ φύσις θήλεια βρέφη σώζουσ' ὑπὸ κόλποις.*

*οὐχὶ τιτρώσκει* as in an epigram given by Bandini *Biblioth. Laurent. Catal.* II p. 336:

*φεύγετε τοξοφόρον τοῦτον τὸν Ἑρωτα· τιτρώσκει·  
καὶ τούτου περάει σώματα πάντα βέλη.*

Lucian i. 251, Xen. *Mem.* i. 3. 13.

*καὶ περιωδυνήην* with *τιτρώσκει* as *δάκνει δ' οὐκ ἄλλως ἢ θανατηφορίην* Maecius *A. P.* v 114.

Page 232. *Ait fuisse* is a Graecism not only in grammar but in the use of *ait*, which is *φησίν*, a word in which inanimate or voiceless things express their intention or significance: it is frequent in Philostratus *Images* and may be traced back through Theocritus i. 50 and Callimachus *A. P.* vi. 147 to Xenophanes i. 5.

Page 241. MELEAGER was by birth a Syrian of Palestine, born at Gadara, which in those days was a home



of the most refined Greek culture—a Syrian Athens, as he speaks of it himself :

νᾶσος ἐμὰ θρέπτειρα Τύρος, πάτρα δέ με τεκνοῖ  
 Ἀτθῆς ἐν Ἀσσυρίοις ναιομένα, Γάδαρα.

His manhood was spent at Tyre and his old age in Cos. An appreciative account of him is given by Symonds *Greek Poets* II p. 314.

Page 243. *The wreath I wore*: Propertius ii. 34. 59 :

*Me iuuēt hesternis positum languere corollis,  
 quem tetigit iactu certus ad ossa deus.*

But Meleager may have meant *The wreath she wore*.

Page 253. PHILODEMUS the Epicurean philosopher, also of Gadara, lived at Rome in Cicero's time.

Page 255. PAULUS SILENTIARIUS at the Byzantine court about 500 A.D.

Page 259. LUCIAN, about 120—200 A.D.

Page 261. PTOLEMY the astronomer, about 150 A.D.

PALLADAS, in the latter part of the fourth century A.D.

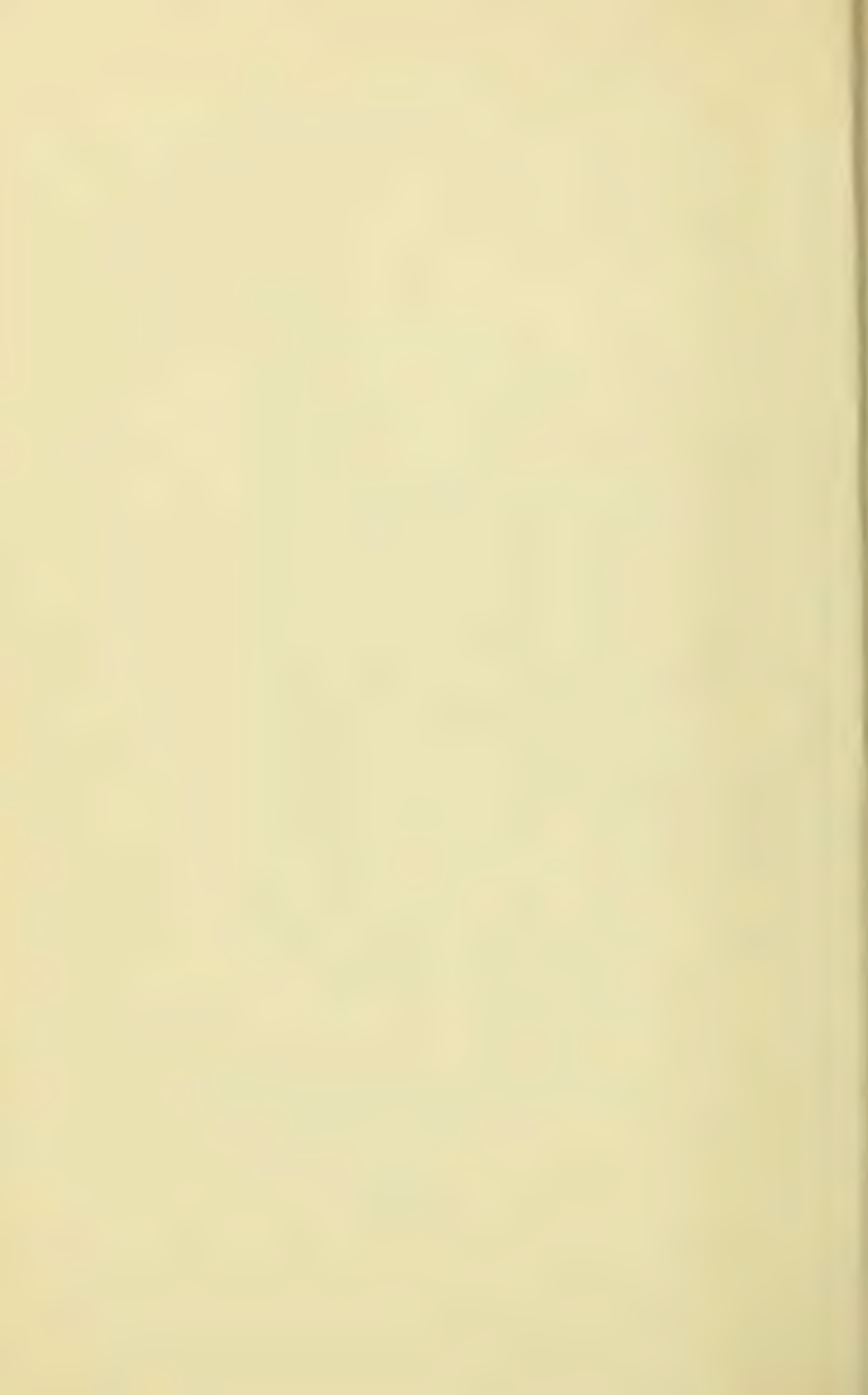
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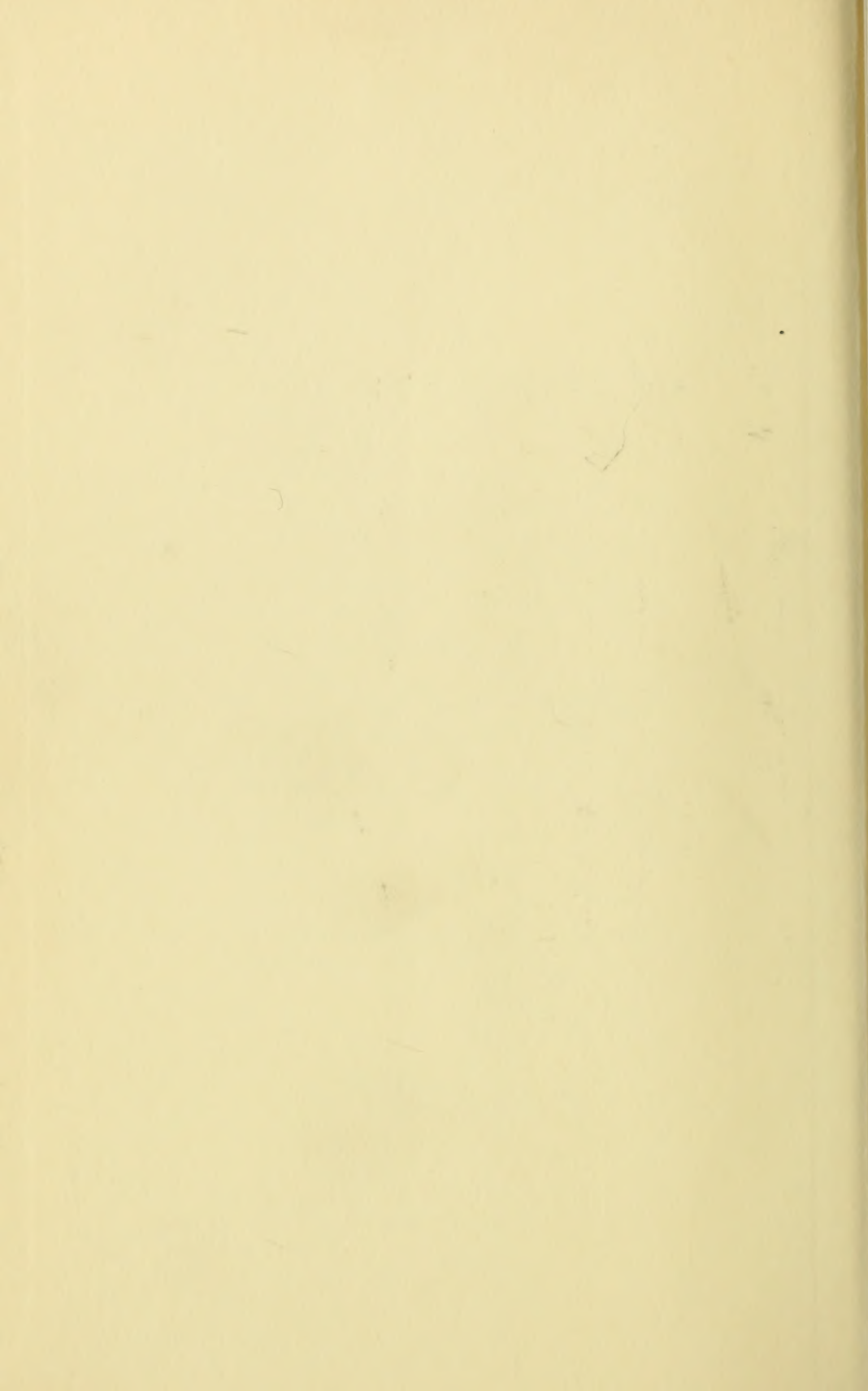
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